The Subordinate Sex, by Elizabeth Janeway

Saturday Review

October 11, 1969 50¢

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BY SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL

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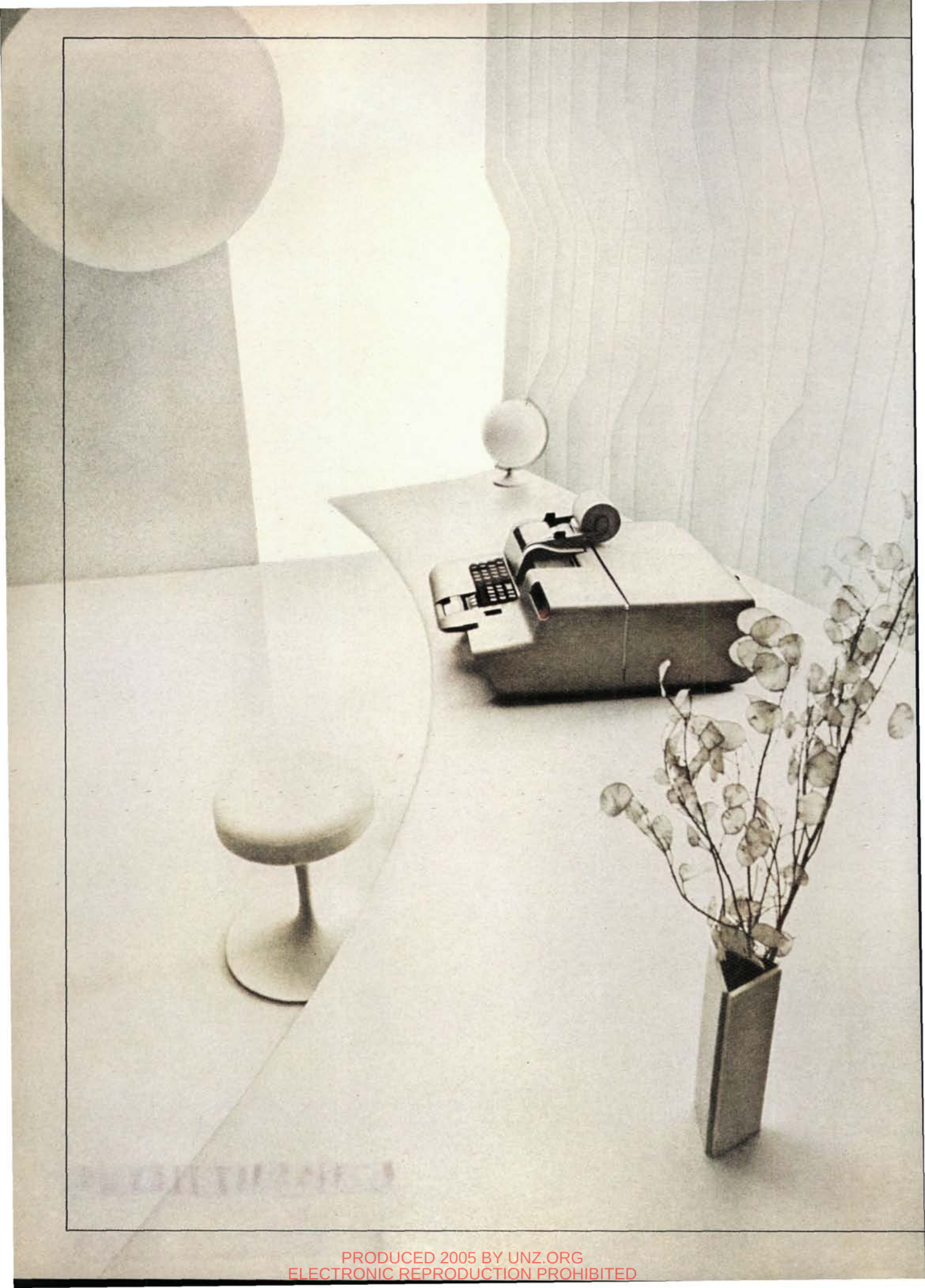

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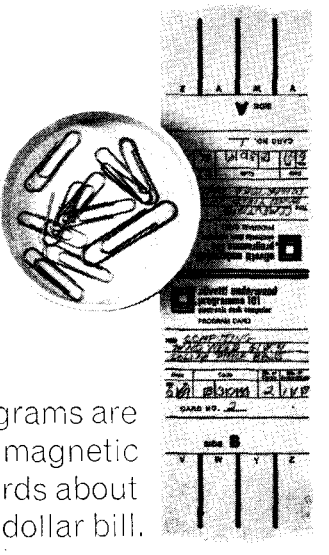

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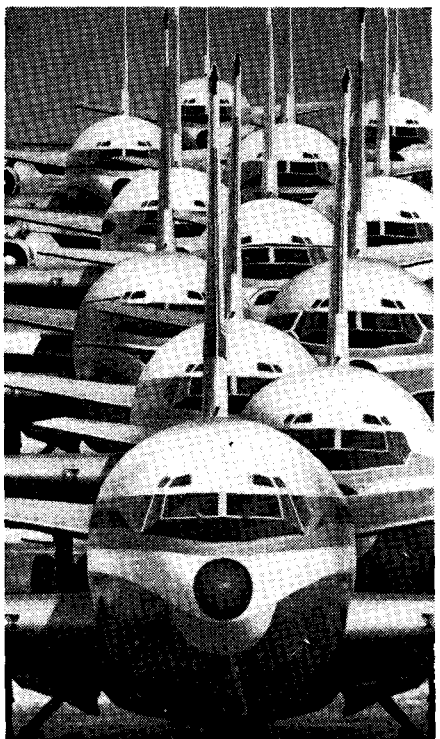

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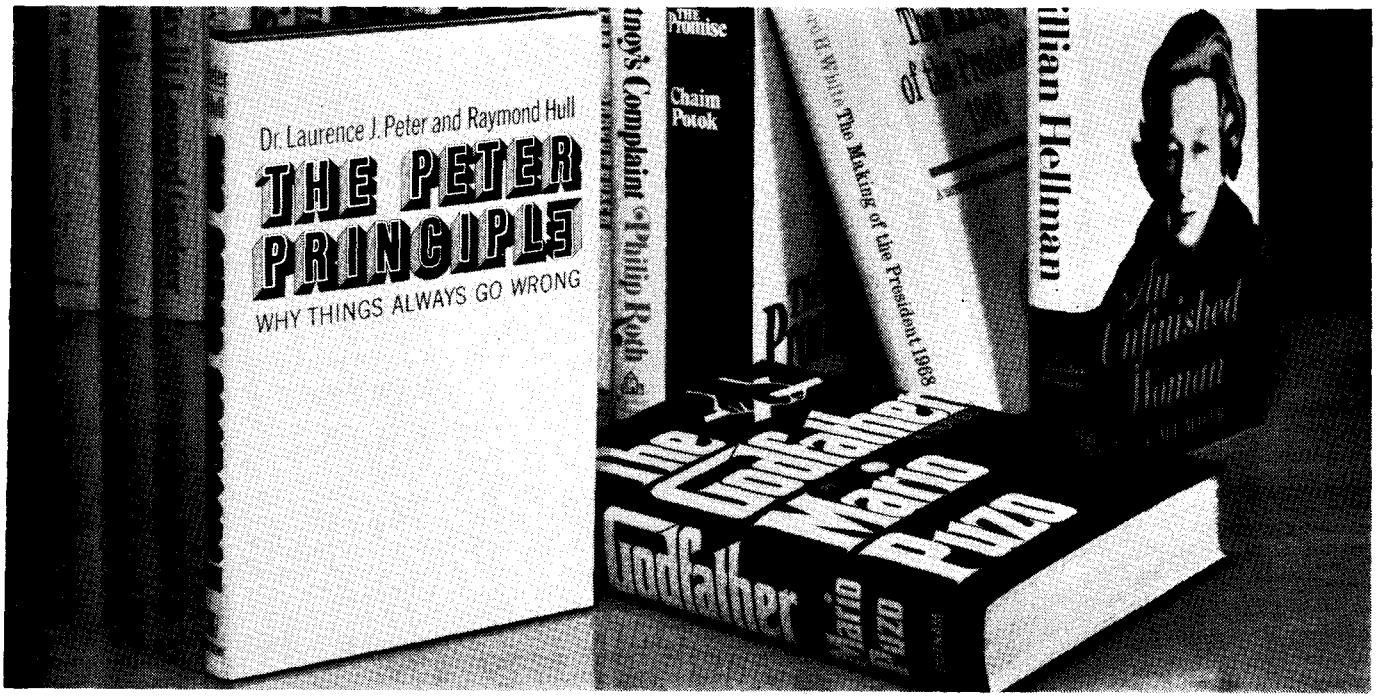

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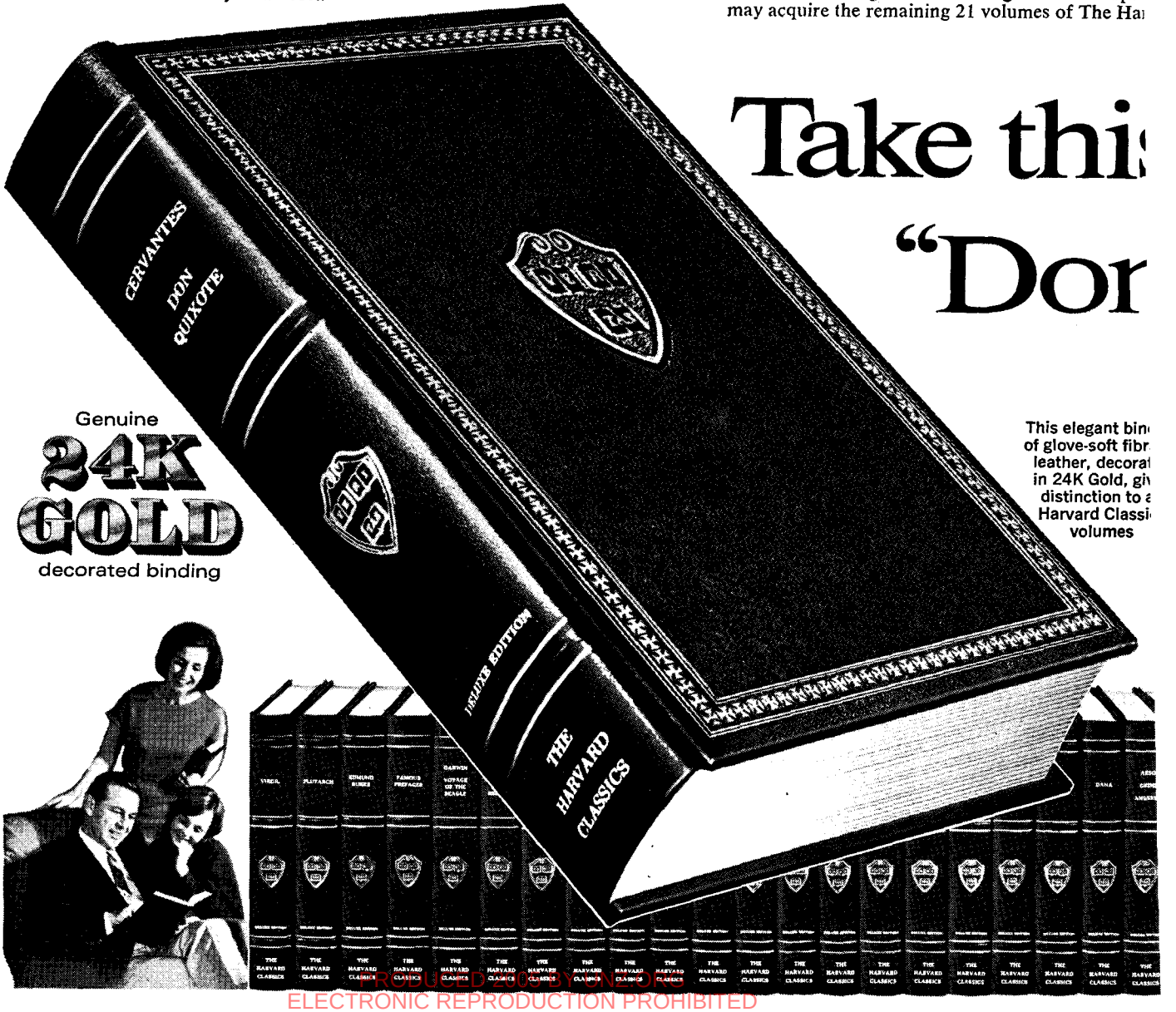

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Open Your Eyes and Say "Ah"

DID I TELL YOU about this trouble I have in movie houses? I think I did, but I'd like you to hear it again. I'm farsighted and I don't hear too well. So when I go to the flicks, I have to sit far back to see and up close to hear. That keeps me pretty busy running up and down the aisle to make out what's happening on the screen. I was once picked up for molesting—but that's another story.

What reminded me of my condition was this letter I have from J. Bruce Guyselman of Albion, Michigan. He writes about his glasses: "I finally convinced my optician that my right lens needed a rotation. If I closed my left eye and twisted the frame, I got a dandy view with my right eye. The optician seemed impressed by this demonstration. But, alas, do you know how many different shapes and sizes of lenses there are? I'll guess 1,648 in honor of the French victory at Lens. A new glass was finally ground. I knew it was perfect because the view got fuzzy when I twisted the frame."

I recognize the scene, Mr. G. The last time I saw my optician, it was not too clearly. He went through the usual routine, sat me facing the chart and said, "Read that top line." I recited it.

"No, no," he said, "don't look at me. Look at the chart and read it."

"Aw, Doctor, it's the same chart you've had for years. I know what it says."

"You're being difficult," he informed me. "What trouble do you seem to be having?"

"Seeing."

"Is that seeing reading, or seeing seeing?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Do you have trouble seeing up close or at a distance?"

"Well, I was in St. Louis recently and I couldn't see there either. . . . Well, Doctor? . . . Doctor?"

"Oh, yes. St. Louis. Now, which eye bothers you most?"

"I think that should be 'more,' since there are only two, except when I wear these glasses which make it four. And that's what I want to ask you about—these glasses. My right eye doesn't recognize what my left eye is reading. Like the other day I was reading the morning paper and there was this quote from a prominent national politician who said, 'We cannot sit down to negotiate peace until we have as many missiles than Russia has.' "

"As many *than* Russia has?"

"That's what I read. Of course, my left eye correctly recognized it as a Freudian slip, but my right eye saw it as a case of a man's not knowing his *than* from his *as*. Which, you'll admit, was a pretty jaundiced view of it. Where are you going, Doctor?"

"I'm just going to sit down here. Go on."

"Well, that's my hangup. While shaving, I've spoken pretty sharply to both my eyes. I've told them it's a complex world, beset by many problems, and they have to learn to live together and to communicate, or WW III will break out in my head, I told them."

"And what did your eyes say?"

"Well, my eyes are not too expressive. The left eye showed a gleam of understanding. But my right eye—the militant eye—it was for protests and demonstrations."

"Very interesting. They don't see eye to eye."

"Hey, that was clever, Doc."

"Oh, it was nothing."

"Exactly. Now do you have a cure for this sort of thing?"

"Well, if you're asking me to cure the world's ills, I wish I could."

"No, let's get back to my eyes."

"No, I like this comparison of your eyes to the ugly Weltschmerz we are experiencing today."

"You mean ugliness is in the eye of the beholder?"

"Beautiful! Yes, that's it. I can use that in an article I have to write next month for the *Myopic World* magazine. I'll make a note of it. Where are my glasses?"

"On top of your head. But Doctor, why I really came here was to have my eyes examined. That's it—look into them."

"Yes, I am. Eyes are beautiful."

"Later, Doctor."

"As du Bartas said it in the sixteenth century: 'These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul.' "

"Du Bartas? I heard it was that most famous astigmatic of them all, Dr. Milton Reder. He said it in Club 21: 'The eyes are the windows of the soul.' But do you really believe that window stuff, Doctor?"

"It is the creed of my profession."

"OK. Then give me a prescription for a bottle of Windex and a squeegee."

"That'll be $20."

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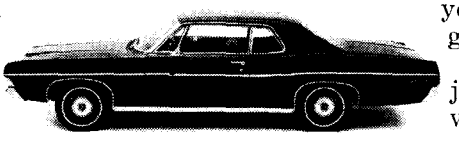

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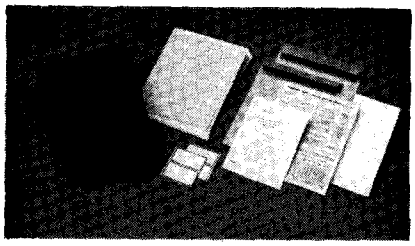

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Columbus Day

COLUMBUS DAY may be a mistake. It could, for example, be the birthday of Sam Columbus, the Swedish poet. (There is really no point in your looking this up. There *was* a Sam Columbus and he *was* Swedish. And he was a poet. His father's name was Jonas. This is a respectable magazine, and anyway I don't fool around.) Nobody seems to know where the day came from. Colombo was born in 1446 or 1451. The day itself is up for grabs. At any rate, at least fifteen states go along with me and don't observe anything at all on October 12. Of these, I've never expected too much of Mississippi, but there's certainly no sense in giving Hawaii a hard look.

It is said that Chris Col. discovered America. This would seem to be a somewhat parochial point of view. For one thing, what does this make of the Navahos and Cheyenne? And Leif Ericson?

His father-in-law was a sea captain who worked for Henry the Navigator, who never went anywhere.

Even before he had his feet wet C.C. asked for the title Admiral of the Ocean Seas, the position of viceroy of whatever lands were discovered, and 10 per cent of the take. This held up the deal for three months. Then Isabella gave him three boats the size of your hat, eighty-eight men, and some pocket money. In no time he found Haiti, Rum Key, and Santo Domingo. They liked this back home and made him a regular Don. He was also given one-eighth of the gross and a tenth of the net on future voyages and a big slice of Haiti. On his next trip he sent home five boatloads of Indians to be Christianized and sold as slaves.

Columbus died in 1506 and has been buried in Seville, Haiti, Havana, and again in Seville.

It's just one of those things that we're not all speaking Portuguese.

—HENRY MORGAN.

The Best of "Times," The Worst of "Times"

Every day for years I've stared at the front page of *The New York Times* over my morning coffee, letting sleep reglaze my eyes as I pondered the bloodcurdling headlines: DEBENTURE CUTBACK FORESEEN BY SEC OR METALLURGY OUTLOOK GLOOMY, SAYS SPOKESMAN.

Now Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power*, with its blow-by-blow account of the fierce undercover dog fights waged among executives of the paper, has shown me that behind the most humdrum items may lie stirring melodramas, full of intrigue, groin kicks, and eye-gougings.

Take yesterday's weather report, for example: "Variable cloudiness, followed by rain." What power struggles, what toppled dynasties and ruined careers preceded the printing of that simple sentence?

Was there, perhaps, a radical junta who wanted it to read "occasional haziness"? Did, perhaps, some stubborn splinter group hold out for "intermittent overcast"? And when the top echelon finally cast its verdict, did some "overcast" holdout quit to take up a pointer and do weather for a TV network? Only Mr. Talese knows, and I'm sure he plans to tell us about it soon.

Meanwhile, lurid visions of the *Times* city room haunt me. Clearly, it's not the sober, orderly beehive I always thought it to be. On the contrary, as Mr. Talese has revealed, the place seethes with conspiracies and double crosses worthy of Alfred Hitchcock himself. In fact, with Mr. Hitchcock in mind, I've written a little scenario about the paper. If it strikes you as too melodramatic, you haven't read *The Kingdom and the Power.*

THE WILD 43RD STREET BUNCH

FADE IN on the *Times* city room. At the water cooler, a furtive knot of copy boys is quietly plotting the overthrow of the entire executive staff. At a desk nearby, the managing editor thoughtfully sips his container of coffee, unaware that it contains a dose of cyanide just inserted by the colleague at his elbow.

Camera pans through the room, where a dozen shirt-sleeved reporters are clicking away at their typewriters; all are composing their letters of resignation. In a corner, a bureau chief, sobbing at news of his summary dismissal, prepares to leap out of the window.

Not far away, the company psychiatrist is presiding over a group-therapy session for frustrated feature writers. Meanwhile, an occasional stone, thrown by still-dissident Washington correspondents, hurtles through the window.

As the managing editor keels over, his assassin shoves him from his chair

(*Continued on page* 14)

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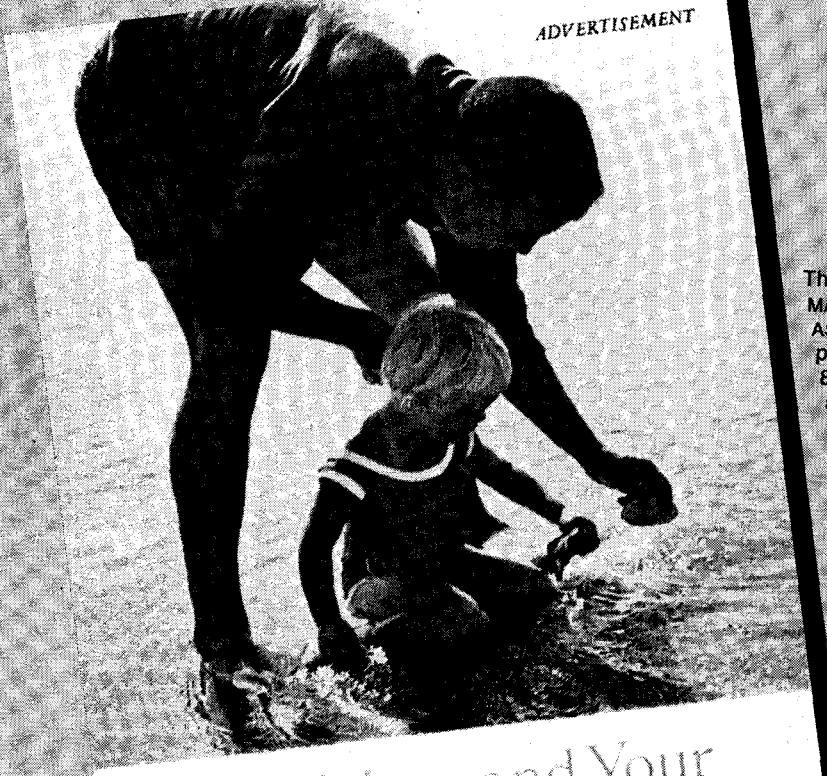

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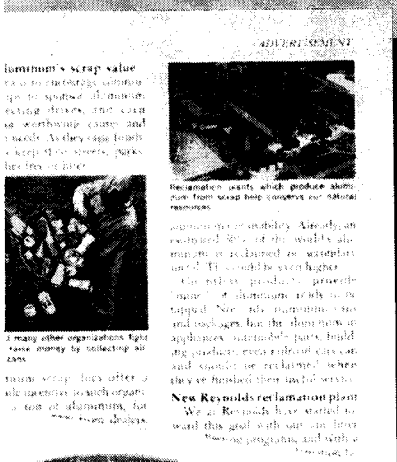
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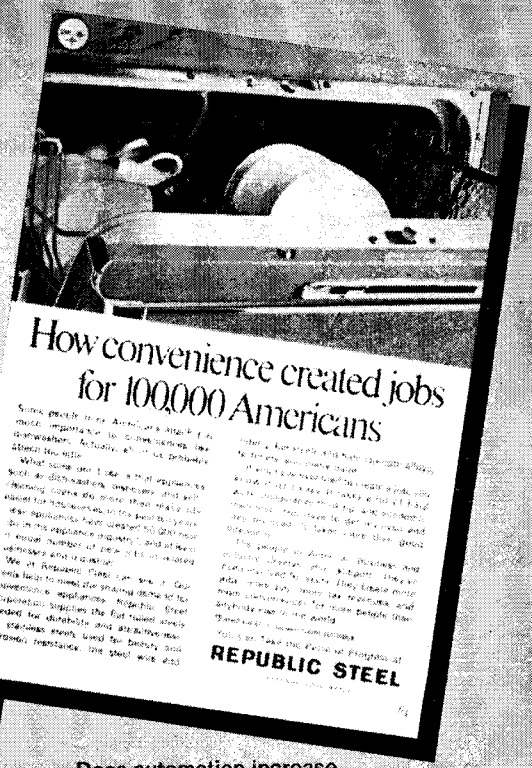
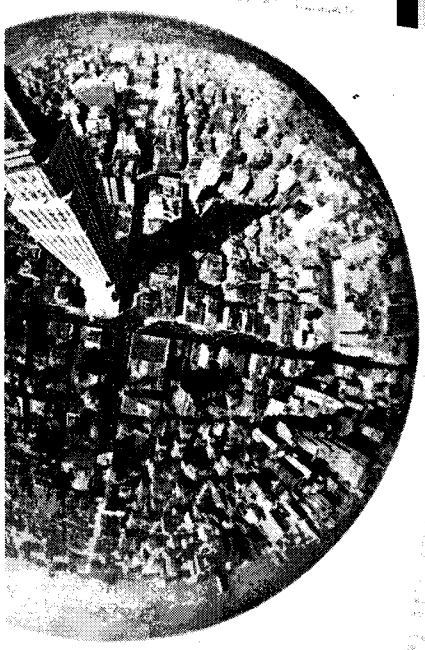


Does automation increase unemployment? REPUBLIC STEEL thinks the opposite—and said so—in The Digest.



Our invention of the transistor made the electronics industry big enough to support a city the size of New York

AT&T

METROPOLITAN LIFE warns parents and youth of the insidious dangers of pep pills and other health hazards in their Digest campaign.

This spread from SHELL's corporate campaign in The Digest dramatizes their commitment to better education.

The medium: Reader's Digest.

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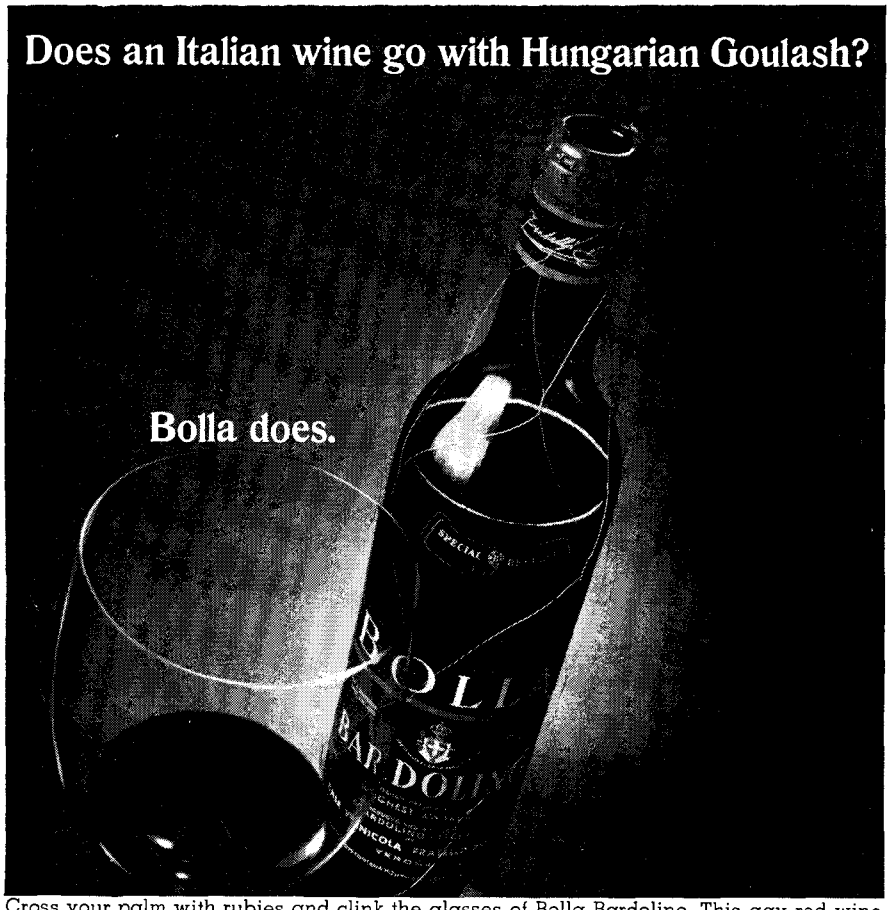

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(*Continued from page* 8)

and takes his place. Simultaneously, another underling quietly inserts a dynamite charge in the new chief's blue pencil.

Into this den of intrigue comes Mr. Big—the publisher himself. He pushes past a sinister group of second-string film critics, checks his bulletproof vest, and surveys his domain. Noting that things are going smoothly, he smiles in satisfaction and turns to go. Suddenly, from a far corner, a cub reporter rushes toward him.

CUB REPORTER (very eager, very enthusiastic): "Excuse me, Mr. Sulzberger. But I'm thinking of writing a book. An exposé of what goes on around here. Like Mr. Talese's, only more so. Is that okay with you?"

PUBLISHER (heartily): "Go to it, son. And good luck to you." (He flicks a switch and the reporter drops through a trap door. Later a pneumatic tube will deposit the body at the *Daily News*.)

FADE OUT. —ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Absolutely Certified 100 Per Cent True Information I Am Tired of Carrying Around Since Nobody Believes It Anyway

1) Thoreau didn't pronounce his name ThorEAU; he pronounced it THOReau.

2) Charles Dudley Warner, not Mark Twain, said that everybody talks about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it. An obscure Indiana editor said "Go West, young man." Greeley was only quoting him. He *said* he was quoting him. Why didn't anybody listen?

3) Mark Twain's sister, Pamela, pronounced her name PamEEla. His brother, Orion, pronounced *his* name ORion.

4) Cleopatra was not Egyptian.

5) Nez Perce Indians never did pierce their noses, resent the implication that they did, and wouldn't be caught dead pronouncing it Nez Pursay or Nay Pursay. Eastern anthropologists please note. Eastern editors please omit accent.

6) Chinese has the simplest grammar of any major language.

7) Pure antifreeze offers practically no protection at all. Mix it half-and-half with water and you're safe to thirty below, unless you drink it.

8) Sydney Carton (yes, that's how it's spelled) never at any time actually said, "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is far, far better rest I go to, than I have ever known." Go look it up.

—TOM BURNAM.

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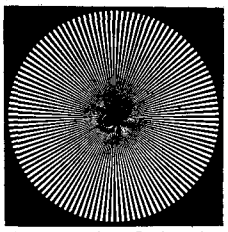
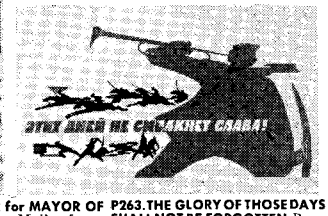


P963. ZONK. Sunburst in brilliant dayglo colors; blazing moire pattern in center; matte black background. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**

P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will prevail." 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P264. THE SPARK OF FREEDOM SHALL NOT BE EXTINGUISHED. Russian poster silkscreened in black and red on white. 25¼" x 37". *Special* **1.98**

P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer for Mayor poster—map layout of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**



P263. THE GLORY OF THOSE DAYS SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN. Russian poster; silkscreened in red and black on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**

P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds, greens with white & red-brown. 30" x 19¾". *Special* **1.00**

P241. TEOREMA. Poster for the controversial film; brilliant dayglo orange & red with black. 20¼" x 32½". *Only* **1.98**

P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black. 29" x 40½". *Only* **1.98**

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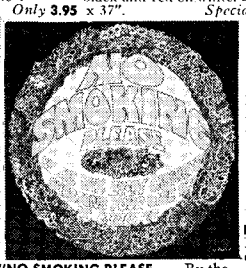

P237. "NO SMOKING PLEASE . . . By the Way, every Cigarette shortens Your Life by 13 Minutes"; dayglo-brite lemon, cerise, green, blue, orange on matte black. 21¼" square. *Only* **1.98**

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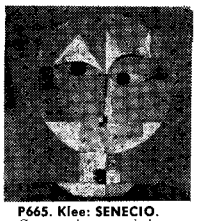
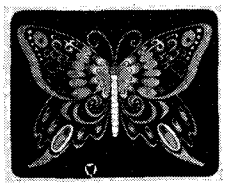
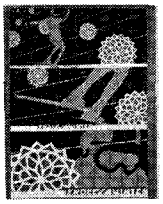


P665. Klee: SENECIO. Geometric portrait in startling hues of red, pink, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Only* **1.98**

P190. UNCLE SAM on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

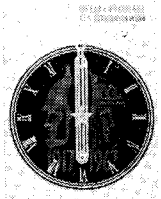


P244. BUTTERFLY. Vivid dayglo colors: cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green, dark blue, on matte black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding dayglo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". *Only* **1.98**

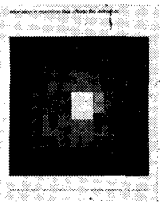
P242. WE SHALL OVERCOME. Matte black fist & rifle, black lettering, day-glo cerise & green circles on dayglo chartreuse. 28¾" square. *Only* **1.49**



P266. TIME WORKS 1917-1967. Poster of a cavalryman & astronaut silkscreened in burnt siena, yellow & black 25½" x 37". *Special* **1.98**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude figure silhouetted against a setting sun and shadowed waves; on coated stock. 15½" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P239. PHOENIX. Rebirth of the legendary Phoenix; dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



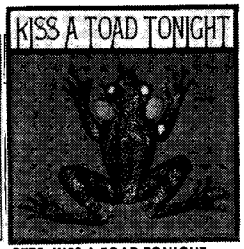
P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION Is Revelation that Affects the Individual." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P265. WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! Russian poster silkscreened in green and orange on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**

P262. PAINT IN. Three figures fully painted in full color (almost every color in the paint box!) 24¼" x 36½". *Only* **1.00**

P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P191. THE PILL IS A NO-NO. Pope Paul on the Pill; brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**



P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Humorous and thought provoking (what *does* happen when you kiss a toad?) with toad in red & purple on olive green background. 25½" square. *Special* **1.49**

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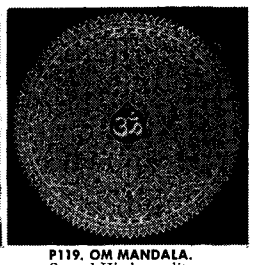

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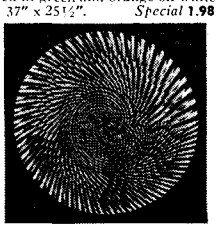

P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on a purple background. 20¼" square. *Special* **1.00**

P243. OMEGA. Last letter of Greek alphabet, meaning "that which is final, the end" dayglo orange on matteblack. 30" square. *Only* **1.49**

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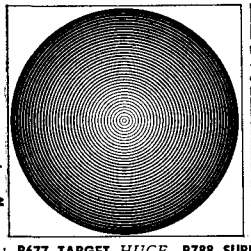
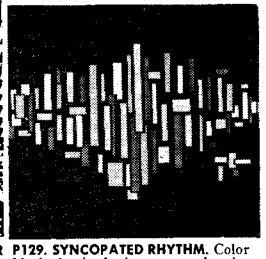


P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR —AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen —in black and dayglo red; 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**



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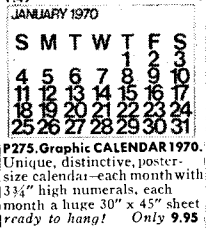

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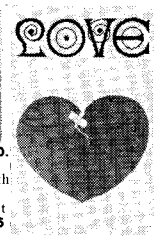
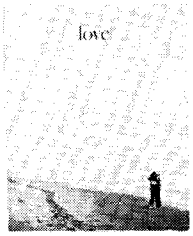


P634. LOVE (with a Band-aid). In lavender & broken orange heart; 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P858. Ben Shahn. You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P113. UNCLE TOM. "Only YOU can Prevent Ghetto Fires". Green, brown, yellow. 22" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. With background of sea and sand. 17¾" x 21¼". *Only* **1.98**

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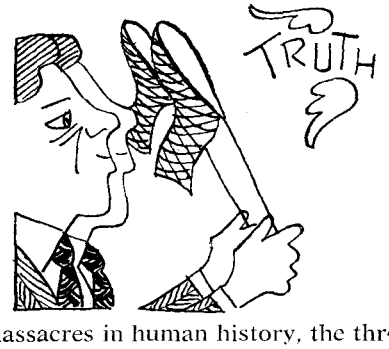
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Looking through the card catalogue at a public library a few months ago, Erma Zahn of Richland, Washington, found an entry that read: "SEX: see librarian." Apparently it caused untoward comment, for on a recent visit Mrs. Zahn noted that the entry had been changed. The card now reads: "SEX: (for sex ask at desk)."

A friend told me he had to keep three copies of the Bantam edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* around the house, because each of the children wanted his own. I have observed that it is the kind of book a person can read without stopping, listing as it does the mostest of everything, such as the largest diamond and the deepest hole and the longest symphony. Norris and Ross McWhirter, the twins from England who compiled it, have come up with another readable volume, the *Dunlop Illustrated Encyclopedia of Facts* (Doubleday and Bantam), a by-product of their business of gathering factual data. It contains, for instance, a list of all the human phobias, of which there are a hundred or more, as well as a compilation of



massacres in human history, the three greatest of which occurred in the twentieth century, and a formula for predicting the ultimate height of a child.

The McWhirter twins came to this country not long ago on one of their periodic visits. They told me how they got so interested in facts. Their late father was editor of the London *Daily Mail*, and the boys were steeped in fact rather than fiction, with hundreds of papers and magazines around the house. "We are the opposite of gullible," they said, "not cynical, but hard to convince, for there are so many false ideas abroad. For example, many people are so sure that the longest river is the Amazon, they are indignant when we point out it isn't. The Nile is. So many myths get embalmed in the records."

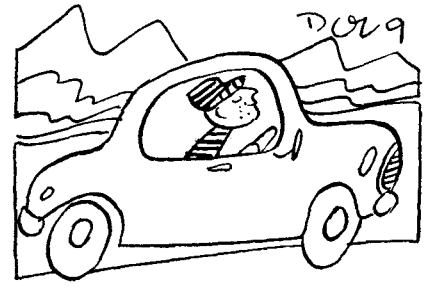
The McWhirters have three rules for establishing facts. Never ask an expert a straight question calling for a yes or a no answer. Get information from outside the country; a letter with foreign stamps on it makes an impression. (To find out the longest hill in Britain, the McWhirters had to have a letter sent from their U.S. office to get an answer.) Third, always try to get an amateur enthusiast rather than a bored professional. (There is a sixteen-year-old boy who knows more about railroads than the president of a railroad. This applies in other areas, such as firearms, stamps, and coins. An almost illiterate London cab driver is such an expert on horse racing that he corrected a misspelling race track officials had been repeating for years.)

The search for truth keeps the McWhirters in a skeptical mood. They would like to have an independent verification of everything. They are still worried about the discovery of the North Pole, looking upon Peary's 1909 claim with some misgivings. By the McWhirter standards, the first explorers to reach the North Pole over the ice did so in 1968, when an airplane happened to fly overhead and see them there.

When I was little, my mother used to quote *Casabianca*—"The boy stood on the burning deck . . ."—as an example of how a child should obey his parents. His father tells the boy to stay there until called. The ship is burning and exploding, and the boy never hears from his father, so he loses his life. As I grew older, I wasn't so impressed, for I thought that at the last minute the boy should have jumped off the burning deck and saved himself, regardless of what his parents had told him.

Casabianca is one of the wonderful old chestnuts that is to be reprinted in *Parlour Poetry* (Viking), a collection of Victorian verse that used to be recited for uplifting reasons. "How doth the little busy bee/ Improve each shining hour?" Michael Turner has gathered more than one hundred of these gems that tell of such matters as dying infants, starving paupers, wronged maidens, messengers with urgent news, and sorrowing relatives. *Casey at the Bat, Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight,* and *The Leak in the Dyke* are some of the familiar titles. Sadly, I learned from the notes that Casabianca was the commander of the ship with the burning deck during the Battle of the Nile in 1798, and that he blew up his ship to prevent capture by the English. Not the kind of thing that would help a boy to trust his father.

In this space in the issue of July 5 I wrote about the New Englander who, when he heard that escaped convicts were loose in the isolated area near his home and that they would be looking for transportation, called there and told his wife to put the keys back in the car ignition. This was contrary to the advice that if you don't want your car stolen, lock it. I didn't give the reasoning, and a few people have written to see if they guessed right. Well, the man figured that it would be preferable to have the escaped convicts find the car with the keys in it, than to



have them come into the house to get them from his wife. (Of course, some persons might put a higher value on their automobile and be willing to take a chance.)

Sharps and Flats: Dorothy Clarke Shadi finds in the 1934 second edition of *Webster's New International Dictionary* a definition of pig is given: "4. *Slang.* a. *Obs.* A sixpence; also, a police officer." Obsolete?

► Irene Kampen, who went back to college as a housewife and mother and wrote about it in *Due To Lack of Interest Tomorrow Has Been Canceled* (Doubleday), says that a good deal of time on campus is spent in circulating petitions. She signed dozens of them, usually as Louisa May Alcott. The petitioners invariably were grateful. "Thank you, Miss Alcott," they would say.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1852)

(HAROLD) TAYLOR: *STUDENTS WITHOUT TEACHERS*

The effect of the present academic system is to teach the student to conceal his real self, or to leave it undiscovered, and, as Woolf says, to invent a second-hand version which can either serve as a permanent alibi or as a permanent instrument of social success.

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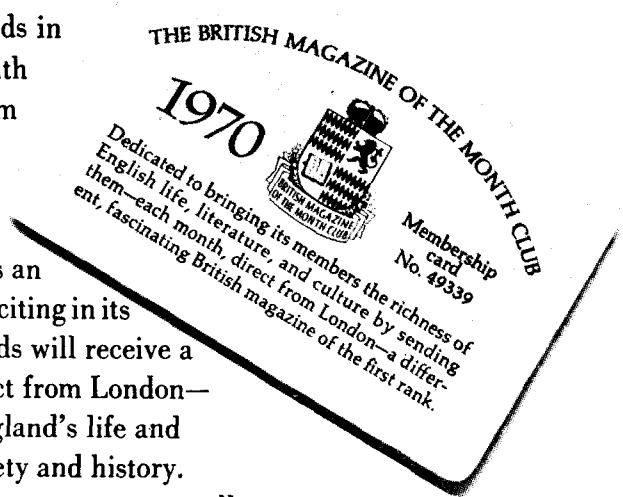
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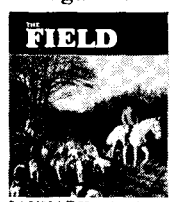
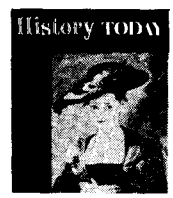


JANUARY—*A trip to* England's charming country estates for a look at the suburban set.



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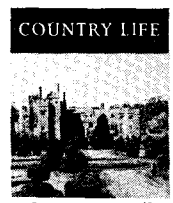

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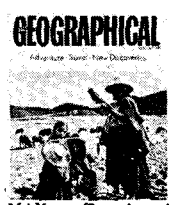

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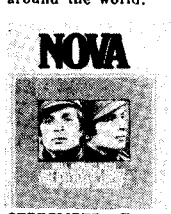

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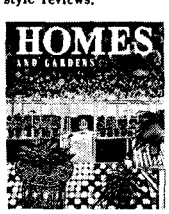
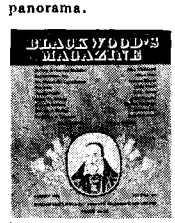


OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.



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Saturday Review
October 11, 1969

THE OCEANS

MAN'S LAST GREAT RESOURCE

by SENATOR CLAIBORNE PELL

After millenniums of exploiting and often destroying the riches of the land, man is now hovering acquisitively over the wealth of the oceans that cover three-quarters of the Earth. In the no man's land of the seabed, a scramble for minerals and oil, for new underwater empires secured by advancing armies of technology, could well set a new and wider stage of world conflict.

Even the most conservative estimates of resources in the seabed stagger the imagination of a world grown used to dire predictions of incipient famine and exhausted mineral resources. In the millions of miles of ocean that touch a hundred nations live four out of five living things on Earth. In the seabed, minerals and oil have been proved to exist in lavish supply. The oceans are a source of pure water and food protein; of drugs and building materials; even possibly a habitat for man himself and a key to survival for the doubling population on the land.

Man may yet learn to use a tiny fraction of this wealth. Unless international law soon determines how it shall be shared, that fraction alone could set off a new age of colonial war. Is the deep seabed, like the high seas, common to all, or is it, like the once wilderness areas on land, open to national claim by use and occupation by the first or the strongest pioneer? The question of what is to be done to regulate and control exploitation of the seabeds is no longer an exercise for academics and global thinkers. At stake is not just the prize of great wealth; pollution or geologic accident in the ocean deeps is no respecter of national boundaries.

A few years ago, "practical" men dismissed speculations about wealth in the sea as economic foolishness. It would never, they said, be economically profitable to exploit the seabeds no matter how great the riches to be found there. They underestimated the lure of gold as the mother of invention. Yet, such pessimists may well be proved right in a fashion they did not anticipate. In these pioneer years of the ocean age, the damage done sometimes seems to exceed the benefit reaped. Beaches from England to Puerto Rico to California have been soaked in oily slime. Fish and wildlife have been destroyed. Insecticides, dispersed in the Rhine River, killed fish and revived fears of other lethal legacies that may emerge from our casual use of waterways as garbage dumps. The U.S. Army, until deterred recently by a few alert legislators, was disposing containers of chemical agents in the Atlantic despite some predictions that severe damage to the marine environment could not be ruled out, because of either deterioration of the containers or unforeseen underwater accidents. The future disposal of increasing amounts of atomic waste is an unresolved problem. Millions of acres of offshore seabed have been leased for drilling. Largely in ignorance, we are tinkering with our greatest source of life.

The incredible magnitude of the oceans' resources can be measured by just one isolated example: the metal content of manganese nodules, for years a curiosity with no realizable value. One study of reserves in the Pacific Ocean alone came up with an estimate that the nodules contained 358 billion tons of manganese, equivalent, at present rates of consumption, to reserves for 400,000 years, compared to known land reserves of only 100 years. The nodules contain equally staggering amounts of aluminum, nickel, cobalt, and other metals. Most of these resources exist at great depths of 5,000 to more than 15,000 feet, yet within five to ten years the technology will

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Senator Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, is a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and chairman of its Subcommittee on Ocean Space. He is the author of a Senate resolution proposing principles for governing activities of nations in ocean space, and serves as Senate adviser to the U.S. delegation to the U.N. committee on uses of seabeds.

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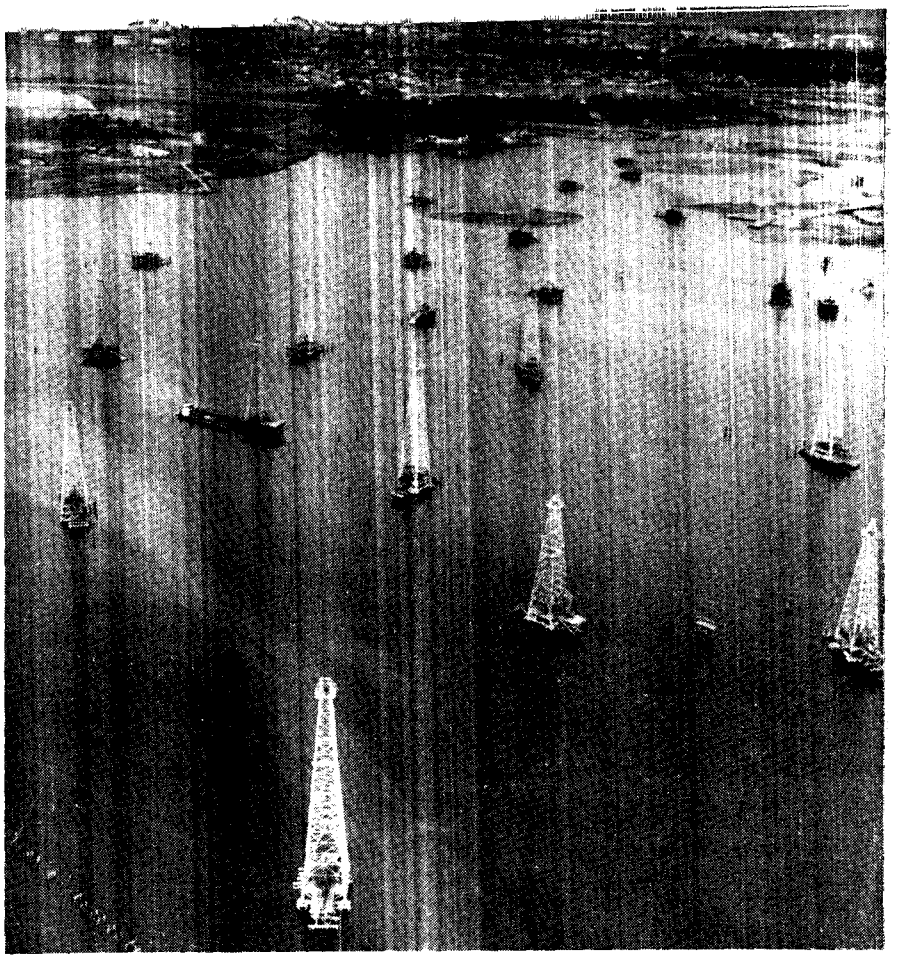

Oil rigs—"How far out may any nation undertake such exploitation?"

exist for commercial mining operations, a development that will open to exploitation virtually unlimited metal reserves. Closer to home, the University of Wisconsin discovered a deposit of manganese worth an estimated $15-million in the shallow waters of Green Bay in Lake Michigan.

More familiar to most of us is the accelerated pace of offshore oil drilling that now extends more than fifty miles out to sea and accounts for 15 per cent of U.S. oil production. In the twelve years between 1955 and 1967, offshore production of crude oil increased from seven million to 222 million barrels. Estimates of known reserves of natural gas have more than tripled in the past fifteen years, and each advance of scientific exploration of the ocean beds brings to light new finds that would gladden the eye of the most hardened veteran of the California gold rush.

Perhaps the least developed resource, and one of critical importance to spiraling population figures, is the use of the seas for farming techniques or "aquaculture." Present methods of fishing can only be compared with primitive hunting with a bow and arrow; if fish were cultivated like livestock, the present world fish catch could easily be multiplied by five- or as much as tenfold. The production of protein concentrate and the distillation of fresh water are still experimental in an economic sense; there is no reason to believe that they too cannot become both useful and profitable. Aquaculture could also be applied to a variety of marine plant life.

Nor is the potential confined to what we can extract from the seas or the seabed. In crowded England, serious plans have been developed to build entire cities just off the coast. Offshore airports may solve the demand for large tracts of jet-age space near such large coastal cities as New York and Los Angeles. Some Americans, quick to take advantage of the legal confusion that reigns beyond coastal waters, have planned to build independent islands atop seamounts and reefs outside the three-mile limit. Indeed, a romantic notion, but one with, it is suspected, the more prosaic aim of avoiding the constrictions of domestic law concerning gambling and taxes. One such venture has been restrained by the courts on the grounds that the reefs and seamounts attach to the seabed on the continental shelf, and are, therefore, under U.S. jurisdiction. In another case, a year or so ago, the United Nations was presented with an application for permission to extract minerals from the bed of the Red Sea in an area fifty miles from the coastal states. The Secretariat dodged this thorny question, citing lack of authority to act.

Such claims are no longer isolated or frivolous. Much of the wealth of the oceans is now both proved and exploitable beyond that part of the continental shelf once considered to mark the practical limit of exploitation and national claims. This Pandora's box is as full of political hazards as it is of manganese. Parts of the Gulf of Mexico became such a forest of drilling rigs that an agreement was necessary to clear shipping lanes. This spring, the Dominican Republic granted a single oil concession covering some three-quarters of a million acres of offshore seabed, and many other small coastal nations are looking for an economic bonanza in the leasing of drilling rights. Under what safety and pollution regulations will such developments take place? How far out may any nation grant such leases or undertake such exploitation?

In short, diplomats and politicians who five years ago looked backward to the slow evolution of mining the sea and found nothing to engage their immediate concern have been overtaken, as is frequently the case in this day, by the less stately pace of technological change. If the know-how of ocean exploitation has gathered momentum of its own, the same cannot be said for any reasoned approach to orderly development under a regime of law.

Two years ago, faced with the prospect of orbiting weapons in the legal void of space, nations did agree on a treaty to limit the uses of outer space. Similar concern has not been so evident in the realm of ocean space, perhaps because people are so used to taking marine environment for granted.

A less charitable view might suggest that one of the inhibiting factors is the prospect of making a good deal of money, an incentive not present at the moment in space, except for the manufacturers of hardware here on Earth.

Yet, the oceans offer no less a fearsome stage for escalation of the arms race. The seabed already abounds with a multiplicity of sounding devices and other defensive technology. High "mountain" ridges in the ocean bed offer tempting sites for the deployment of nuclear weapons, and there is no reason why the Soviet Union and the U.S. might not soon be planting ABMs eyeball to eyeball on the Atlantic ridge. Thanks in large part to initiatives in the United Nations, the question of arms control in the seabed is under discussion at the Conference of the Committee on Disarmament in Geneva. Last spring both the Soviet Union and the U.S. offered differing proposals to ban the emplacement of weapons of mass destruction on the seabed; proposals that hopefully could forestall

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this new escalation of the nuclear race.

If the prospect of a new arms race on the ocean floor precipitated efforts to focus world attention on the problem, there is no lack of other and equally explosive possibilities for conflict. How far may the claims and undertakings of coastal states extend seaward? By whose permission, if any, is exploitation of the ocean deeps undertaken? Who is entitled to the proceeds, and who is to establish and enforce rules governing the safety of such exploitation? There have not been, as yet, any murders or muggings on the ocean floor. If there were, what law would apply? No one knows. The laws of the high seas, which have evolved over so many centuries of our casual passage across their surface, are not wholly applicable by extension to the ocean floor.

In a study of the full range of our national interests in marine resources, made public early this year, a special Presidential Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources noted, rather matter-of-factly, that the threat of "unbridled international competition for the seas' resources may provoke conflict," and recommended a series of international agreements that would create new legal political frameworks for the exploitation of the mineral resources underlying the deep seas. There is no lack of proposals for such a regime; their specifics are as various as the magnitude of the interests involved.

As could be expected, the differences among nations reflect political power and geographic accident. In a letter to the Spanish ambassador in 1580, the first Queen Elizabeth of England wrote that "the use of the sea and air is common to all, neither can a title to the ocean belong to any people or private persons, forasmuch as neither nature nor public use and custom permit any possession thereof." The Queen may have had in mind the Treaty of Tordesillas, signed a little more than a century earlier by Spain and Portugal, dividing all the world's oceans between them. That treaty did not survive the emergence of a superior naval power, and the Queen's views of freedom of the seas prevailed.

Four centuries later, the same dispute has been revived beneath the seas. There are those who would carve up the shelf and the seabed among the major maritime powers, and there are others who would insure freedom of the ocean beds beyond a narrow claim of national jurisdiction equivalent to the customary three-mile or twelve-mile claim of jurisdiction over territorial waters on the surface.

The three-mile limit claimed by the U.S. is the measure of a cannon shot in the eighteenth century. It may be regrettable that nothing so simple as a cannon shot was used to determine an equivalent measure on the seabed, since efforts to date—with more sophisticated standards—have only compounded the confusion that began in 1945 when the U.S., largely at the behest of the oil industry, unilaterally extended its sovereignty to include the bed of the continental shelf (that portion of the submerged land mass that extends at relatively shallow depths seaward, in some places for more than a hundred miles). Other nations followed, and in 1958 an international Convention on the Continental Shelf declared that a nation's jurisdiction over the shelf extends to a depth of 200 meters (about 650 feet) or "beyond that limit to where the depth of the superjacent waters admits of the exploitation of the natural resources." For coastal nations with extensive shelves, it was the most painless territorial conquest in history. Few then suspected that effective exploitation of resources would soon take place far deeper than 200 meters, or that the "exploitability" clause of the convention—as interpreted by the oil industry and others—would, in effect, grant a license to move in the ocean beds to the limits of a nation's power to defend its claims.

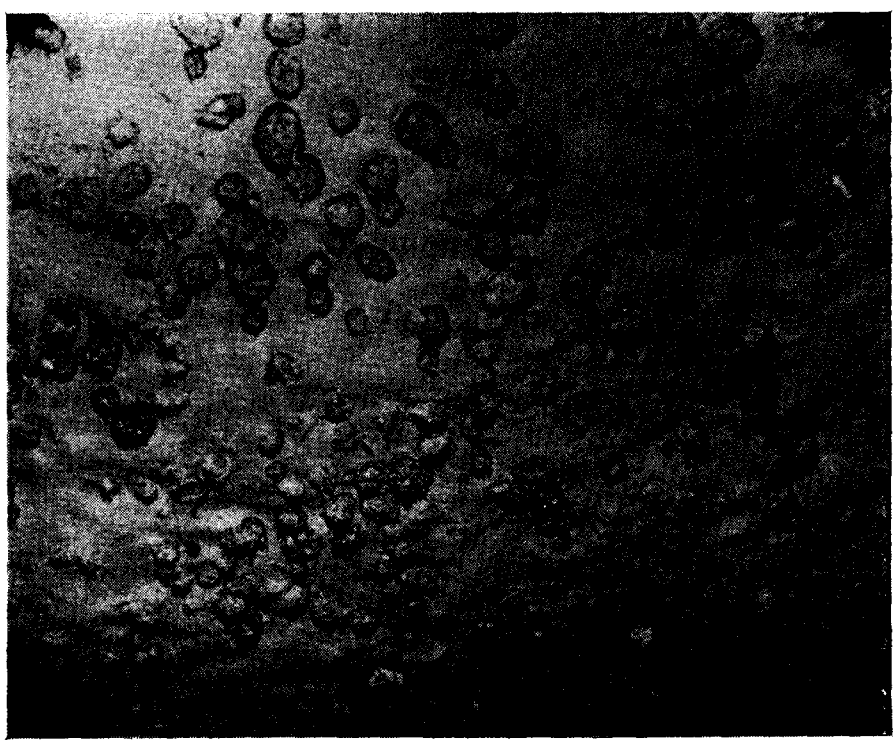
Strategic interest in what goes on in the seabeds off our shores further complicated efforts to decide whether our national interests would be best served by limited claims—as in the waters above—or by a more expansive goal. Yet the same rationale of maximum maneuverability, which is the basis of the jealously guarded right of freedom of the seas, argues equally strongly for a narrow claim of jurisdiction on the seabed. Beyond that narrow band, our own military, like their opposite numbers in the Kremlin, would prefer to trust to luck and muscle in making the best of all possibilities. The oil industry has no such dual interest; it wants to carry the flag as far as effective exploration permits.

And what of the small nations who believe, not unreasonably, that the riches of the seas should not be left up for grabs by the already rich and powerful?

It was this prospect, as well as the looming threat of a new weapons race, that two years ago brought forth two different proposals for an international regime for the seabed. In the United Nations, the government of Malta introduced a resolution that would place the riches of the sea under international administration to be used for the benefit of mankind. In the U.S. Senate, I introduced a treaty, based in part upon the Treaty on Outer Space, and one that would, in my judgment, deal more realistically than does the Maltese proposal with the competing economic and political interests in ocean space.

Other detailed proposals have been made — by the National Petroleum Council at one end of the spectrum,

(*Continued on page* 62)



The metal content of manganese nodules (above) amounts to billions of tons—"Even the most conservative estimates of resources on the seabed stagger the imagination."

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SHORTER DIVING BOARDS

by PIET HEIN

Some agile sagacity from
Mr. Hein's forthcoming book of verse,
Grooks II, to be published in
November by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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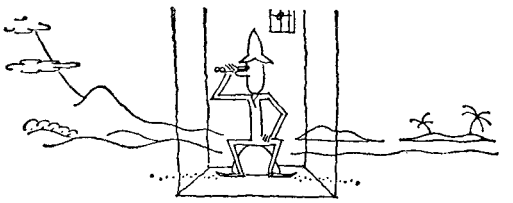
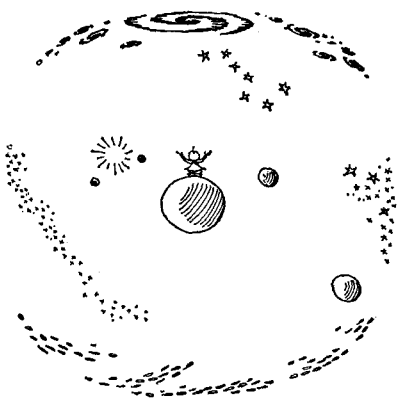


FREEDOM

Freedom means
you're free to do
just whatever
pleases you;
- if, of course
that is to say,
what you please
is what you may.



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Grook to warn the universe against megalomania

The universe may
be as great as they say.
But it wouldn't be missed
if it didn't exist.

A TIP

to members of the literary profession

Those
who can write
have a
lot to
learn from those
bright
enough
not to.

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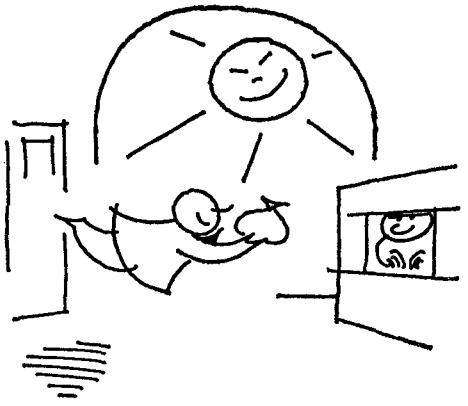
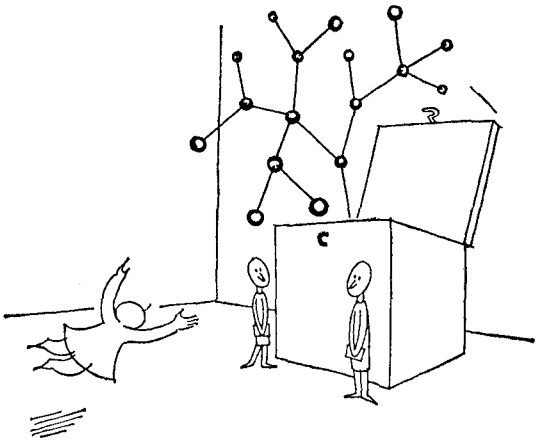


INVESTMENT POLICY

Anxieties yield
at a negative rate,
increasing in smallness
the longer they wait.

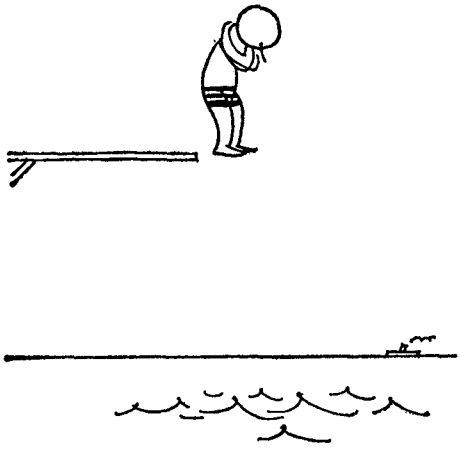


THE ONLY SOLUTION

We shall have to evolve
problem-solvers galore -
since each problem they solve
creates ten problems more.

REFLECTION ON SIZE

Small people often overrate
the charm of being tall;
which is, that you appreciate
the charm of being small.



THE FINAL STEP

Motto: Il n'y a que le
dernier pas qui coûte.

If they made diving boards
six inches shorter -
think how much sooner
you'd be in the water.

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Saturday Review

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Toward a World University

During the early years of the League of Nations, the proposal was often made that the League should sponsor a world university—an International League of Minds—as a way of creating collective security for the world's intellect and a counterforce against nationalism. Whenever the idea was proposed, someone academically respectable and politically powerful would rise to say, among murmurs of scholarly approval, that the universities by definition were already seeking a form of universal truth, that truth was international, and that no new institutions of this kind were necessary. If anything was to be done, it should be to expand the existing universities.

Quite often those who made the negative and prevailing argument were from countries whose universities were seeking a truth hidden in one corner of Europe and the Western world, locked up in the minds and documents of a segregated elite of scholars. Most of the contemporary intellectuals of major size across the world were excluded as sources of truth, no matter what their stature, since their thinking was done outside the universities and had not yet been included in the hundred-year-old university curriculum. Gandhi, for example.

Fifty years later, at the beginning of the 1970s, the situation remains essentially the same, but it is changing. Although those in power in the universities still believe that the universities should remain essentially as they are, there are now many more who argue for a radical change in the structure and content of university learning, and they are beginning to be heard. Among these are, of course, the world's students, who are antimilitary, anti-bureaucracy, antiwar, anti-authoritarian, and internationalist. They are demanding, both in direct action and in public statement, a university that does something about social change and uses its resources to create a better society and a world free of war.

But the students are now being joined by a growing number of chancellors, rectors, presidents, and faculty members in the universities of the world who recognize the truth in what the progressives in the League of Nations were saying fifty years ago—that national universities are, in most ways and in large degree, national in their outlook and parochial in the range of their knowledge and interests. A new kind of institution, conceived on a world scale, with the world's knowledge as its curriculum, the world's problems as its responsibility, and the world community of scholars and students as its members—this is what must now be created.

Those of us who share this view are not arguing that all other kinds of universities should be dismantled, or that the existing institutions should not be denationalized, or that there is nothing to do but start all over again with one huge world center that would settle all problems. We are saying that there is a difference between a world's fair and a county exhibition, an international center and a local school, a United Nations and a regional alliance, and that it is time to develop both the concept and the reality of a world university that can serve as a model for the university of the future and can deal directly with the stupendous task of creating a world mind for the world's body.

At the University of Vienna this August, the idea of a world university took a great leap forward. After five years of planning, three regional world conferences, and three postponements (the last one due to the student occupation of the buildings of the University of Rome where the Conference had been scheduled last January), a week-long World Conference on the Role of the University in the Quest for Peace was attended by more than 200 rectors, presidents, and faculty members from fifty-one countries, including the Soviet Union and four Eastern European nations.

The meaning of the occasion was established immediately at the opening session when the President of Austria, Dr. Franz Jonas; the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Josef Klaus; the Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency, Dr. Sigvard Eklund; and the Director General of the Geneva office of the U.N. Vittario Winspeare Guicciardi, all spoke of the urgency of the situation facing contemporary man, who is lost in a complex of forces driving him toward the possibility of his eventual destruction through wars and the pollution of the planet, unable to cope with historical tendencies that have outrun the capacity of man's intellect and will to build an amicable society. The universities, the speakers pointed out, are now plunged into the middle of the world's problems, whether they want to be or not, by the brute facts of the world student revolt and the involvement of students in social action. If the universities do not respond to the issues raised, if they do not take action, as Dr. Eklund put it, "to make use of man's knowledge to protect all natural life," they will be dismissed as obsolete institutions or overthrown, or both.

Already there are other institutions in existence which have moved into the vacuum left by the slow pace of the universities—an international seminar on world problems for one hundred world youth sponsored by the United Nations in Geneva last summer, three hundred fellowships for work in science awarded on a world basis by the International Atomic Energy Agency, programs of research and education for international civil servants in diplomacy, law, economics, international trade, and technical assistance organ-

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Letters to the Editor

Dying Lake on the Big Board?

AFTER READING Peter Schrag's "Life on a Dying Lake" [*SR*, Sept. 20], I pondered the tragic, yet horribly comic state of the society whose only acceptable solution to the crisis in which it finds itself will be the placing of Environment Reclamation, Inc., on the New York Stock Exchange. I then wondered if ABM will be completed in time to protect us from "the enemy."

As a concerned, yet alienated human being living in an obscene environment, I implore the scientific community to do more than research, write, and lecture. Lead us.

WILLIAM MURPHY,
New Haven, Conn.

Blackhorse Prayer

RE: Gordon S. Livingston's "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Sept. 20]. The failure of our government's policy in Vietnam and its genocidal degeneration will preoccupy historians and analysts long into the future. Although Dr. Livingston modestly makes no claim "to the whole truth," his letter reflects an uncommon and sensitive perception of the American role in Vietnam. One is reminded of Walt Kelly's observation that "we have met the enemy and we are they."

DANIEL C. KNAPP,
Rockville, Md.

IT WAS with amazement that I read the article by Gordon Livingston, a medical school classmate. Conversations, some at length, with Dr. Livingston during the years 1963-1967, indicated to me that this officer was the embodiment of the ideal American career officer: dedicated, courageous (witness Bronze Star), clean-cut (hair never more than one inch), hard-working, soft-spoken, and compassionate. He loved the Army from childhood, and my impression was that he would rise through its ranks to, perhaps, Surgeon General.

The Army obviously did not entertain this conclusion. The point I am making is that Dr. Livingston was no radical activist, but, if labels must be used, "hawkish" in his stand against America's enemies. If *he* became disillusioned by our objectives, then our political conduct of the war *must* be *abysmal*.

Historically, as a people, we have never been particularly adept at dealing with our neighbors with any degree of insight, and the image of GIs throwing cans of C-rations from moving vehicles at children alongside the road typifies, I suppose, our milder gestures.

R. KEMP MASSENGILL, M.D.,
Baltimore, Md.

MY CONGRATULATIONS to the U.S. Army for releasing Dr. Livingston. He is not only an embarrassment to the Army but to all Americans as well.

Now that he has received his free medical training from Uncle Sam, it will be interesting to follow his record in Baltimore to see how much work he will be giving to "the black people who comprise an 'underdeveloped nation' within our own society."

I am truly ashamed to see *SR* stoop so low in printing such a disgusting prayer and letter.

GORDON O. JACOBS,
Mill Valley, Calif.

HAVING SPENT one year in the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment, I had the chance to serve under Col. George S. Patton, the son of ol' "Blood and Guts." I served in the capacity of a radio teletype operator in the Regiment's Headquarters and Headquarter's Troop. My personal contact with him was minimal, but my impression of him was well expressed by Dr. Livingston.

What Dr. Livingston did took more "blood and guts" than both Pattons together could muster. I admire Dr. Livingston.

HARVEY S. GRACZ,
Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. LIVINGSTON'S individual view of the events taking place in Vietnam coincide completely with what I, as an enlisted man, noted while I was stationed with an Army unit near Saigon in 1966.

I have no doubt that his letter, which rang so true, will be dismissed by the military as the minority opinion, one to be disregarded by the public. It is hoped that the public will not be deluded, as the military continues to practice effectively a policy that we in the lower ranks knew as CYA, or "cover your ass." They seem to be doing an excellent job of it, even at the highest levels. CYA, very simply, is a convenient way of changing things around so that they appear to be other than what they really are. Thus, a disastrous defeat is turned into a heroic victory and the commander gets a medal. Catch-22!

What is *really* happening? Are we helping the Vietnamese or helping ourselves? Perhaps if more veterans such as Dr. Livingston speak the truth, the pointless killing on both sides can be brought to a swift conclusion.

WARREN J. CARLSON,
Glen Ridge, N.J.

INASMUCH AS *SR* is usually not a mouthpiece for haters and malcontents, why did it accept a "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran," in which a writer with barely six months' experience in Vietnam presumed to speak generalizing opinions for all of us regarding public disaffection and attitude toward the Vietnamese? Along with so many others, he claims rights for himself that he would deny to other individuals. He referred to a government document that exhorted him and other servicemen to avoid creating embarrassing incidents, as "an exercise in futility," and proved *his* interpretation by creating an embarrassing incident publicly and with premeditation, and ironically labeled it a prayer. Why do the communication media continue to subsidize the dropouts and quitters?

MRS. FRANK CREITZ,
Lawrence, Kan.

Red-faced on Red Sales

IN "Red Sales Open to U.S. Shoppers" [*SR*, Sept. 13], it was stated that "it was always an adventure to case the Chinese Communist emporiums in Hong Kong and Taiwan." Those in Hong Kong are at best interesting, but I will have to admit that it would be an adventure not only to case one, but to even find one on Taiwan, past or present. Macao or Singapore or perhaps even Penang must have been meant.

LAWRENCE J. BRIGGS,
Arlington, Va.

"We've got thirty minutes of football left, dammit! Who spiked the Gatorade?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Half Loaves

THERE ARE several advantages to producing plays Off-Broadway. Reduced production costs permit greater adventurousness. A much smaller number of customers are required to keep the play running. And perhaps most important, those customers who do show up at the theater are willing to work at appreciating the virtues of a play, and discounting its drawbacks.

Thus producer Kermit Bloomgarden was quite right in his decision to present Athol Fugard's *Hello and Goodbye* Off-Broadway. For this two-character play demands that we look beyond its drabness and its slightness of plot to find a deeper work the author has not quite written.

At the beginning we meet Johnny, a half-crazed young man who has devoted his entire life to taking care of his crippled father. After a while he is joined by Hester, a woman who claims to be his sister. She had left home years before to become a prostitute, but is now returning to claim her inheritance, a bundle of cash she believes her father has hidden away in one of the many cardboard boxes he hoards in his room. The play's ironic title comes from her pretendedly tough assertion that her visit home is just "hello and goodbye." In elapsed time it is. But while she is there she relives a lifetime.

Most of the play consists of Hester's frantic pillaging of the boxes so carefully stored away by her parents. It is junk, but junk that has been neatly folded and packed by the parents as if it would be valued and used someday. But to the offspring it is not usable, and its value is negative in that each item discovered recalls painful memories. A pair of patent leather shoes reminds Hester that she was never allowed to wear them very much. A boxful of left-footed new shoes evokes the details of the accident in which the father lost one leg. A batch of old newspapers reveals low points in the events of the 1930s.

Gradually emerging from all this is a portrait of how a working-class family with the best of intentions turned into an infernal machine. The thrift-driven parents constantly constricting the lives of their children and exhausting themselves in the process. Hester loved her mother and hated her father because she blamed him for the mother's premature demise. Johnny needed his father as a father figure so badly that he was unable to leave home and pursue his own career. Indeed, at one point in the play we see him pick up his father's old crutches to emulate his crippleness.

Although the insight is good and the play sounds like Eugene O'Neill, it lacks the great playwright's sustained theatricality. As a result our attention fluctuates and the steadily increasing pile of ransacked cartons provokes impertinent thoughts of a harassed prop man having to repack them all neatly between the matinee and the evening performance. Furthermore, the play's confrontations and events are, as it turns out, relatively unimportant. The real play has all happened before the play began, and the reliving of the misery brings Hester and Johnny to no startling new recognitions.

Fortunately, *Hello and Goodbye* stars one of our most powerful actresses, Colleen Dewhurst, who gives a magnificent performance as Hester. Miss Dewhurst finds in the role those particulars that she can make meaningful and about which she can express genuine emotion. Thus she is able to cut through the many sentimentalities that in lesser hands might seem manufactured and dated. She defies us not to believe the reality of her agony. On the other hand, Martin Sheen's frenetic portrayal of Johnny is so gratuitously antic that we have great difficulty seeing him as the tragic victim. Possibly director Barney Simon would have been better advised if he had persuaded Mr. Sheen to start more quietly and build gradually into a more convincing frenzy.

Since *Hello and Goodbye* takes place in the South African city of Port Elizabeth, and at one point suggests that the predicament of Johnny and Hester is a result of South African racial policies that impoverish the poor white workers by playing on their anxiety of losing their job to blacks, the play may have more dimension for South African audiences than it does for Off-Broadway theatergoers.

ANOTHER BROADWAY producer who has turned to Off-Broadway is David Black. Given a rock musical called *Salvation*, Mr. Black has wisely seen its limited potential and its need for cooperative audiences.

Salvation is a collection of rock ballads by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney that has been tied arbitrarily to a contrived and slim plot about a young revivalist preacher who comes up from the audience to castigate cast members for their sins. But by the end of the evening his narrow notions of salvation are more or less overpowered by the youthful sinners.

Theatergoers will have to settle for a general impression that the show has something to say, rather than a clear understanding of particular numbers. Marta Heflin sings the bittersweet joys of nymphomania with no apparent regret. Annie Rachel, on the other hand, seems inconsolable that she didn't consummate her love with a soldier who went off to die in Vietnam. The entire cast effectively laments their relative inability to feel close enough to those to whom they give themselves. These sad numbers are balanced here and there with eruptions into lively orgies of sex and pot—and one brief moment in which a girl rips off her sweater, providing a token gesture of "nudity."

The singing is good, and Boni Enten, fresh from her liberating experience as a cast member of *Oh! Calcutta!*, energizes the show with her bold vitality. These ingredients don't add up to a full-fledged musical, but they do make a modestly pleasing evening of communion with the younger generation.

FRANK CUCCI's new short comedy-drama *The Ofay Watcher* is yet another play that depicts the earnest white liberal as the Negro's worst friend. In it, a young white man has concocted a medicine that will gradually turn a black man's skin white and he tests it on a Negro tramp.

As performed by Terry Kiser and Cleavon Little, the situation is most effective in its wry comedy. The liberal's delusion is neatly punctured when the Negro casually asks why everyone must be turned white in preference to everyone being turned black.

However, halfway through the play the author shifts gears to arrive at a Grand Guignol ending for which we are unprepared. And although he has made his point, we feel unsatisfied because the Negro's ultimate behavior doesn't seem directly motivated by the play's events.

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An essay review of "Everyone Was Brave:
The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America,"
by William L. O'Neill (Quadrangle, 369 pp., $7.95)

The Subordinate Sex

by ELIZABETH JANEWAY

Half the human race is female. It is sometimes difficult to remember this, even for a female; and never more difficult than when reading history. Until late yesterday afternoon (speaking in terms of historical time) women intruded so rarely on the course of events that their total omission would hardly be noticeable. When they did appear, it was almost always in passive roles: a princess whose dowry set off a war, a wife whose sterility brought her husband into conflict with the church, a mistress whose influence can be traced now and then in a general appointed or an artist favored.

Naturally, these scanty appearances at the summit have no connection with the work women did where it was taken for granted and forgotten, as the work of the great mass of humanity has always been taken for granted and forgotten. But the absence of women from history has a special effect. True, the rest of the eternal, ubiquitous crowd of dependents, serfs, slaves and servants are seldom identified, though we know the names of a few of the rebels among them who challenged the way things were "supposed to be." But enough social history has been written for us to remember that they were there and had to be reckoned with, whether as starving peasants, victims of the plague, millenarian heretics or political revolutionaries.

This is not true of women. For most of history and for most historians, they are not only anonymous as individuals, they don't even exist as a group. Ants in the ant heap, their separate identity is not only unimagined but largely unimaginable. Anthropologists and archeologists, approaching societies other than their own, are well aware of the importance of understanding the position ascribed to women—their duties, products, place in the kinship structure and in religious ceremony—for an over-all comprehension of these unfamiliar social systems. Yet in the annals of their own people, women have—or have had—no history. Lacking it, they have been wreathed n myth, the myth of their special place in man's world, their special attributes and failings, their special abilities and the special dangers they pose.

The trouble with myth is not that it is false, but that it is partly true; true, that is, to what we want to believe. If it didn't embody desires and satisfy needs, we could get rid of it much more easily. But when rational argument manages to clear away untenable foundations, there is no sure guarantee that the myth they supported will die. Sexual discrimination and racial discrimination have both been sustained, over the last century, first on the basis of biblical revelation (God's curse on Eve, God's curse on Ham), then on the evidence of "psychological" tenets and tests whose assumptions came straight out of the realm of unprovable fixed ideas, and now on the "researches" of neo-Lamarckian ethologists. Give us the facts, they cry (baboons hunt in groups, men join political clubs), and never mind the logic that gets us from the one to the other.

Whatever the authority for discrimination, the effect is the same: some people are different not just because of social pressures or training or clever individual adaptation to patterns of life, but irredeemably, by the will of God or of Science. When these fountainheads of wisdom say "humanity" they are, however, referring less to

ELIZABETH JANEWAY's next book will be *Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology.*

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"What happened doesn't fit the myths."

fact than to some general concept of the norm. Oddly enough, the norm consistently turns out to be exemplified by white heterosexual males, with the corollary that anyone else is abnormal and had better go away quietly and cease to make trouble by disrupting hypotheses. Thus, the myth (which always speaks in the imperative mood).

One can sympathize with its believers without wanting to condone the belief. It is very difficult to change one's mind and the larger, more amorphous and diffuse the belief, the harder it is to dig it all out. Books like William O'Neill's, therefore, are valuable not only in themselves, but because they bring women into history and out of the region of myth. Arguing with mythic statements, as John Donne remarked apropos of another matter, is like going to sea for no reason but to get sick. The best history doesn't argue; it takes its stand on another ground. Thus, Mr. O'Neill is not trying to prove that the position of women ought to be this, or that, or anything else. He is writing about what happened. But his study of the women's movement in America from the mid-nineteenth century on, of the problems it ran into, of how the movement achieved its successes and stumbled into its failures, has an interesting by-product. By recording what happened his factual chronicle reduces the plausibility of the women-myths since what happened doesn't fit the myths.

The myths begin with the assumption that women's behavior is innately, unchangeably, and by predestination different from men's because their anatomy is. "Why can't a woman," cried Professor Henry Higgins, "be more like a man?" Whatever the answer he expected, it was surely not the one that Professor O'Neill provides. Nevertheless, the message of this book is unmistakable: "Dear Henry," it runs, "she *is* like a man, right down to her capacity to make the same mistakes when she meets the same problems." Put her in a political situation and she will learn politics. Offer her a choice between reform and revolution, and she will debate the possibilities with her sisters on just the same grounds as have males. Confront her with the question of ends versus means, of seeking allies or going it alone, of attacking the Washington establishment or appeasing it in order to lobby legislation through Congress, and her maneuvers will be indistinguishable from those of men with a cause. The really remarkable thing about the women's movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is how typical feminism was of other reform movements, and of its historical period.

Its first considerable gathering and first real achievement, in fact, occurred typically in that *annus mirabilis* of reform and revolution, 1848. In that year the original Woman's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York, and the cause it championed won a limited but prophetic victory when the New York State Legislature passed the Married Women's Property Act, which secured their possessions to all women, not simply to those whose canny fathers had drawn up marriage settlements that kept their dowries out of their husbands' hands. From that time forward the movement for women's rights pretty well rose and fell with the social climate. When reform was in the air, this reform movement thrived. When reaction or indifference held sway, the mood inhibited women's efforts too.

But as Professor O'Neill is well aware, the existence of good weather for reform does not mean that all reforms will prosper equally, or that it is necessarily wise for reformers to join hands and go forward together. Central to his discussion is a question that continually plagued the councils of the feminists: should they concentrate on getting the vote, or should their aims be broader? If so, how broad? Were Victoria Woodhull and Charlotte Perkins Gilmore right in attacking (in very different ways) the whole institution of marriage? Was Vida Scudder correct in declaring that only socialism could bring sex equality along with class equality? Was Carrie Chapman Catt more sensible than Jane Addams because she concentrated her energies on fighting for suffrage instead of diffusing them in work for the poor and for pacifism? Or did the ultra-pragmatics narrow their attack until they became nothing but an interest group, all too willing to compromise on any issue? Here, in the pages of *Everyone Was Brave* and widening it far beyond a purely feminine audience, is an extraordinarily perceptive analysis of how social aims can achieve political success; and how the desire for political success affects social aims.

The crusade for women's rights surfaced in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. O'Neill touches very briefly on its causes, which is wise; an exhaustive study would have involved him in writing another book. I don't myself agree with his emphasis and think he has rather misinterpreted the very interesting and suggestive findings of Philippe Ariès, but that is really neither here nor there, for the antecedents of the organized women's movement lie outside his field. In some fashion, at any rate, the social and economic changes let loose by the technological revolution, by the Enlightenment and the Evangelical reaction against it, and by the political ideology of egalitarianism combined to produce a ferment of questioning whose currents undermined the foundations of orthodoxy. For centuries, probably for millennia, perhaps forever, mankind (or most of it) had believed that whatever was, was right—or at least unavoidable. Now Renaissance, Reformation and revolution began to assert that whatever was might not only be wrong but, even more important, might be subject to change. People's lives were changing fast enough for them to be aware of it. Why not work for the changes one wanted, then, instead of simply submitting to those that came? So with the consciousness of process was born the idea of progress.

In America feminism and abolitionism arose together. The Grimké sisters, daughters of a slave-holding South Carolina plantation-owner, were eloquent in both causes. Reforming women were quick to see the analogy between racial and sexual discrimination, and many of them seized on slavery as a metaphor for their own condition. Women's bondage, wrote Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Lucy Stone in 1856, "though it differs from that of the Negro slave, frets and chafes her just the same. She too sighs and groans in her chains." Men like William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Tilton were willing to work for both causes. And yet, the alliance was uneasy from the beginning. For, as in all political alliances, each member had to decide for

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himself which aim to put first. In 1840, women delegates to an anti-slavery convention in London were denied seats on the floor and relegated to the balcony as mere spectators. Horace Greeley battled suffragists who hoped the New York State Constitution would give them the vote by striking out the qualifying word "male" when it struck out the word "white." Negro men, Mrs. Stanton found, did not all see the connection between slavery and the limitations placed on women as clearly as she did: some of them believed that men should dominate women, and that white women were their worst enemies. So she reported in 1869, and such sentiments are not unheard a century later.

The Civil War inaugurated (more in letter than in spirit) the incorporation of minority groups into the American mainstream. Both for women and Negroes there were forward steps and later retreats. Women nursed and did other war work. Some of the universities opened their doors to girls because male students were lacking. These were not great advances, but they were not lost when, in the Seventies, reaction set in, as the first Negro advances vanished with the end of Reconstruction. The stultifying atmosphere of the Gilded Age slowed down the women's movement; Victorian prudery gave it a massive and debilitating dose of purity; but, no doubt because feminism was less threatening than the drive for Negro rights, the former was not brought completely to a halt.

It did, however, suffer a confusion of aims. The apparent success of abolitionism removed the original allies of the feminist movement, and the times confronted women with the dilemma of settling what they were working toward. Was it the vote, the vote first, the vote alone, with all other desirable reforms to flow from a cohesive and centralized Female Power group? Or were crying social abuses to be attacked along the way? What about education for women? What about working hours? What about child labor? What about sweatshops? What about pacifism? Americanization of immigrant families? Settlement houses? Temperance? The double standard? Free love? There simply was no answer to any of these questions that was not, in some way, divisive. Victoria Woodhull, champion of free love, candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1872, protégée of Elizabeth Cady Stanton *and* Commodore Vanderbilt (whom she advised on financial matters with the aid of clairvoyance), instigator of Theodore Tilton's famous suit for adultery against

(*Continued on page* 57)

What Did the Nineteenth Amendment Amend?

by ROCHELLE GIRSON

Just three weeks ago Angie Elizabeth Brooks was elected President of the 24th General Assembly of the United Nations. Ironically, although both Miss Brooks of Liberia and Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit of India, who held the same office in 1953, come from so-called "less developed" countries, they have achieved a distinction beyond the realistic aspiration today of any American woman. Is the majority sex in the United States still subjected to minority treatment? And, if so, why, *SR* asked a sampling of women — and men — concerned with male-female equality.

To begin with, how, we inquired, would you evaluate women's current status in American society—fifty years after the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment? "As having made considerable progress, but having yet some way to go," replied the author of *The Natural Superiority of Women*, anthropologist Ashley Montagu. "Unquestionably higher than ever," said Maurine B. Neuberger, former U.S. Senator from Oregon. "Better, but overrated and hypocritical," stated the rising young journalistic star Gloria Steinem. "Revolutionary progress toward equality," said Eliot Janeway, who wrote *The Economics of Crisis*, "has been complicated by more than equal burdens of family responsibility, but fortified by increasing residues of capital accumulation." Bess Myerson Grant, commissioner of the Department of Consumer Affairs of the City of New York, agreed that women's status is "considerably improved." "Liberation," observed the former Miss America and TV luminary, "has been due in great measure to technological advances." Not so, countered sociologist Alice S. Rossi of Johns Hopkins University. She discerns but "minimal improvement, and only so far as it is useful to the manpower needs of the society to 'permit' women to move into high-need fields. The general pressure on women," she said, "remains the same—to be the 'shock-absorbers' of the society. Politically and in professions there is as low and in some fields a smaller proportion of women than twenty-five years ago." Elizabeth Fisher, founder of *Aphra*, a new publication for women, concurred. "There are barely token women in the highest spheres of politics, business, and intellectual circles." Women's situation has been upgraded, said Long Island's most famous housewife, Billie Paget, who is by-lined "Penelope Ashe" on the novel *Naked Came the Stranger*. "But the battle of the sexes continues. Man has created woman out of his own image of what she should be. Why then is he so disappointed in his handiwork?"

"Do you feel that women still suffer discrimination in business, politics, and the professions?" we asked. "Yes, yes, and again yes!" said Miss Steinem. "This is most notable in politics," said Mrs. Neuberger. Mr. Janeway thought not. Though he finds decreasing discrimination against women in the professions, there is "less in politics than anywhere else. Much too much," he suggested, "is due to cultural lag in corporate management." The situation,

(*Continued on page* 58)

ROCHELLE GIRSON is convinced that in her job as book review editor she has to work twice as hard as any man at *SR*.

(l. to r.) Maurine Neuberger, Gloria Steinem, Bess Myerson Grant, and David Riesman—"men still set the cultural pace and style."

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Effulgent Sunburst of Conservatism

I COULD ALMOST VISUALIZE the splenetic contortions on Mark Levy's face as he tried to formulate his review of *The Emerging Republican Majority* [*SR*, Sept. 13]. A liberal jingo, fantasying from the dark cave where the Democrats are hiding. Staunchly he tells his quivering followers that outside the cave, even at high noon, there is no effulgent sunburst of conservatism. This may be fine gruel for the ole party regulars, but, unless you consider *Saturday Review* a party organ, I would suggest a more objective approach to books such as Phillips's. As a Canadian, I have no party axe to grind, but reviews such as Levy's are a little hard to take, unless one happens to have an ideological antidote close at hand.

C. FRANKLYN SMITH,
Hamilton, Ont.

"White"-washing of Black History

BASIL DAVIDSON'S REVIEW of Credo V. Mutwa's *My People, My Africa* [*SR*, Sept. 13] seems grossly unfair. While recognizing Davidson's prominence in the field of African history, I cannot agree with his relegation of Mutwa to the role of a South African "Uncle Tom." Mutwa should be ranked with Nobel Peace Prize-winner Albert Luthuli in the struggle to peaceably resolve the South African racial dilemma. (Mutwa has little sympathy for the apartheid status quo since his fiancée was killed by South African police in the 1960 Sharpeville massacre.)

Even Davidson must admit that the tribal African mind does not operate congruously with ours, just as the Oriental frame of thought often appears "strange," "puzzling," or even "shocking." Thus it would seem that any attempt to make the African mental set appear to be compatible with the Western layman's expectations of rational, objective thought is merely a "white"-washing of black history. Davidson had best recognize the inherent value of Mutwa's subjective work as a tool for understanding minds less objective than our own.

DONALD L. WINGERT,
Grantham, Pa.

No Sick Personalities

WHAT IS MOST STRIKING in Curt Leviant's review of *The Promise* [*SR*, Sept. 20] is his neglect to inform his readers in what ways this entry into the minority literature of the American Jew is different from *Herzog*, *The Fixer*, and *Portnoy's Complaint*. Here we have no sick, self-depreciating, truncated personalities wallowing in eloquent self-pity. *The Promise* is a story of a group of Americanized or American-Jews trying to find their way in an emancipated society that is competing for their spirits, if not their souls. It is Potok's achievement that he makes an intellectual, scholarly conflict in the novel as intense and dramatic as sexual encounters or an innocent man incarcerated in prison. The life of the mind is still vibrant. All this Leviant fails to mention.

DAN VOGEL,
New York, N.Y.

"Nothing serious—the computer bit me."

Scotch-taped

I MUST CALL ATTENTION to the description, "scotch-taped" used by the reviewer of *The Promise*. Unfortunately, Mr. Leviant's use of the term is all too common, and it probably makes very little difference to anyone except marketing purists and the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co. The point is, however, that Scotch Tape is a trademark of The 3M Co. and legally can only be used by that company for a type of product. Indeed, when one refers to all brands of cellophane tape as Scotch Tape, it is the equivalent of calling all automobiles Fords, or all beer Budweiser.

It would be extremely difficult to place a dollar value on a well-known trademark. For example, what price would the trademark Coca-Cola bring if sold to the highest bidder? Consequently, any time a trademark is used in the lower case it is a factor in causing the term to become generic, *i.e.*, the product classification is referred to by the trademark. Once a trademark becomes generic it can be used by anyone without compensating the original owner.

MARVIN G. ADKINS,
Cookeville, Tenn.

Kind Ladies' Exchange

THREE CHEERS for Haskel Frankel [*SR*, Sept. 13] for giving hope to another man who cooks for one (himself), when all published recipes call for servings of six, and multiples of two thereafter. (Do cookbook editors really believe that balanced meals can be served only to balanced guests?) Mr. Frankel states that kind ladies buying food in supermarkets have helped him with his purchases. Would he tell me who his shredded almond lady is in exchange for one who is a whizz with pitted prunes?

JAMES H. HEINEMAN,
New York, N.Y.

Unforgivable Inaccuracy

I FIND BASIC INACCURACY in a review unforgivable. I refer to the review of Joe Gores's book in the Criminal Record [*SR*, Aug. 30]. Not only is the title of the book given incorrectly—it should be *A Time of Predators*—the reviewer has misstated one of the facts of the plot. It was the wife, not the husband, who had witnessed the assault and reported it to the police.

SHIRLEY DICKENSHEET,
San Francisco, Calif.

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USA

THE AMERICANS: A Social History of the United States, 1587-1914

by J. C. Furnas

Putnam, 1,015 pp., $12.95

AMERICAN MANNERS AND MORALS: A Picture History of How We Behaved and Misbehaved

by Mary Cable and the editors of American Heritage

American Heritage, 399 pp., $18

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE (and death) has attracted both shrill and searching analysis during the past decade, often by critics who could not circulate their complaints without the inventions that play so large a part in the life-style under attack. Most acerbic criticism bears down on single aspects of our culture: dress, diet, drinking habits, education. These are usually represented as symbolic of the whole society. Few enemies—or, for that matter, few friends—of the American way have taken the pains to itemize it.

And no wonder! These two enormous books demonstrate, among other things, that American culture is so complex and varied it virtually defies summary. Defining his goal in a phrase borrowed from the British historian G. B. Trevelyan, J. C. Furnas describes his work as "history with the politics left out." That description is fair enough so far as it goes, but it needs elaboration. Since politics is about the only human activity that *is* left out, the narrative consequently suffers from an embarrassment of riches. Yet this very *richesse* is appropriate to the theme of the American social historian, for in this respect *The Americans* takes on the character of the society it describes.

Each of these books applies a different approach to a common objective, which is to create a portable museum of American life. Furnas, author of several entertaining studies of single aspects of our history, stresses verbal narrative, while the American Heritage editors emphasize graphics. In both cases, however, artifacts dominate the works, which tend to define our culture in terms of the relationship between people and things rather than between people and ideas. This, too, is appropriate to the history of a nation that survived some of the biggest material obstacles faced by any people in recorded history, to achieve the greatest and most widespread material prosperity.

Despite this emphasis on the physical dimensions of experience, neither book excludes more abstract problems. Indeed, both struggle in their respective styles with the ultimate question raised in 1781 by St. John Crèvecoeur: "What then is the American, this new man?"

That question eluded easy answers even before it was formally stated. Conceived in liberty, the American nation was delivered in variety. Before the Pilgrims landed, a symbolic "melting pot" had preceded them to the icy waters off Cape Cod. From the iron kettles, or *chaudières*, carried by French and Portuguese fishermen, Yankee settlers would later learn to make the fish stew they called "chowder." Meanwhile Polish and Italian glass workers imported into Jamestown, Virginia, to insure the success of the first American industrial enterprise also guaranteed the new world's polyglot character.

Despite its British and aristocratic biases, the Virginia House of Burgesses voted those "foreign" artisans the rights of citizenship as early as 1624. Swedes, Germans, French, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and Moravians (from what is now Czechoslovakia) added their diverse flavors to the ethnic chowder of colonial culture well before the new nation asserted its identity in unmistakably English political terms.

Obviously, an American could never be defined in the terms of race, nationality, or physical attributes to which Europe had become accustomed over the centuries after its own migrations ended. Nor were such aspects of American identity the things that interested the thoughtful Europeans to whom Crèvecoeur addressed his report of what God had wrought on the new continent.

Then, as now, mankind envisioned the possibility of scrapping old mistakes and beginning again, but with one essential difference. Eighteenth-century man still worked within a framework of religious assumptions that pressed upon him the question: Could the hybrid American wipe the slate of history clean by expelling the snake from his new Eden?

Alas for the resounding negative that now unites us. Much contemporary *angst* and anger result from delayed recognition of this bad news for all mankind. But the question remained open through the nineteenth century, perhaps explaining some harsh criticism of our provincial paradise. What cosmic hopes were disappointed!

Whatever innocence the American soul might possess, on the other hand, its homes and hotels long lacked the sophistication Europeans had come to expect of heaven. It was American plumbing rather than American philosophy that offended European visitors in the Victorian age, which had abandoned soul-searching in favor of comfort. The "new man" was already being defined in terms of his habits—mostly bad ones to such writers as Dickens and the Trollopes, who found us lacking in both serenity and sanitation.

Riots, for example, were fairly commonplace, even within the near-sacred confines of Harvard Yard, as *American Manners and Morals* gleefully reminds us. In 1834 "window-smashing, bonfires . . . and other riotous behavior" led President Josiah Quincy to suspend all Harvard sophomores for the year. Worse—and more prophetic—Quincy "compounded his unpopularity by violating an ancient canon of academic freedom—he invited civil authorities to prosecute the offenders." Moderate students promptly joined the rebellion, causing more property damage and dismissals before peace was restored.

Indeed, American educators—and, more particularly, coeducators—trod a rocky road from the beginning, for this "new man" who had survived the perils of the wilderness proved himself both fit and fractious, especially in his lusty youth. Horace Mann, who had fought for coeducation in his native Massachusetts, practiced his

—From "American Manners and Morals."

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preachment when he became president of Antioch College in 1853, but continued to entertain doubts that must in some measure haunt his heirs at Princeton and Yale. "The dangers [of coeducation] are *terrible*," he confided to a fellow reformer. "I have seen enough of young men to satisfy me that [a] . . . great majority . . . would . . . yield to the temptation of ruining a girl if he could. The girls are far more pure but are they safe?" President Mann, unlike his descendants, still hoped to avoid "accident" by "constant, sleepless vigilance."

Problems extraneous to learning—and to the service of God that motivated it in the eyes of the Puritans who pioneered American education—were mounting in the halls of ivy. Present-day concerns of college presidents were presaged in the 1830s, when spreading democracy and pressures for universal schooling threatened an erosion of academic standards. "The prestige a boy acquired from having been to college came to outweigh considerations of what he might have learned there."

Such evidence of the past as prelude abounds in both of these volumes, which are so packed with particulars about all phases of American life that they sometimes lose sight of Crèvecoeur's and our own underlying question about our national identity. Who are we, and what are we? Perhaps equally important, what are we likely to become?

Maybe more sanitary, but more serene—no. Dissent is clearly a characteristic American response, and may even have become an innate one through the process of natural selection that Furnas underscores. Whatever their nationality or social condition in the countries they abandoned, emigrants from Europe who continued to fill the cities and settle the plains for three centuries were, with few exceptions, "those who couldn't or wouldn't endure what most persons in the old country could or would." In fact, Furnas reminds us bluntly, "we are all descended from one or another kind of . . . personal or social misfit"; and from the outset deviants "dominated our cultural and genetic background."

In short, let him among us who is entirely without ancestors cast the first stone at today's irate young radicals. The American is a natural-born ouch-sayer.

Other broad considerations of American culture also receive Furnas's scrutiny. The home of the free is not necessarily the home of the brave, he concludes, for in a land and situation without historical precedent "it is doubtful whether . . . either group or individual emigrants understood how high the risks were." Indeed, as James Truslow Adams once suggested and Furnas echoes, "higher courage" was precisely what the Puritans may have lacked when they decided to seek "the political and religious simplifications of the wilderness" rather than face "the conditions, including possible martyrdom" of those who fought the Stuart tyranny to a successful finish on home ground. Hence, perhaps, the vaunted British stiff upper lip as compared with the American stiff upper arm.

If the typical American was not superabundantly brave by nature, he did have other things going for him. In Furnas's estimate, his most valuable trait was imagination, "that quality often a part of mental or emotional restlessness." Not only the Pilgrims, but the Loyalist squires, the misnamed Pennsylvania "Dutch," and all the remaining first wave of Americans were self-selected by their capacity to imagine a better life than the one they knew. Hence, perhaps, the inveterate American utopianism.

If imagination separated the first Americans from their European past, it continued to be their most vital asset in the wilderness, where extraordinary inventiveness proved necessary for survival. Furnas suggests that from this initial adaptivity arose "the American bent for mechanical invention," which kept the new nation alive during its period of trial. By the twentieth century that mechanical genius had produced a distinctive American culture, from which the rest of the world was willing to borrow even as it hurried to revile.

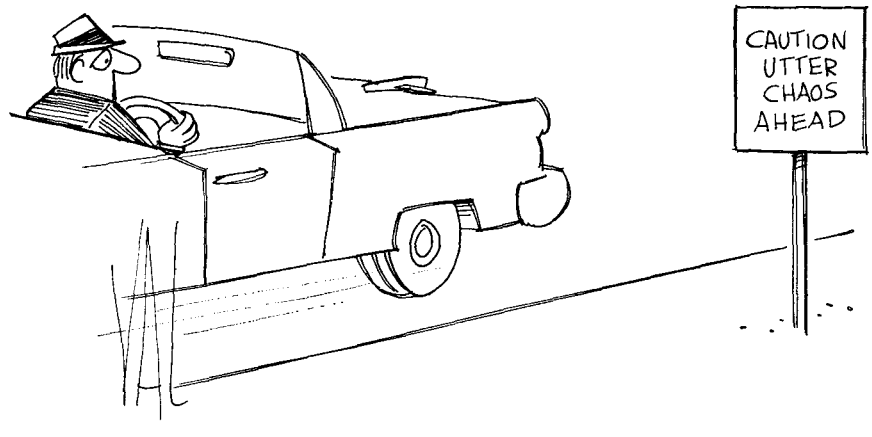
It was, of course, this inventiveness that produced the abundance of artifacts with which both these histories are loaded. Whether they are overloaded is a question that must be answered in terms of individual taste. Antiquarians and collectors of Americana in all categories will probably find both books delightful. So will many readers who simply enjoy a leisurely Sunday progress through the halls of the Smithsonian or the Metropolitan Museum's American wing. As in those popular museums, the data offered are enhanced by expert display techniques, one primarily verbal and the other pictorial.

Modern curators have, however, learned a lesson Furnas might profit from. Rarely do they stuff all their riches into the cases at once; rotating exhibits respect the viewer's attention span. On the other hand, packaging can also be overdone, as *American Manners and Morals* illustrates. Clearly it has been created with more than one eye on the Christmas "gift book" market. Although attributed to a single author rather than to a crew with paste and scissors, the book has been cut into so many topical segments, each heavy with pictures, that it suggests a scrapbook instead of a serious history.

More enduring in intent and effect, the Furnas volume is also attractively illustrated and wittily written. Yet despite the author's diligent research and his over-all good sense in making historical judgments, any of his readers who finally achieves page 1,015 must feel like a cinema addict after three or four double features.

At that point in my own reading I was reminded of an anecdote from a novel satirizing progressive education. Set in a college where no curbs were imposed on a student's idle curiosity nor any limits on the resulting amorphous courses, the story featured a sharp-tongued sibyl who used to whisper fiercely to her brightest pupils: "Beat it! Get the hell out of here and try Vassar." (Or perhaps it was Wellesley.)

In similar altruistic spirit I suggest



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that readers who want to understand the American past without reliving it in detail will prefer Henry Bamford Parkes's *The American Experience*, a twenty-year-old work available in paperback. Crisp and unpretentious, Professor Parkes's book tells in about a quarter of Furnas's space what most Americans need to know about their heritage. Those who still want to subject themselves to a full accounting of the past will find much to admire in J. C. Furnas's massive inventory.

Glendy Culligan

Glendy Culligan, former book editor of The Washington Post, teaches at Montgomery College in Tacoma Park, Maryland.

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

by Coretta Scott King

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 372 pp., $6.95

CORETTA SCOTT never meant to be a minister's wife. When she was an ambitious music student in Boston a friend told her about a fellow Southerner studying in the city, Martin Luther King, Jr. As soon as she heard he was a minister, she says, "I lost interest, for I began to think of the stereotypes of ministers I had known." The young Baptist preacher changed her mind and her life. She had never meant to be a writer, either, but circumstances compelled her to write this book. It is a testament to the thorough job she did turning herself into a minister's wife, and to the difficult task that writing about her life with King proved to be.

A rare man, her husband made himself the moral leader of most black Americans in just thirteen short years —beginning, unexpectedly, in Montgomery when a tired Negro seamstress refused to give up her bus seat at the driver's command and ending equally abruptly with King's long-expected assassination, his public murder in Memphis, where he had gone to help garbage workers press for higher pay. Martin Luther King's full significance was not appreciated by most white Americans until he was dead, at the age of thirty-nine.

Mrs. King is proud that he wanted her to be his wife, that she could comfort and sometimes counsel him. She is eager to show what a noble man he was, to secure his place in history. But, clearly mindful of the proverbs that warn against pride, she carefully shares the glory with all who helped them in the movement or behind the scenes. Few of those named, though touched by King's passion and lifted with him into history, come to life in his widow's deliberate pages. By choosing to celebrate the movement and its leader, and her place alongside him, she is inevitably, humanly, caught between pride and humility. So Martin and Coretta King as well as their followers—decent, generous, dedicated, sometimes inspired, altogether admirable—remain equally remote behind her genteel and stately prose.

Only in the sermon fragments scattered throughout the narrative does King's presence leap from the page, speaking in his own voice, the familiar baritone ringing in rhythmic unending cadences. Only in occasional flashes—the girlish reaction on their first blind date ("How short he seems"), the laconic comment on John Kennedy's famous phone call ("I realized that the phone call could be used to political advantage"), the hint of strong will mastered as she discusses the pull between career and marriage ("Martin had, all through his life, an ambivalent attitude toward the role of women")—does Mrs. King reveal herself. But she is bent on celebration, not revelation.

In an uncharacteristic and therefore puzzling comment, she volunteers: "My husband was what psychologists might call a guilt-ridden man. He was so conscious of his awesome responsibilities that he literally set himself the task of never making an error in the affairs of the Movement. He would say, 'I can't afford to make a mistake,' though he knew that as a human being he was bound to." She does not elaborate; the rest of her book concentrates on his valor and his strength.

Documenting the movement, Mrs. King is equally restrained. There were mistakes and heartaches aplenty, but neither bitterness nor blame enters her story. Her husband's severest letdown by the usually sympathetic Kennedys is described: "Martin called Attorney General Robert Kennedy and also Burke Marshall of the Justice Department and I remember he was quite annoyed because they did not seem to understand our plight [in Albany, Ga., where a federal injunction had been issued against King's proposed march]. They suggested it might be wise to 'close up' in Albany. Martin said, 'You know, they just don't understand what we're up against.' He was terribly disappointed."

It ought to be a matter of public record and curiosity that this small section, the strongest expression Mrs. King allows herself of her husband's disappointment in the Kennedys, was omitted from the excerpts in *Life* magazine, which included her other references to the "crucial" (*Life*'s word) Kennedy-King relationship.

Martin Luther King's bereaved family—"What has it cost her to speak with such firm faith?"

Her calm tone, her judicious choice of words, is unfaltering. Did she never want to scream at white policemen beating up black kids, to mingle her tears with the torrents from fire hoses? Wasn't she angry when Stokely Carmichael deliberately violated her husband's expressed wishes by shouting "Black Power!" to the TV cameramen recording their Mississippi march? She says only that she was always strengthened by her husband's faith in redemption through suffering; it sustained them both when he was beaten or jailed, when innocent children died in the dynamited Birmingham church, when the movement met failure and hatred, when her husband was used by other men. It also apparently sustained her in turning aside or absorbing the powerful feelings that must have torn at her during their painful and joyous years together—or at least it has enabled her to write about them now without rancor. What has it cost her to speak with such firm faith?

Coretta King's book is a eulogy to her husband's trust that the black man's love and non-violent passion could, and would, redeem all Americans, black and white alike. In the light of what has happened to his movement, his widow's grave reticence is as touching—and almost as revealing—as her most open expressions of anger and hurt might have been.

Adele Z. Silver

Adele Z. Silver, a native Alabamian, is a free-lance critic with a special interest in Southern history.

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Foreign Affairs

PRESENT AT THE CREATION: My Years in the State Department

by Dean Acheson

Norton, 798 pp., $12.50

DEAN ACHESON WAS INDEED "present at the creation" of basic American foreign policies over the last quarter-century. He was a prime mover in the shift from traditional isolationism to collective security that took place with such spectacular rapidity between 1941 and 1953—during which he served as an Assistant Secretary, Under Secretary, and, for four years, as President Truman's Secretary of State. In the years since Acheson, once excoriated by the Right as the "Red Dean," has been attacked by the Left as a "hawk" who has "overreacted" to Communism. Some hold him responsible for American embroilment in Vietnam.

In these urbane and entertaining memoirs Acheson defends his policies against critics past and present. Like his diplomacy, his writing is in the British tradition: polished, sardonic, and studded with quotations. The title of his book is taken from the Spanish King Alphonso X "the Learned," who remarked in the thirteenth century, "Had I been present at the creation I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe." Acheson is a witty storyteller and a painter of memorable word portraits. He is also discreet: his memoirs are more remarkable for thoughtful observations and entertaining detail than for new revelations. He does say that he possessed months in advance the embarrassing knowledge that General George C. Marshall had agreed to succeed James Byrnes as Secretary of State, but there are not many such tidbits.

Although Acheson gives a full account of his economic-warfare activities during World War II and of his part in developing the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, readers will be most interested in the record of his controversial years as Secretary of State. This was the era of the Korean War and McCarthyism, when the nominal bipartisanship of the immediate postwar period gave way to the most vehement political attack, concentrated upon the State Department and the person of Acheson, whom Republicans blamed for the Communist takeover in China. Acheson insists that this event was not due to American failure to provide aid, and that Chiang's military force was far superior to Mao's; but, he maintains, "the almost inexhaustible patience of the Chinese people had ended." Neither does Acheson feel that the Right-wing attack on the Truman administration did much to alter China policy. "The fact was," he asserts, "that, caught between the bungling incompetence of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang and the intransigence of Mao Tse-tung's Communists, our choices for policy decisions were small indeed."

When the Korean War broke out, critics blamed Acheson on the grounds that in a speech before the National Press Club he had excluded South Korea from the American defense perimeter. Acheson points out that in the speech he discussed the policy of General Douglas MacArthur and the joint chiefs of staff, and warned that the United Nations had commitments to repel aggressors outside this perimeter. Nevertheless, in the 1952 campaign even General Eisenhower repeated the charge and overlooked Acheson's warning.

Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin took the lead in vilifying Acheson, not only over China and Korea but over Acheson's statement that he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. Although Acheson was merely expressing compassion for Hiss, and by no means condoned the offenses with which he had been charged, this remark was repeated endlessly by his enemies. McCarthy was certainly not alone among them, but he gave his name to a type of attack. Acheson gauges thus the man and the phenomenon:

> McCarthy was essentially a lazy, small-town bully, without sustaining purpose, who on his own would soon have petered out. Flattered, built up and sustained by Taft, the Republican right, and their accomplice, the press, printing what was not news and not fit to print, he served their various purposes. After the election of 1952 they no longer had any use for him, but, encouraged by the fear of the timorous in high places, he was not shrewd enough to see that his day was over. For a year his own momentum carried him on. He became a nuisance; those who had used him dropped him.

In Acheson's own view the expansionist designs of the Soviet Union lay behind the events in China and Korea. The United States as a traditionally anti-imperialist nation was seeking to thwart this new imperialism. Acheson favored President Truman's containment policy toward Communism and with equal vigor opposed the drastic action advocated by General MacArthur, which might have led to full-scale war.

Present at the Creation devotes an entire chapter to the beginnings of American intervention in Indochina. There the State Department's interest in containing the spread of Communism (as represented by Ho Chi Minh) won out over its lack of sympathy for the French colonial government. The result was far from satisfactory even at the time, and involved much equivocation. In the spring of 1950 the State Department recommended aiding France and the emerging independent states within the French Union—Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos—against Ho's forces, which were receiving Chinese and Russian assistance. When the Korean War began, military aid to Indochina was increased. Acheson does not spare himself in reporting what developed in the fall of 1950:

> ...a perceptive warning came from an able colleague in the Department, John Ohly, urging that the appearance of the Chinese in Korea required us to take a second look at where we were going in Indochina. Not only was there real danger that our efforts would fail . . . but we were moving into a position in Indochina in which "our responsibilities tend to supplant rather than complement those of the French." We could, he added, become a scapegoat for the French and be sucked into direct intervention. "These situations have a way of snowballing," he concluded. The dangers to which he pointed took more than a decade to materialize in full, but materialize they did.
>
> I decided, however, that having put our hand to the plow, we would not look back . . . . while we may have tried to muddle through and were certainly not successful, I could not think then or later of a better course.

Frank Freidel

Frank Freidel is a professor of political science at Harvard University.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1366

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1366 will be found in the next issue.

NSGPJ NGDXBUGU FPRG JFG UFZSJGUJ HXZNSPKFXGU: JFGXS VZBUXDU VPD JGYY AZB DZJFXDN PHZBJ JFGL.

—GLGSUZD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1365

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

—SHAW.

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GENERAL GIAP: Politician and Strategist

by Robert J. O'Neill

Praeger, 218 pp., $6.95

HO CHI MINH, NOT UNLIKE General Eisenhower in World War II, had a special genius for uniting strong personalities in a common cause. It has probably been years since Ho ran the day-to-day affairs of state in North Vietnam personally—the present "collegial leadership" is of long standing—but his enormous prestige and singular gifts for conciliation have certainly been very important in maintaining unity among the highly talented and presumably ambitious group of men around him.

Now that Ho is dead, it is tempting to speculate on the succession and its possible impact on a Vietnam settlement. Doubtless, the aged Ton Duc Thang will serve as little more than a figurehead for the "collegial leadership." Can the "collegial leadership" hold together? If it cannot, which of the several political tendencies in Hanoi will come to dominate policy? Where would the various groups find support and on what conditions? Are the top leaders we read about in the newspapers the true influentials or are there, in typically Vietnamese fashion, other men, of whom the outside world knows nothing, who have a major influence over decision making? Does the present leadership, taken together, represent a national consensus or is there a North Vietnamese version of the generation gap between Ho's élite comrades, most of whom were influenced by French culture while rejecting French imperialism, and a younger group, which has known only revolution and the rather insular régime in Hanoi? If there is a generation gap, should we expect the young to be hardliners of the "Chinese" persuasion or do they include some "Czechs"?

Information about politics in Hanoi is so sketchy as to make attempts to answer such questions almost entirely speculative. Many analysts continue to categorize the Hanoi leadership in terms of positions of the Sino-Soviet dispute, an outmoded set of categories at best, and others give great importance to reported personal animosities between members of the Politburo. Party First Secretary Le Duan and Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, for example, are both said to harbor active dislike for Truong Chinh, the Maoist ideologue who once held Le Duan's job and who apparently tried to undermine Giap's authority by assigning to all army units political officers loyal to himself and to the late General Nguyen Chi Thanh.

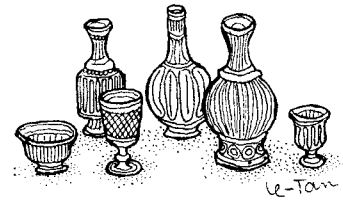
It is also possible to visualize Hanoi politics in terms of interest groups. A "Southern lobby" with national reunification as its primary goal probably exists and most likely includes Le Duan, Le Duc Tho, and Pham Hung, all of whom served in the central headquarters in South Vietnam during the war against the French. Le Duc Tho is the Politburo's chief representative at the Paris talks, and many informed Vietnamese think that he is a man to watch in the future. Le Duan, of course, holds the key position of First Secretary of the Communist Party, the position from which both Stalin and Khrushchev came to power in the Soviet Union. According to the U.S. Mission in Saigon, Pham Hung is now in South Vietnam as head of the Central Office and over-all director of military and political operations for both Hanoi and NLF forces.

Le Duan, Pham Hung, and also General Tran Van Tra, who commands the NLF army under the cover name "Tran Nam Trung," are all native Southerners, even though they hold office in Hanoi. Le Duc Tho was born north of the seventeenth parallel, but spent many years in the South fighting the French. This is an extraordinarily determined group of men, unlikely ever to compromise on the principle of reunification and less likely to press a very hard and very nationalistic line.

Other groups in Hanoi probably include ideological purists around Truong Chinh, administrators and "experts" around Premier Pham Van Dong, and individualists of a sort associated with Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap. Truong Chinh can most likely count on Chinese Communist backing, an important trump card in the sense that it is difficult to imagine any workable Vietnam settlement short of outright victory for Hanoi and the NLF to which China does not tacitly agree. Pham Van Dong, Uncle Ho's "eldest nephew," has a great deal of prestige and may be able to play the role of mediator, but has no visible power base. Giap's influence seems to have declined of late, partly because his strategy of large offensives *à la* Tet, designed to bring down the Saigon régime and end the war in a relatively short time, has been costly and not entirely successful.

In many respects, however, Giap is the most interesting personality among Ho's heirs. Vietnamese and Frenchmen who have talked to him generally describe him as formidably intelligent and analytical with a fondness for point-by-point explanations. He is said to be proud of his military accomplishments to the point of arrogance, and his impatience with ideology is well known, even in North Vietnam. North Vietnamese defectors report that Truong Chinh's political commissars in the army accused Giap of outright "revisionism."

As the victor of Dien Bien Phu, Giap stands second only to Ho Chi Minh as a Vietnamese national hero, but because of his individualism, his arrogance and his aloofness from the party apparatus, there is very little chance of his emerging as Ho's successor in the immediate future. His unquestioned status, however, will make him nearly impossible to replace, and so it is all but certain that he will play a very



important role in whatever evolves in Hanoi in the months and years ahead.

Unfortunately, this pedestrian and highly conventional book on Giap by an Australian military officer contributes very little to our understanding of the man or the situation. Robert J. O'Neill has failed to turn up any new biographical information on the North Vietnamese general and contents himself with such pedantic military academy questions as whether or not Giap ought to be considered a "great strategist" despite the fact that he was not trained as a professional soldier. (His schooling was in law and political economy. His military school, as he has often said, was the bush.)

By far the largest part of Major O'Neill's book concerns Giap's generalship against the French. There is also a brief chapter on his early life and the Vietnamese political climate in which he was formed—entitled "The Making of a Propagandist"—and a short discussion of his activities since 1954. This latter is so skimpy as to suggest that the author may not have consulted all the available sources. As might be expected, O'Neill is at his best when discussing battle plans, strategic options and the dispositions of armies, but even here he fails to capture the flavor of revolutionary warfare. A reader could easily come away from this book with the impression that the savage war between France and the Viet Minh was just a matter of marches, counter-marches, set-piece battles and chess-board maneuvers.

The publisher will probably sell a lot of copies of this work to U.S. military officers and parlor revolutionaries —people who want to understand the secret of Giap's success. The military will not benefit because O'Neill will merely reinforce their orthodoxy, but

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perhaps the revolutionaries will learn that revolutions require massive effort and planning as well as romantic élan and symbolic defiance. For the general reader interested in Giap, however, I would suggest sticking with the late Bernard Fall. His brief introduction to the American edition of Giap's *People's War, People's Army* contains the essential biographical data, and his *Street Without Joy* and *Hell in a Very Small Place* are far superior to O'Neill's work not only in conveying the feel of the situation but even in military insight. Fall's work may well be surpassed as more information becomes available, but Major O'Neill, if we are to judge from his present effort, will not be the man to do it.

Daniel M. Grady

Daniel M. Grady, who is assistant professor of political science at Antioch College, has done research for his forthcoming book on the Vietcong in Vietnam and, recently, in Paris.

THE MYTH OF ASIA

by John M. Steadman

Simon & Schuster, 353 pp., $6.95

JOHN M. STEADMAN, who is a Senior Research Fellow at the Huntington Library in California and a member of the faculty at the University of California at Riverside, is also a well-known Renaissance scholar. Apparently he but recently made his first extended journey to Asia. And he was shocked. Things were not as he expected. The unity of Asia left something to be desired; the spiritual Orient, as contrasted to the materialistic Occident, seemed to break down here and there; no single religious, philosophic or artistic approach to life existed in Asia, any more than in the West. As Steadman says toward the end of his book: "For the Westerner, his first personal encounter with East and Southeast Asia may also become a personal crisis. Exposing his stereotypes to the text of experience, it compels him to revise his cherished preconceptions." The good professor thereupon sat down and produced some 300 pages of detailed, sometimes repetitious, now and then boring, but often illuminating prose designed to prove that the idea of a monolithic Asia is a myth and that the Orient and Occident have much in common as well as many differences.

This is not to say that Professor Steadman is wrong or that his book is unimportant. I find little in it with which to disagree. I certainly concur with the distinguished British historian A. L. Rowse, who says in his brief foreword that the author has performed a genuine service; "in showing . . . that there is and always has been at least as much variety and diversity in the East as in the West, the implications of the book are hopeful: One sees the unity of mankind under the diversities and conflicts of both East and West." If Mr. Steadman had spent as much time with the modern historians, political scientists and cultural anthropologists who have studied the area as he obviously had with the medieval and classical scholars, he probably would not have experienced such a personal crisis when he finally visited Asia. Those who have lived there for any length of time and had any sort of awareness of the life around them will discover little that is new or startling in *The Myth of Asia*, but they will find much fascinating history and detail with which to buttress their personal observations.

The author includes an exhaustive bibliography of ancient and modern authors, both Western and Asian, and quotes extensively from them, often to show how they reached conclusions based on their own approach to life without adequately taking into account the attitude of the people whom they were discussing. This is still one of the greatest faults, not only of Western writers about Asia but also of Western policy-makers. We judge others by our standards, not theirs; we see what we are looking for instead of what is there. It is good that Professor Steadman emphasizes these points.

Among the stereotypes that he endeavors, with considerable success, to demolish are that of the spiritual East and the worldly West, the overstressing of the Buddhist and Taoist elements in Far Eastern esthetics at the expense of the Confucian tradition, the concept of Asian "despotism," and the idea that Chinese painting is representative of the whole Asian approach to art.

Japanese bride—a proper balance between tradition and modernity.

In the last portion of his book Professor Steadman has some important reminders for Westerners who deal with the political dilemmas confronting the new Asian nations. He may, however, be a bit too pessimistic about their ability to maintain a proper balance between native traditions and the Western techniques required to bring them into the twentieth century. Although this is certainly a problem, it is not an insoluble one, as has been shown by the recent history of Japan. While becoming, from an industrial standpoint, the third most important country in the world, Japan has retained, and in fact given to the West, many facets of her indigenous culture: architecture, Haiku, Zen Buddhism, pottery, judo and woodblock prints. As Professor Reischauer has pointed out, if Japan can become thoroughly modernized and at the same time hold onto her own traditions, there is hope that other non-Western societies "will survive the modernization-Westernization wave."

Professor Steadman spends much time on the ethnic and linguistic differences which plague most of the states of Asia and rightly points out that "The potentiality for disintegration along communal lines thus constitutes the 'tragic flaw' of many Oriental governments." We who have lived in Asia have all seen this. Former Indonesian President Sukarno justified much of his demagoguery on the grounds that it was designed to build a sense of national identity among the many disparate ethnic groups that make up Indonesia. Professor Steadman warns the West not to become impatient with Asian nationalism. He recognizes that, at a time when the Western powers are learning that interdependence is perhaps more important than independence, the fragile new nations of Asia must create "a well-established awareness of 'nationhood'" if they are to form integrated societies with the "capability for resisting aggression from without and disintegration from within."

The Myth of Asia will be a most helpful book to those who are just beginning to realize that in the last portion of the twentieth century the diverse nations of Asia and their peoples may well occupy the center of our attention as did Europe in the past.

John M. Allison

John M. Allison, who first went to Asia to live in 1927, served as United States Ambassador in Japan and Indonesia.

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Essays

EARTH HOUSE HOLD:
Technical Notes & Queries
To Fellow Dharma Revolutionaries

by Gary Snyder

New Directions, 143 pp., $5; paperback, $1.95

Rats, lambs, men, and whales
all drink milk

A BOOK OF ESSAYS and notes usually is "about" something, in the sense that a blueprint is "about" what it describes. Works of art, however, are not "about" some "objective" structure "out there." They speak to the experience of the person who is reading, listening to, seeing them. Being consubstantial with that experience, they cannot be said to be about it. Gary Snyder's *Earth House Hold* may puzzle at first because it is a book of essays and notes, but these descriptive elements have been compacted into an art form. The result is illumination and celebration, not description. What is illuminated and celebrated are images and practices long suppressed in our society, images which if allowed fully into mind would seek expression in practices very, very different from those we have been conditioned to consider normal. Celebrated is a way of living that would fully reflect the intimate interdependence of man and *everything* that coexists with him on this planet; illuminated are some of the characteristics of such a state of being and some of the means of achieving it.

In 1952 on Crater Mountain a man watches for fire. Watches weather. Sees deer, trees, rocks, grasses; hears water, hears wind. Walks the wilderness. Finds bird bones, a dead mouse. "Just where am I in this food chain?"

After watching comes wandering; and, while wandering, some finding; then the return home to share, and watch some more. That is a profoundly familiar, profoundly revolutionary pattern. *Earth House Hold,* prose by a fine poet, is a profoundly revolutionary book. "Don't be a mountaineer, be a mountain."

The wandering is into and across the vast Pacific basin that joins the west of America to the east of Asia. And (Snyder employs the metaphors of Zen) joins the ecological/ritual wisdom of the American Indian to the person/non-person illuminations preserved by the cultures of India, Tibet, China, and Japan. An anthropologist, the wanderer has studied the American Indian,

Thomas Fitzsimmons, the critic, has lived in Japan, where he studied Asian philosophy and literature.

A director of clinical medicine at a major pharmaceutical company makes decisions that can be important to you and your family. And he wonders what you would do if you were making the decisions.

"If a drug could restore your health would you accept the risk of side effects?"

On occasion, I've read in newspapers and popular magazines about side effects of drugs. They imply that they are there because of something I or the people I work with have done. Or have not done. The truth is that every potent drug can cause side effects. If it didn't have any at all, it couldn't possibly do any good. The question is one of benefits versus potential risks.

Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future,too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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and China and Japan. And he is a poet. In his head, then, is a substantial amount of the lore, the precisions, pretensions, and play of Western science, philosophy, and art. But wandering offers new images, as well as the savvy of seamen, loggers, fishermen, peasants, and women everywhere, which enter to reweave the content of mind/no mind. It is all made present here. "We are all immortals/& the ground is damp."

If the weave is to become vision, become a way by which a man may be born, deliver himself to himself, then beyond himself, it must find a technique of becoming, a discipline for allowing. The discipline is found in Japan, where many things mingle and are welcome. The wandering turns inward for a decade of attachment to a Zen temple, of commitment to one of the most rigorous ways yet evolved ". . . to simplify the mind; like a blade which sharpens to nothing." Simply, with the lean simplicity of calligraphy, Zen, with its focus and methods, is made to occur in this book.

Weave becomes vision. The weave seen is a weave of kinship. The vision emerges richly detailed: men as kin, in one house, related to all that has its being there. Not the relating of men each to all in a damp brotherhood of wail and woe. But kinship as resonance, vibrant presence that reaches from beginning to now to beyond, a resonance indistinguishable from the substance it sings.

The beginning is tens of thousands of years of human, of our, experiences buried under the word "primitive." Still the resonance reaches us. Voice has carried it, voice speaking poem/song. Seer has painted it. And it becomes necessary to speak of brother and sister to adequately speak the relationship of those whose living was/is shaped by response to that resonance. If you are of that dance, *Earth House Hold* will reintroduce you-your ancestors, an ancient honorable lineage of lovers of the mysteries, who preserved them for us, and still do, while we hunted.

In Snyder's opinion, "we are now experiencing a surfacing (in a specifically 'American' incarnation) of the Great Subculture which goes back as far perhaps as the late Paleolithic. This subculture of illuminati has been a powerful undercurrent in all higher civilizations. In China it manifested as Taoism, not only Lao-tzu but the later Yellow Turban revolt and medieval Taoist secret societies; and the Zen Buddhists up till early Sung. Within Islam it emerged in the Sufis; in India the various threads converged to produce Tantrism. In the West it has been represented largely by a string of heresies starting with the Gnostics, and on the folk level by 'witchcraft.'

"Peasant witchcraft in Europe, Tantrism in Bengal, Quakers in England, Tachikawa-ryu in Japan, Ch'an in China. These are all outcroppings of the Great Subculture—the tradition that runs without break from Paleo-Siberian Shamanism and Magdalenian cave-painting, through megaliths and Mysteries, astronomers, ritualists, alchemists and Albigensians, gnostics and vagantes, right down to Golden Gate Park."

This book is a bow: a harmony of presences arced around a central thrust, the whole thing taut and ready to happen. Ready to take us inside where live the images that truly govern us, linking together into a total definition of reality, and of appropriate response. From that inscape, it becomes easy to understand the title of the main piece of persuasive prose in the book: "Poetry and the Primitive; Notes on Poetry as an Ecological Survival Technique."

Survival is the actual problem when "the soil, the forests and all animal life are being consumed by . . . cancerous collectives; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them." But attention is always diverted from our relationship with our earth to our relationship with each other, and we give the name revolution to the comfortably familiar and loud skirmishes for power within the social structures we have thrown up. However disruptive of social order these skirmishes may be, they are not truly revolutionary, for they occur firmly and wholly within the conflict metaphor that dominates human conceptualization as the most powerful synthesis of our experience as animals. Within that metaphor, strategy has been a constant: dehumanize the other so you may do with him as you like. The dominant technique also has been constant—recourse to magic: summon the Name, substitute it for a Person, and lo! the person becomes Other, becomes Pig, becomes Freak. The new Nigger is anyone, especially anyone young, who challenges established authority and pattern. The magic of the Name permits men who inhabit the same land, speak the same tongue, worship the same god, to club, shoot, and gas Freaks to the applause of a substantial citizenry. In such a confrontation the side with the guns always ends up committing most of the atrocities, thus surrendering its moral authority, and is ultimately replaced. An old story: the loud revolutions, inevitable, but circular unless something more happens.

Under the noise another kind of revolution moves toward evolution, and toward redeeming the sacrifices and suffering inherent in man's very survival as a being. The soft revolution: the thrust to find ways to change the images by which we define ourselves, others, relationship, process. The mix of archetypal drama and encultured name that truly rules us. Revolution that seeks the restructuring of mind and its means. The remaking of our tongues. The redemption of all we have been, both glorious and vile, awake and asleep, by taking at last the step to man—a creature who will not violate event with abstraction, whose sanity will be based squarely on the

(*Continued on page* 59)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MORE SPANGLISH

Each of the missing words is the Spanish for the word at its left, as well as an English equivalent of the word at its right (for example: *sea* MAR *spoil*). Items for this quiz were independently suggested by Ann Gulsvig's class at Westwood Jr. H. S., St. Louis Park, Minn., and Rosalie Carr's class at the Sylvania, Ohio, H. S. Respuestas on page 61.

choral	_____	sea skeletons
eat	_____	likely champ
end	_____	fish organ
greater	_____	city head
heavy	_____	tomb
I throw	_____	repetition
net	_____	crimson
pair	_____	normal value
rather; first	_____	poker stakes
royal	_____	genuine
sand	_____	sports area
sound	_____	child
smooth	_____	sophisticated
tail	_____	soft drink
tea-like drink	_____	wife
there is	_____	fodder
willow	_____	gravy
without	_____	moral wrong

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Fiction

THE RECKONING

by Richard M. Elman

Scribners, 184 pp., $5.95

RICHARD ELMAN'S THIRD NOVEL of the Yagodah family is as poignantly bitter as the first, *The 28th Day of Elul*, and as fragmented as the second, *Lilo's Diary*. A diary-chronicle of a man approaching the end of his life, *The Reckoning* bears the unmistakable Elman stamp: a painful honesty that makes you squirm with discomfort.

It is also a historical novel, set, like the first two, in the town of Clig, Hungary, in 1944, just before the Germans (ironically, hardly ever mentioned) move in to occupy the area. As an example of how a historical novel can come alive, Elman's book is a class of its own. *The Reckoning* takes us into the same story situation as the first two books—which were told, respectively, from the viewpoints of Alex, the son, and Lilo, his cousin-fiancée—and now that we see how it looked through the eyes of the father, Newman Yagodah, we are reminded all the more of the challenging Durrell-like approach Elman has undertaken.

Newman's diaries reveal a pompous businessman, sensitive yet insensitive, neutral yet smoldering, efficient yet foolish. While the world burns around him he works on his monologue, *The Abolition of Poverty*, an intelligent but altogether pointless analysis of Europe's social and economic problems. He declares, "When my manuscript is completed, I must act." His personal financial charts are equally ludicrous. And the deceptions he must undertake to keep his Jewish wife, Ilona, from discovering his gentile mistress, Ileana, consume much of his energy.

While Newman's family presses him, he agonizes over not knowing what to do. He wants to bribe his Christian neighbors but finds himself blackmailed. He can neither think nor act heroically. "It's as if one were pleading with a dream to cease, as if one could stand beyond a nightmare and beg to be left unmolested by it." When it hits him, it hits hard; but he breathes on, trying to live, business as usual. Yet, for Newman Yagodah, the looming blood-red tomorrow is never as bad as what goes on inside his head.

His outpourings may be compared to Alex Portnoy's. Newman is a compendium of weaknesses: he is sneaky, venal, crude, vindictive. He is a Jewish anti-hero of the holocaust period. Like Portnoy, he rings true. He is flesh and blood. Newman Yagodah is bound to incite the audience of protesters who prefer a history of martyred Jewish

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supermen to any hanging out of emotional dirty linen.

Nearing the end, Yagodah makes an accounting of his life—a poetic and fragmented ledger—and recalls how and why he married his wife, his public and private deceptions, the mistress from whom he learns that he should "stop being so afraid to feel," his unfortunate relationship with his children, his brickyards and safety matches and beet-harvesters and paper paste and money-lending schemes—the whole sticky, scrambled chaos of a man's existence that finally turns on him and catches him in the throat.

The Reckoning backs and fills, explaining and confusing Lilo's and Alex's diaries. There are snatches of conversation, self-searchings, journeys into the past, regrets, pieties. A rare event occurs in this book: a human being emerges. Not a lovely or moral or righteous one, but a man so real that his voice will echo in your ears for many, many days.

Joel Lieber

Joel Lieber is the author of the novels "Move!" and "The Chair."

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THE RUINED MAP

by Kobo Abé, translated from the Japanese by E. Dale Saunders

Knopf, 299 pp., $5.95

THE COMBINATION OF THE MACABRE and the realistic that marks this novel, another of Kobo Abé's fables of modern man, will be recalled by readers of his two earlier books translated into English, *The Woman in the Dunes* and *The Face of Another*. Although less hallucinatory in its effect, *The Ruined Map* is in the end more terrifying.

The setting is contemporary Tokyo, more especially those lower social reaches that Japanese television, like ours, seldom has the courage to inspect. In scene and detail the novel is realistic, or even naturalistic; and the plot is seemingly humdrum. The narrator is a private detective hired to trace a missing husband. On one level the detective fails; the evidence vanishes on several sordid trails into the Tokyo underworld. But in another sense he succeeds: he gradually transforms himself in his own mind from the hunter to the hunted.

The detective's difficulty arises partly from his profession, with its demand for facts, partly from his perception of detail, and partly from his susceptibility. As he absorbs the full shock of external events he too becomes a "missing person" and must admit that reality has turned into "an unknown world for me." He has deceived himself into thinking that he needed "a world I myself had chosen"; perhaps he has gained another man's world, but he has lost himself.

Abé has a remarkable talent for creating fables of contemporary experience that manage to be at once rooted in minute detail and expressive of man's plight; but in none of his previous work have the detail and the larger meaning combined so perfectly. The sheer force of accumulating realities is what drives man to madness, what leads him to abscond from himself since he cannot otherwise abscond from the modern world. It is astonishing how successfully Abé renders this effacing of human consciousness in the very mind that is lost.

The one artistic defect of the novel is its slow beginning. The initial building up of detail later proves to be highly significant, but the pace is torturous even in retrospect.

As in the earlier novels, there is a central female figure who somehow remains inviolate though possessed and formidable though passive. In Abé's novels the female is in one sense truly the more dangerous sex—darker, more emotional, obscure. But in another sense she represents an unrationalized code of feeling and decency that the male is unable to fathom or make use of. The siren-like woman is a threat to male freedom of thought and will; but a man's exercise of his freedom repeatedly brings tragedy. If the vision of the absconded man is particularly contemporary, the tragic separation of male and female, of mind and feeling, is enduringly Japanese in formulation and perhaps universally human in application.

Abé has now proved himself to be a front-ranking novelist in what may be termed an international style. He is fortunate in this able translation by E. Dale Saunders.

Earl Miner

Earl Miner is professor of English at UCLA. His most recent book is "Japanese Poetic Diaries."

THE HOUSE ON THE STRAND

by Daphne du Maurier

Doubleday, 298 pp., $5.95

CURRENT EXPERIMENTS WITH DRUGS, particularly the hallucinogens, have had a side effect on writers and readers of fiction. Reality and fantasy have blurred their old boundaries, and the former limits of the human mind have been blown wide open to the unknown. Daphne du Maurier has taken this vast territory of the mind as a new frontier for her own particular kind of fiction, and *The House on the Strand* is a splendidly up-to-date romantic thriller.

The setting for the story is Kilmarth, her own 600-year-old Cornwall house. Her protagonist is a fortyish Englishman who has thrown over his job at a London publishing house and come to Kilmarth for the summer. The house has been lent to him by his best friend, Magnus, an eccentric biochemist whom he has known all his life. Magnus has asked Richard to serve as guinea pig for a drug experiment, and the book opens with Richard on his first "trip"—600 years into the past of Kilmarth. But his experience is more than a hallucination. The people, the environment, the era are vivid and real; in fact, Miss du Maurier persuades the reader that they are somehow more real than the present.

The underlying theme of the book is a simplistic theory of time as a continuum. Magnus's drug causes the person who has taken it to relive a past that continues to exist.

There are more dangers here than that of falling in love with a fourteenth-century woman, or being sick to your stomach because you reached out to touch someone long dead. You

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might walk into a moving twentieth-century freight train as you stroll across a fourteenth-century meadow. Or you might strangle your wife, thinking she is someone else. Or you might begin to hate the present and everyone in it, and become addicted to the past. You may be sure that Miss du Maurier knows all the possibilities and how to make the best of them.

One minor complaint: too much genealogy and local geography mean constant cross-checking with the endpaper map and the family tree. It does, however, make you feel that you're doing some scholarly research, and for those who need an excuse to enjoy this book, there it is.

Eileen Lottman

Eileen Lottman is a free-lance critic.

THE EXTERMINATOR

by Patrick Skene Catling
Trident, 256 pp., $5.95

YOU KNOW THAT OLD ONE about one picture being worth a thousand words? Well, take a look at the dustjacket of *The Exterminator* and you can save yourself several thousand words and six bucks. Most of the idea behind Patrick Skene Catling's novel is embodied in a photograph showing a rear view of a man wearing an exterminator's uniform and a long tail.

Christopher Weston is a nice young guy with a nice pregnant wife. He works for Sanikill, a New York pest control firm specializing in rats. Could anything be more dissimilar than a pleasant young man and a rat? The answer seems to be that just about anything could. By the time Mr. Catling gets through juxtaposing experiments involving rats running obstacle courses for rewards with Christopher's dreams of running through a maze-like New York, his point has been overmade until it is dulled into a blunt instrument.

Furthermore, the author appears to have decided to try to fuse *1984* with *The Loved One*. At times, he is intent on warning of the day when rats overtake the world; at others, he scatters his satiric volleys over the entire face of the United States. His prime target is the pest control industry, but everything else from nightclub comics to supermarkets is subject to passing fire. In the resulting burlesque science-fiction, which doesn't come off, the rats, nameless things that they are, have more reality than the people.

Who wants to receive a message delivered by an unreal person?

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel's column On the Fringe is a regular feature of SR.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

A Country Ramble—I
The Other Woodstock

SOMETIMES A MAN goes back to a city he loves and he knows in an instant the timing is wrong, that the reunion had better be brief. London hit me that way one Saturday night in September, and my Monday exit into the countryside couldn't come soon enough.

The first mistake, I suppose, was to stay at the Bloomsbury Centre Hotel, one of those suddenly conceived London establishments that wasn't in sight the last time you looked, the sort that tries to blend a bit of ye olde English (bellboys in morning coats, studiously scuffed counter tops) with the fingertip convenience of American futurama, and sinks somewhere into the yawning abyss between. If an outlander wonders how a country in such a belt-tightening economic bind can afford to plant so many glossy new buildings and boutiques, all he has to do is leave a pair of shoes outside his hotel room door before turning in.

When I peeked out the door Sunday morning, my shoes were gone. I reasoned that whoever shines shoes in a good European hotel had only just discovered mine, owing to my late-hour check-in, and was off somewhere applying the last dab of . . . do the English use spit? I phoned the front desk anyway and learned from the clerk, who persisted in calling me "chief," that one simply does not leave one's shoes in the hallway of a hotel equipped with an automatic shining device on each floor. I said I hadn't seen the machine, but had merely followed the lead of the tenant down the hall whose shoes I had passed, soiled and waiting, en route to my room. A little telephonic row ensued, the clerk advising me to polish my language, I commanding him to stop calling me chief. I added that I was damned if I'd walk around London barefoot on a Sunday, even if it didn't rain. He told me to save my expletives for the manager. Then a soothing, sympathetic voice came on, assuring me that no shoe in the hotel would go unturned to locate the missing pair.

As I paced the floor wondering whether one of my several London friends could produce a size 12 for the nonce, there was a rap on the door. I was confronted by a bellboy holding up two pairs of unpolished shoes, my weighty brown brogans and the slim black phantoms from down the hall.

"They were under the fire extinguisher," I think he said. "We had some rowdies in the hotel last night."

I am not about to credit thieves for London's ability to support all its new edifices. No, the culprit is low overhead: shoeshine machines instead of old-fashioned elbow grease, stainless steel fixtures instead of noble brass, building materials that won't dare stand up to the ages.

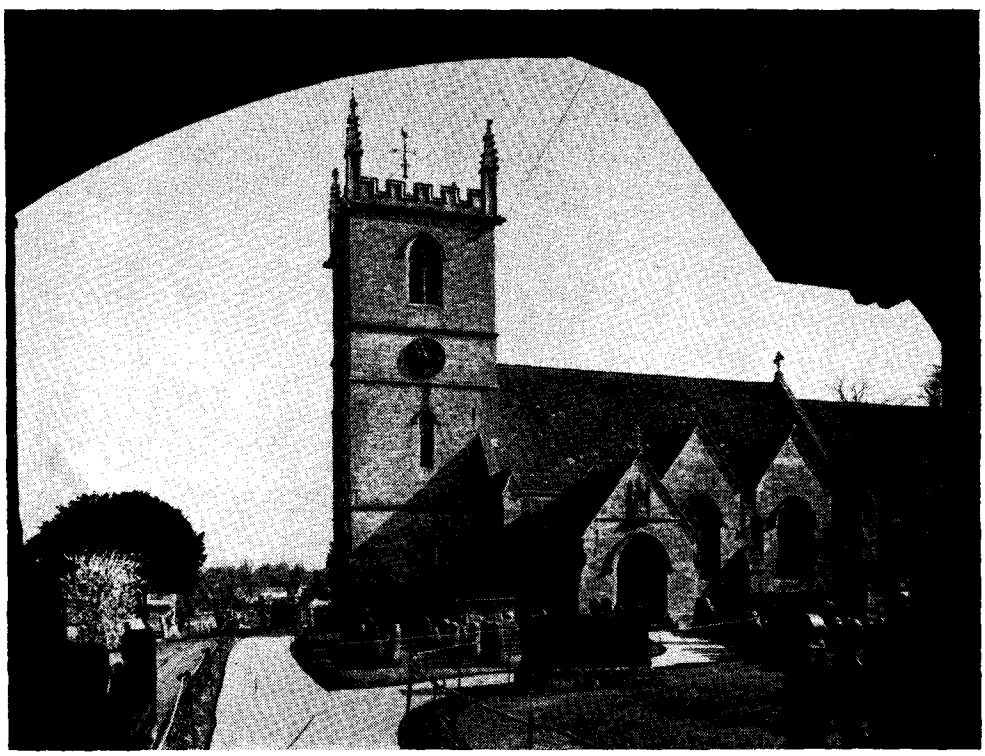
Alas, British automotive products are changing too, but I hope the path isn't leading straight to Detroit. The car I picked up Monday morning, an MGC-GT, was fitted with automatic transmission, a hard top, and a six-cylinder engine that packed all the power of an ersatz American sports model, but once I was comfortably slouched behind the right-hand drive and rumbling over the roads leading west out of London, all the joys of sports-car driving were surging back into the blood of a onetime TR-3 master. There was nothing autumnal about the gray drizzling day, but the countryside was a deep if sodden green, the roads were uncluttered with signposts, and I had 145 British horses beneath my unpolished shoe.

As freeways go, England's are scenic and unhurried, but I turned off the M-1 barely into the exurbs and wound my way northwest toward Oxfordshire along the kind of narrow country roads that should be banned to all but sports cars and horse-drawn wagons. In midafternoon I stopped at a roadside pub in quest of a sandwich and a pint of bitter, but the proprietor shouted and gestured through the window that it was after 2 o'clock; in other words, every tap in the country was shut off until 5. I walked across the road to a grocery store, bought a chunk of Leicester cheese, a small loaf of brown raisin bread, and a peach, and set out again in the gloom, thankful now for the automatic transmission that freed a feeding hand.

Bypassing Oxford around 4, I drove north to Woodstock, a handsome market town that had enjoyed a heady and singular place in history until its American namesake became the home of Bob Dylan and more recently a rallying cry for 400,000 weekend mudders. If the English Woodstock had nothing more to recommend it than the Bear Hotel, a model of low-beamed, mullion-windowed hostelry, it could justify its 700-year existence, but there is Blenheim Palace to take the breath.

With its vast gardens, lakes, and sumptuous appointments, Blenheim justly claims the role as England's answer to Versailles. In 1704, Queen Anne gave to the first Duke of Marlborough the rolling woodland on

(*Continued on page* 48)



St. Martin's through the gate—Churchill's tomb bears only name and dates.

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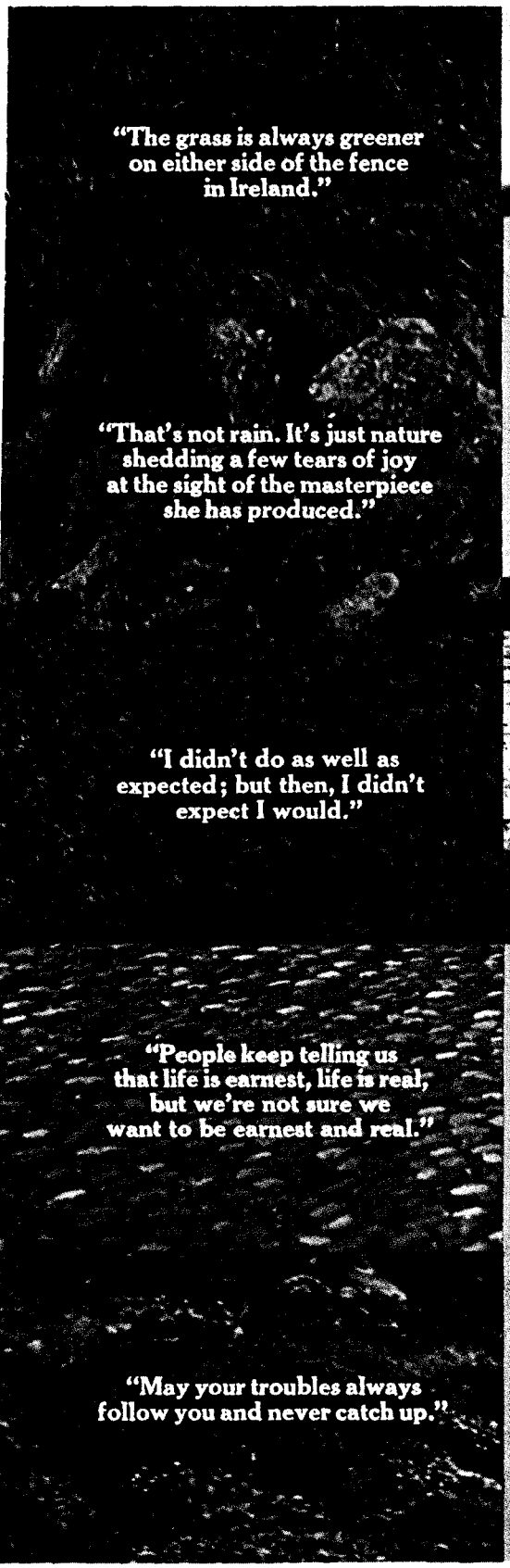

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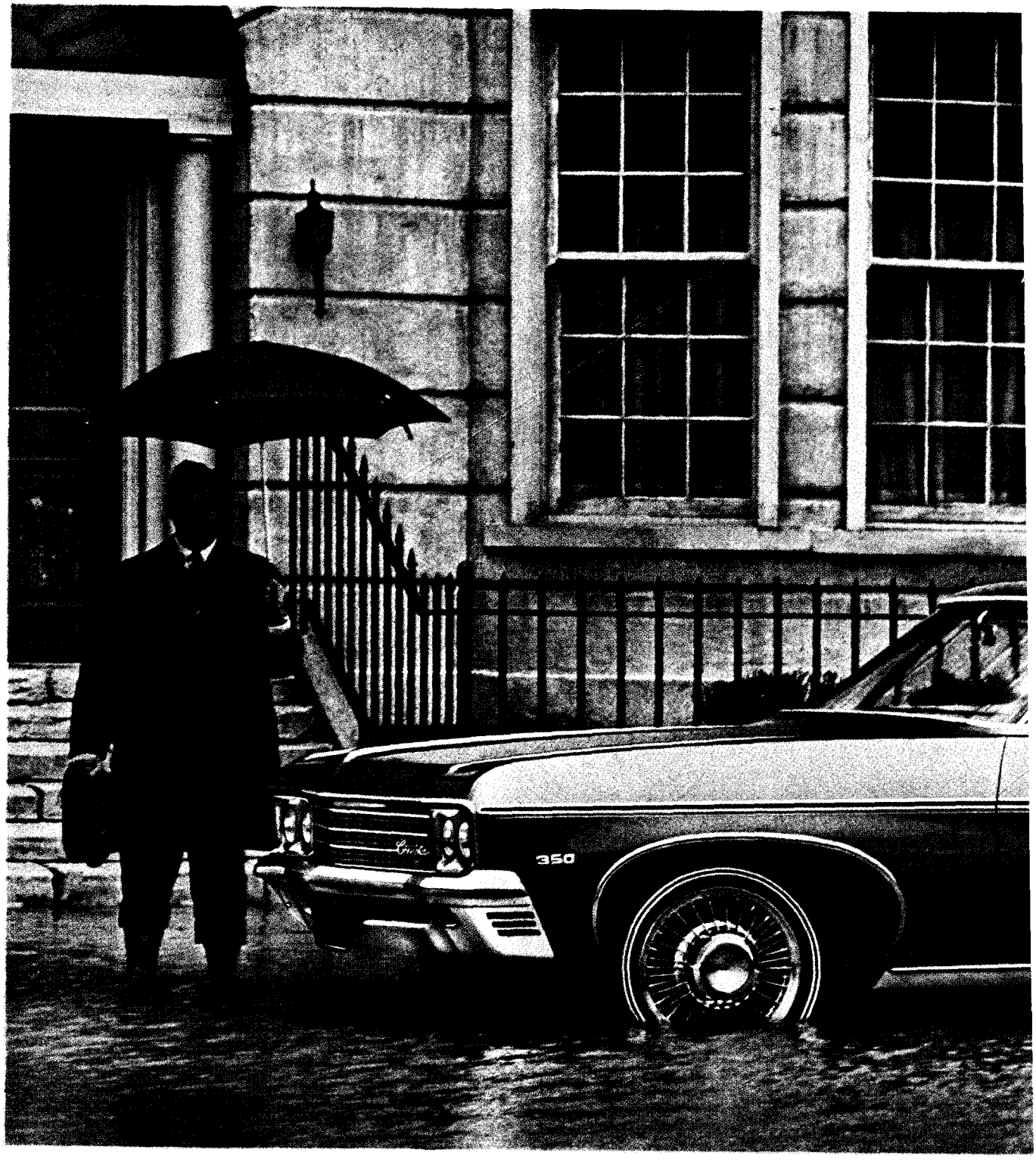

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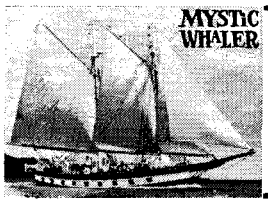

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(*Continued from page* 42)

which the palace was to be built, a little prize for his victory over the French at Blenheim in Bavaria. Ten Dukes of Marlborough have put up at the immense stone palace, the latest, now seventy-two and ill, occupying one wing. Its most illustrious resident, albeit a brief one, was several kin removed from dukedom. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill was born hurriedly into the world on November 30, 1874, moments after his mother, Lady Randolph, broke away from either: 1) a ball in the Long Library, or 2) a shooting party in the park. "Although present on the occasion," Churchill was to say, "I have no clear recollection of the events leading up to it." Another Churchill quip: "At Blenheim, I took two very important decisions: to be born and to marry"—he proposed in the palace's Temple of Diana—"I am happily content with the decisions I took on both those occasions."

Blenheim's gates are just around the bend from the Bear Hotel, but the palace itself is set well back on the grounds, defying most visitors to enter on foot. I rested my mount, though, and strolled through the late-afternoon mist, along a rich greensward munched to ankle-deep level by the tenth Duke's well pampered cows. At the building's tourist entrance—the Duke's door is chained off from the public—a sign warns all to deposit dogs, walking sticks, and umbrellas outside. I was admitted by a young man who cautioned me to hurry past the room where Churchill was born so I could catch up with the group before the tour began. We were conducted from one splendid hall to the next in a sort of shuttle relay, each female guide dropping us off at the portals of the adjoining room to be picked up by another, a device perhaps calculated to spare the ladies fallen arches. In the library, a tweedy woman with one foot poised on a small wooden ladder, declaimed on this the longest private room in England, before releasing us down the 183-foot corridor past 10,000 richly bound, glass-encased volumes, a plaque signed by President Kennedy proclaiming Churchill an honorary U.S. citizen on April 9, 1963, and a scale model of Blenheim Palace made of sugar icing by the resident chef.

Outdoors, I prowled as much of the 2,700 rambling acres as daylight (and a 6 p.m. closing) would permit. Droplets of rain hung from the noses of the classical statues gracing the formal gardens, and down on the lake a pair of swans glided through the mist as though cloud-borne. Still curious about the Churchill birth room, I reentered the palace by the front door and followed a carpeted hallway until I was standing beside the immortal four-poster. I surveyed a legendary red Churchill siren suit hung on a form near the bed, a pair of bedroom slippers presented by Lady Churchill, and flowing locks of the baby's hair. I had pressed close to a bureau, squinting into the fading light, when I heard footsteps behind me. It was a uniformed guard, looking slightly dumbfounded. "What are you doing in here? How did you get in?" he asked, as though I'd been caught red-handed in the throne room.

I told him I had walked in. "Can't one enter without an escort?" I asked. "No, not at all," he said nervously, and with that he showed me out.

At the end of a cold, damp afternoon nothing seems so inviting as the inside of a country inn. The Bear had fallen quiet in the interlude between tea and dinner, and I went to my tiny room at the top, padding over deep red carpet all the way, past rooms marked "Private," winding up stairways lined with antique oil portraits and pewterware. My room was scarcely bigger than a railroad compartment, holding a single bed, a washstand, and a television set. (The BBC is never far off.)

When I went downstairs an hour later the bar was astir with warm talk and a crackling fire. Next door at the Bear's saloon pub I wolfed a sandwich and beer and was off for a *son et lumière* at Blenheim Palace, this time taking the MG so as not to risk a skirmish with the Duke's cows on the unlit grounds.

We huddled, those of us who paid the 12/6 or 17/6 box-seat rate, under a canvas shelter opposite the palace's rear facade, while the bleacherites made do with umbrellas and rain hats. Somehow the foul weather enhanced the spectacle, investing the palace with a haunted-house aura. Lights danced on the honey-gold walls, then bounced across the huge lawn to a tent beneath some drooping trees where the first Duke of Marlborough, spoken by Richard Burton, was encamped in a faraway European campaign. All the sound effects—clomping hoofs, vanishing footsteps, even the bawling baby Winston—recalled the best of bygone Sunday afternoon radio melodramas. Burton's voice came back toward the end as the adult Churchill, and I could sense the reverence my fellow huddlers, most of them British, still felt for the man and his words.

Next morning, the air bleak and damp again, I crossed the road to the Oxford Museum, its reddening drapes of ivy offering the only hint of a ripening season. The museum displays attractive scenes of English domestic life, the dairying, thatching, and glove-

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making processes in particular, but perhaps the best such lesson in town can be learned at the Woodstock Leather Craft shop which has been making and selling gloves for 400 years. It takes something of an Explorer Scout to find the shop, all but hidden beside a narrow lane well off the main road. The woman behind the tinkling door said the operation was one of Woodstock's last remaining cottage industries, the shop sending out sheep, lamb, and a few wild hog skins (most of them from South Africa and South America) to sixty or so women glovemakers across the country who sew up the gloves by hand or machine. When I picked out as gifts several pairs of tender ladies' lambskin gloves, or "lambies," she advised me to try a smaller size. "Our average size is seven," she said, showing me a strong, well-worn hand, "but in America yours is six-and-a-half. Your women don't work as hard as ours."

On a brighter day, standing near Blenheim Palace, one could see the gray stone spire of St. Martin's Church rising above the village of Bladon, where Churchill was buried on January 30, 1965. I drove to Bladon, parked in a lot off the main road, and mounted a steep path to the church. The wet high grass growing about the ancient weathered tablets suggested an earlier season, but the tall rose bushes along the path to Churchill's grave had long faded from splendor. His tombstone lies in the family plot near a corner of the church, inscribed with nothing more than his name and dates. Was there anything left to say? —D.B.

WIT TWISTER #134

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

I once _ _ _ _ _ _ _, in
thought, my past mistakes
And oft _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
myself with bitter force.
But the old Self itself through
love remakes;
New thoughts
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ me from
old remorse.

—Contributed by
MEDORA CARPENTER.

(*Answer on page 60*)

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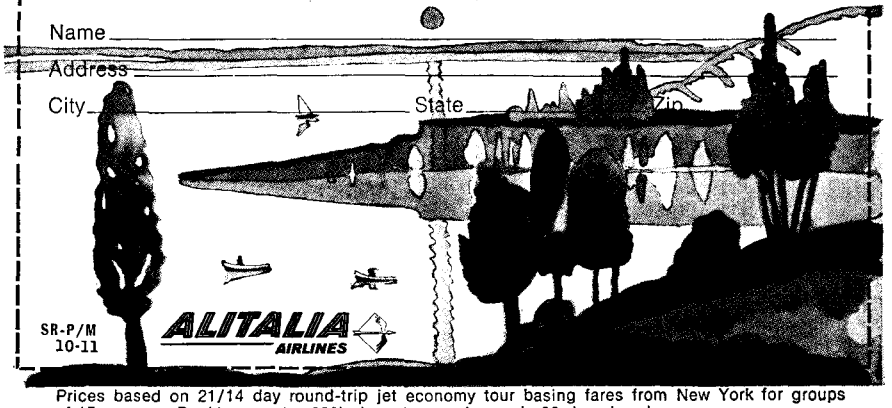

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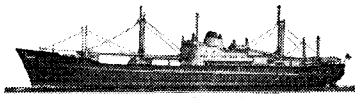

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

A Delightful Disaster

LAST YEAR, after CBS had presented Vladimir Horowitz in a special, televised concert, an NBC executive was heard to remark that the program was a "disaster" because it was viewed by "only nine million people." How odd then (considering the fact that the executive's comment probably reflected prevailing opinion at his network) that this season NBC should turn up with a ninety-minute special of its own, *NBC News Presents Arthur Rubinstein.* Either the competing networks copycat disasters of this sort—for the sake of making cultural points with minority audiences—or they suffer from some suicidal contagion.

In any case, the Rubinstein program, like the Horowitz concert, was a beneficent disaster. Viewers not only enjoyed the Rubinstein art at the piano (he played Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Prokofiev, and Villa-Lobos); they also were afforded a close-up of a man who is successful personally as well as professionally, who has known pain but has transcended it—a man of candor, humility, and good humor, a romanticist, an elitist of the old school.

The title *NBC News Presents Arthur Rubinstein* is essentially inaccurate. The pianist presented himself in this program—an innovation in the handling of noted musicians on film. In the past there have been two kinds of options: 1) let the cameras and microphones report a concert "objectively" with no interview or comment—as in the Horowitz program; 2) let a narrator interpose himself between performer and audience and arrange impressions so that the artist is seen comprehensively from a special angle (as, for example, in past programs featuring Van Cliburn and George Szell).

The idea of presenting Rubinstein on Rubinstein was originally conceived for a film now playing in French cinemas, directed by François Reichenbach, produced by Bernard Chevry. It won great praise last May at the Cannes International Film Festival for its vitality and beautiful color photography. NBC bought the rights, and George A. Vicas, a network producer, edited the film to its television form. He lengthened the music, added on-camera talk, eliminated foreign languages, but essentially he placed much of the Rubinstein commentary under the film, thus heightening the first-person narrator impact.

How accurately a man can report himself—or is willing to do so in public—is a difficult question. The artist's self-criticism in this case was informative and entertaining. All artists are capable of self-criticism, in varying degree, but how many are capable of turning in an acceptable performance of their self-criticism? Like a good performer who makes the difficult seem simple, Rubinstein made his confessions seem effortless and enjoyable. He told of his prodigal musical talent as a child, of his early success as a pianist who was "a swindler," a performer who got away with bad playing because he played quickly, with emotion and temperament. His marriage, late in life, to a young woman who was a fine musician impelled him to get down to serious practice, which he still loathes. He revealed that certain passages are chronic obstacles, and he played one of them several times to show which version was the right one. We saw him accepting the adulation of audiences with good grace but without the contamination of blind egotism, relishing the dry-eyed criticism of his wife and daughters, who tell him the truth about his performances.

He told students in Tel Aviv that he could make no judgment about modern music, which he does not play because he does not understand it. He struck somber notes with memories of pogroms that he witnessed as a child in Poland, and with a terse mention of the deaths of close kin in Nazi concentration camps. He talked of his love for Chopin, of festive parties in the past at his home in Montmartre, of life in airplanes, of his summer home in Spain, and of how he always plays to one person in his audience, an ideal listener who appreciates all the subtleties which others may miss. He played, of course—informally at his own piano, at pianos in the Steinway basement, at rehearsals and concerts—and the vivid colors of the settings, the superb sounds, and the rapt audiences all testified to the happy union of music and its spirit with the technology of television. If this was another "disaster" in the syntax of the ratings system, it was the grammar of winning friends and influencing people for NBC, and a powerful rhetoric pleading for a plenitude of such disasters in the future.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

A Critical Situation

WHEN I saw *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* at a sneak preview held in a theater, some 2,500 people laughed their heads off. Curious as to what made the film so successful, I went to see it again at a screening held for critics in Columbia Pictures' New York projection room. It still provoked laughter, but hardly the uproarious kind, and the experience was different, not only in degree but in kind. For one thing, next to me sat a critic with a little penlight who, from time to time, would jot down a line of dialogue on a note pad. Very distracting, both for him and for me.

Later, the film was selected to open the New York Film Festival. Again, the large audience had a happy time. There was not only laughter, but cheering and prolonged applause at the end. Columbia obviously had itself not only an audience hit, but a critical success. Or had it? For out came *The New York Times* the next day with a violent attack on the film, and also on the festival for exhibiting it.

Now, *B & C & T & A* is hardly a cause to get overly excited about, but it does seem to me that it is the victim of some unfair treatment. The *Times*, even though it well knew the film was not due for its general release for some weeks, ran an even more scathing review of the picture in its Sunday edition, and its reviewer referred to it nastily again in a review of *another* picture. That makes no fewer than three bad reviews, well in advance, from *The New York Times*. *Time* magazine also took up its cudgel against the picture. It called its attitude toward sex "sniggering" and its ending "a cop-out," even though the *Times* had already employed the same terms.

It's hardly the critic's duty to defend a film company's right to make an extra buck, but it does seem to me that there is little point to film reviewing unless the readership is fully and fairly informed about the kind of experience it is likely to get if it invests its money in movie tickets. And I can affirm that, unless seen in an audience atmosphere, this film's values do not emerge fully. As it happens, under those conditions, *B & C & T & A* plays beautifully. It is what might be called a contemporary comedy of sexual manners; it is bright, original, funny, and, in its way, tender as it shows two youngish married couples attempting to stay abreast of what they assume to be changing sexual mores.

California, as we have been made aware by enterprising journalists for *Playboy* and *The New York Times Magazine*, among other swinging publications, has been taking the lead in such group activities as "touch therapy," and it is to a "sensitivity institute," much like Esalen, that Bob and Carol (who are played with rare zest by Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) go for fuller understanding of themselves and their marriage. They come out beatifically, almost mystically convinced that they are now more "honest" toward each other and "sensitive" toward others than they were before, and naturally they attempt to convince their best friends, another married couple called Ted and Alice (wonderfully played by newercomers Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) of the benefits of their new outlook.

Out of these beginnings grows the hilarity. To be sure, it is in the tradition of typical sex farce when Bob, determined to be honest, confesses an infidelity to Carol, and she reacts in terms of her new sensitivity schooling. She is so happy about her liberation from old-hat morality that *she* hurries to engage in an affair, less for enjoyment than for the chance to let her husband in on the happy secret. But it is all in how it is done. The fresh touch and the cutting edge are provided by Larry Tucker and Paul Mazursky, the latter on his first outing as a director. They have taken the relatively affluent Southern California urban middle class and gently satirized its sun-loving, fun-loving, youth-loving attributes.

After a typical dinner party, for example, the two friendly couples engage in a bit of bravado pot-puffing. When the two husbands gravely discuss the ins and outs of marital infidelity, they do it in a corner of the swimming pool, while the kids splash happily all about them. Best of all is the scene between Ted and Alice in the privacy of their bedroom, as they face the classic marital dilemma of whether they are in the mood for lovemaking. What makes it comedy far superior to the witless general run is the tolerant understanding of the authors and their obvious affection for the characters.

And it is because of this tolerance and affection that the final scenes,

(*Continued on page* 61)

With the world getting ready to blow itself up, look who's minding the store.

The MADWOMAN of CHAILLOT

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World University

Continued from page 24

ized by the United Nations Institute for Training and Research, projects of the international Peace Academy Committee for education in problems of peace, war, disarmament, and conflict resolution, the UNESCO project in teaching international understanding. As Dr. Eklund pointed out, in all these areas, the universities have the long-run responsibility for developing the educated manpower for peacemaking and the peaceful use of the world's resources. The international agencies, the United Nations included, cannot function in the future without the direct collaboration of university educators who see their task as the development of a new kind of educated graduate—the scholar, teacher, scientist, educator, administrator, civil servant, with a world point of view and a direct working knowledge of the world's major problems.

Three themes emerged at the conference: 1) The necessity for creating in the world a new attitude toward the use of knowledge for peaceful purposes and the role of the universities in creating it. 2) The need to analyze and meet head on the legitimate demands of youth at a time when 55 per cent of the world population is under the age of thirty, and 75 per cent of the youth live in the developing countries. 3) The way in which new institutions and existing universities can learn to collaborate across the world to denationalize the world's educational systems, and to turn the major emphasis in education and research toward the problem of preservation of the planet.

The members of the conference were deeply moved by two statements from their Asian colleagues: Thich Minh Chau, rector of the University de Van Hanh in Saigon, and President St. John Watanabe of Notre Dame Seishin University in Japan. Both spoke of war and their country's youth. Standing in the orange robes of a Buddhist monk, Rector Thich Minh Chau spoke quietly and eloquently of the problems of his university, placing no blame, asking no sympathy. The major problem, he said, was in keeping alive a spirit of hope among his students, and of creating an attitude of belief in a possible future.

President Watanabe, in the black robes of a Catholic nun, explaining that in her country women were seldom asked for their views on any subject, said that her people were the first to experience at firsthand a new scale in the destructive, inhuman use of science and technology. Again, placing no blame and asking no sympathy, she pointed out that here is the center of the world's problem and that it is time to understand the student rebellions in Japan and everywhere else as a demand by youth that the universities live up to their responsibility to work for peace and against war, for social and economic justice, and against the exploitation of man by man.

These sentiments were supported by Professor Viktor Frankl, psychiatrist, of the University of Vienna. Survival cannot be the supreme value, said Professor Frankl. "Unless life points to something beyond itself, survival is pointless and meaningless. That is the lesson I have learned in three years spent in Auschwitz and Dachau, and it has been confirmed by psychiatrists in prisoner-of-war camps. Only those who were oriented toward the future, toward a goal in the future, toward a meaning to fulfill, were likely to survive. Something analogous may well hold for the survival of mankind."

As Professor Lothar Schulze of the Society for the Study of Futurology in Hanover, Germany, put it, the problem of securing peace is a scientific problem to be approached in the same massive style with the same coordination of detail as the Apollo moon project, and with the same degree of intense and single-minded concern.

Of the forty-five proposals developed by the conference, the idea of a world university stirred the most comment, enthusiasm, and support. The most sweeping proposal was for an institution located in a neutral country with a completely international faculty, student body, and curriculum, supported by the host country and contributions from all participating universities and countries in a pattern similar to the U.N. Institute for Training and Research. In his 1969 report to the United Nations, U Thant endorsed the idea and called upon UNESCO to study its possibility. Another proposal, on which several international organizations have already been working, called for a world university in dispersion, in which individual faculty members and scholars in universities around the world would collaborate in joint research projects, with an exchange of students and scholars between universities involved in the projects.

Other proposals included an international Peace Corps College where students from everywhere could prepare themselves for service abroad while receiving degrees from their home institutions; an international peacemaking academy for an international student body dedicated to service in international organizations and agencies; a World Peace Research Center for training in the resolution of conflict.

A world university, said Professor Leo Gabriel, could begin immediately with a world-wide board of trustees and an international faculty that might include Nobel Prize-winner Dr. Werner Heisenberg, Viktor Frankl, and philosopher Freiherr von Weizsäcker, who had already expressed an interest in joining, with a world student body recruited on the strength of the eminence of the scholars in the faculty and the seriousness of the problems they would study. The proposal for such a university has now been accepted by the Austrian government and discussions are presently underway among Austrian officials as to the best means of carrying it out.

We met together in Vienna, 200 men and women from the universities of the world, strangers to each other at the beginning, some from countries presently at war or threatening to go to war, some from countries in ideological conflict with others, brought together by forces in history stronger than ourselves, yet subservient in part to our individual wills. We made plans, we set some things in motion, and there will be consequences.

To those skeptics who address the future cynically, to those who work diligently in planning the infinite details of military solutions to political problems, to those who, under the name of academic objectivity and ethical neutrality, seek to withhold the resources of the university from service to the cause of peace and human betterment, to those who believe that intellectual movements on behalf of peace are doomed to defeat by politicians and the reality of power politics, we gave no astonishing or final reply.

But we did give a quiet answer. There is a new kind of man in the world, and there are more of that kind than is commonly recognized. He is a national citizen with international intuitions, conscious of the age that is past and aware of the one now in being, aware of the radical difference between the two, willing to accept the lack of precedents, willing to work on the problems of the future as a labor of love, unrewarded by governments, academies, prizes, and position.

He forms part of an invisible world community of poets, writers, dancers, scientists, teachers, lawyers, scholars, philosophers, students, citizens who see the world whole and feel at one with all its parts. If it did nothing else, the conference made one part of that world community clearly visible, and in so doing put part of the world in touch with itself. —HAROLD TAYLOR.

Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, is author of the newly published "Students Without Teachers: the Crisis in the University," and "The World as Teacher."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Philharmonic Hall Revised; Boïto's "Mefistofele" Revived

SITTING IN the "new" Philharmonic Hall is like taking a trip out of town without crossing the Hudson River. What acoustician Heinrich Keilholz has been aiming for, aurally, has been partially revealed in the successive preceding steps; what he had in mind as a totality can only be assessed now that the visual revisions have been coordinated with the completed structural changes.

In place of the glowering "clouds" now banished, Keilholz has designed a stepped-up ceiling structure, ranging upward from the back of the stage to the top of the last balcony. As well as exerting a sound-dispersing effect, the "steps" provide sources of indirect light (craftily conceived by Abe Feder), air conditioning, and banks of spotlights. Like the walls, they are light in tone against the red of the seats and carpeting. Thus the relationship of eye and ear is complementary.

More to the point, the relationship of the ear to the music produced in the hall is far more uniform, equalized, and satisfying than at any previous time. At the first impact in a rehearsal for the season-opening Pension Fund concert, as Seiji Ozawa directed Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* music, the orchestral sound was richly resonant from bottom to top; at the concert in which Debussy's *La Mer* was heard, with a hall full of listeners, it was somewhat thinned out. At a Thursday night program in which the strings performed the J. C. Bach Symphony in D Major and Alicia de Larrocha was the able soloist in the Schumann Piano Concerto, it seemed to me that the hall gave back exactly what was created on the stage. Not all the answers are in, but a sizable number of questions about Philharmonic Hall have been resolved, now and, one suspects, forever.

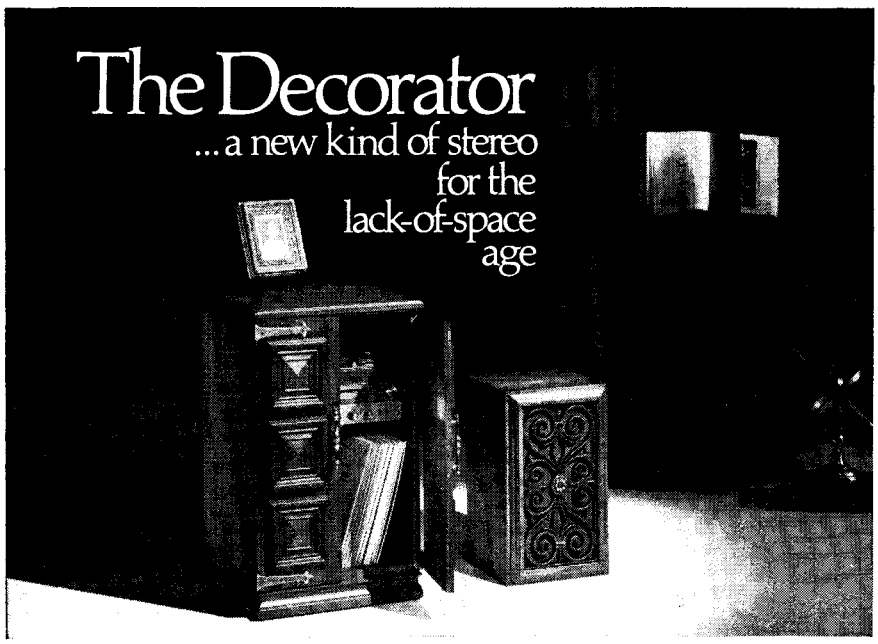
The attention aroused by the New York City Opera's production of Boïto's *Mefistofele* will not seem to have much justification in Chicago or San Francisco, where the work has been heard at intervals in the last decade. But the last Metropolitan production went into the discard decades ago, and Rudolf Bing's administration has left the honor of exploiting such stalwart performers of its principal roles as the young Renata Tebaldi, the unaging Cesare Siepi, and the always admirable Carlo Bergonzi, to others.

The range of interests revealed in *Mefistofele* by the City Opera's enterprising Julius Rudel—with Norman Treigle at his best as Mefistofele, Robert Nagy striving for a place among leading tenors as Faust, and young Carol Neblett doubling as Margherita and Elena—is considerable. It is high-minded; it is decidedly more in the spirit of the source from which it is derived than the infinitely more popular treatment by Gounod; and it achieves, from time to time a lofty, Goethian level of musical expression. It is an irony, however, that Boïto, who later served Verdi so well as librettist for his great *Otello* and *Falstaff*, did not do as well by himself in *Mefistofele*. It is, in essence, a series of scenes in which Mefistofele and Faust conduct their philosophic, psychological warfare in a kind of world-wide travelogue.

Unavoidably, then, the drama is more internal than external, meaning that what happens on stage, whether in the "Kermesse," the "Brocken Scene," in prison, or in Greece is only symptomatic of the transformations that occur within the person of the central figure of the drama (Faust himself). For an uncommon exception, director Tito Capobianco has been almost abstemious in the amount of action he has put on the stage. According to individual preference, this means that he has permitted a larger latitude for the principals, or left lapses when they are not in evidence.

The second condition prevails, in my view, during the long stretches of the Prologue in which the chorus is restricted to the wings, and there was little to occupy the eye save projections (devised by David Mitchell) of symbolic shapes and colors, perhaps galactic in implication, together with images suggestive of celestial explosions. Much of the musical material in this prologue is infused with a charging, dramatic surge, but it falls short of its ultimate effect through Boïto's overuse of repetitions and stepwise sequences. Thus the visual presentation did not give as much support to the music as it required.

What did, in this performance, was unquestionably the vocal command, the physical presence, and the imaginative power that Treigle marshaled for his Mefistofele. Some might re-



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gard it as crafty rather than domineering and mystical rather than dominating, but to those without a preconception of the character's appearance, he gave an illusion of a destiny-haunted devil. Vocally, the famous soliloquies were projected on a large scale and shaped with artistic intelligence. It is always a measure of a dramatic artist's achievement to make the center of attraction wherever he or she happens to be, and Treigle discharged this obligation unfailingly. What he did not discharge as well was Mefistofele's requirement to whistle down, defiantly, the powers of Good by which he is opposed. These were turned over to shrill-sounding orchestral instruments, amplified through speakers. Not the same, really.

As Faust, Nagy showed a largeness of sound familiar from his Metropolitan career in smaller roles, plus a somewhat leaner line and a more than promising command of legato. To complete his conversion from supporting to leading tenor, Nagy requires a transformation that is more psychological than vocal. Once he had disposed of "Dai campi, dai prati" in the laboratory scene, he moved on with greater confidence and assurance. He also has lost weight and carries himself better than at any previous time. There was nothing but promise in the dual effort of Miss Neblett, and an unanticipated amount of vocal quality in David Clements's appearance as Wagner.

According to his custom, Rudel provided compulsive leadership, sometimes a little strenuous and headstrong for the best interests of the music, but never less than vital. What he served best was Boïto's burning conviction in what he was doing, the extent to which he diverged from the prevailing standards in Italian opera of the late 1860s (more toward Berlioz rather than Wagner). The work falters in mid-course, but it shows championship caliber in attaining its best level where it is, in any creative effort, most difficult—at the end. David Mitchell's production had relevant style, but it left the stage somewhat bare at times (in the "Brocken Scene" as well as the Prologue). Robert Joffrey's choreographic ideas were good as far as they went, which was not quite far. The essential fact for New Yorkers, however, is that Boïto's *Mefistofele* is being well sung on a stage and that is, automatically, a compulsion to attendance.

As Others See Us

AMSTERDAM: Vulgarity

AMERICA WAS the land of technology and Europe possessed culture: that was the way the Western world had distributed the tasks. And when the American tourists came — naturally with cigars, cameras, and "vulgar-looking" shirts—we rushed to stand on the doorsteps of our old cathedrals and watch pityingly, thinking how little these Americans understood our culture.

We had to swallow hard, though, when they whizzed away in their eight-cylinder limousines, after taking their pictures; but we still had our cathedrals and palaces, even if we had not been inside them for years. Fair is fair: they had money and technology, we had history and culture. The Americans did not want to be spoilsports and they did not argue; in fact, they believed it themselves. Nevertheless, gradually there came to be more Impressionists hanging in New York than in Paris.

Yes, we can say, "that was bought with an overflow of 'hard dollars,' art by force." This does not really say anything about American culture. A little later, they were playing Shakespeare better on Broadway than in London, and many people were coming to watch. But that was Broadway, and it was full of neon lights and movies; that was commerce, not culture . . . though it was beginning to look very much like it. —A. DE SWAAN,
America in Termijnen.

KARACHI: Arabs Protest over Phantom

THE ARAB ambassadors' joint protest to the U.S. over the delivery of Phantom fighter-bombers to Israel has evoked a reaction that is revealing in more than one respect. The supplier is still sticking to the extraordinary claim that this offensive weapon is required to "ensure Israel's security." This is not even backed by the Israelis themselves. . . . The timing of the Phantoms' delivery could not be more devastating to the peace prospects in the region. This action stands in sharp contrast to the latest French decision against the supply of offensive weapons to Israel.

By giving the finest strike aircraft, the U.S. appears to be encouraging Israeli aggression and the unbridled reign of terror and torture in occupied Arab areas. This is hardly compatible with the consistent public stand taken by the U.S. spokesmen at the U.N. and other international forums, reiterating its solicitude for peace and peacemaking in the Middle East.

—*Dawn.*

TOKYO: Disastrous Failure

THE SECOND MEETING of the Japanese-American Assembly, participated in by eighty politicians, businessmen, scholars, and journalists, ended its four-day session Sunday after adopting its final report. The most noteworthy point of this meeting was that it showed how disastrous failure in Vietnam has been for the United States. One of the important members of the assembly, Edwin O. Reischauer, believed in U.S. policy in Vietnam when he was American ambassador in Japan. This attitude was then common to most Americans. Now that they have had a bitter experience in Vietnam, however, they are obliged to change their posture. The result is that America will turn its political interest and energy to domestic problems and thereby gradually withdraw from Asia. In this way, the U.S. has come to expect a greater Japanese role in Asia. The report runs in part to the effect that the influence of Japan in Southeast Asia will greatly increase in 1970s.

—*Mainichi Shimbun.*

LONDON: Divided Advice

TWO POINTS emerge from President Nixon's latest speech at the U.N. First, that he is still unwilling to de-escalate the war in Vietnam to a sufficient degree that would bring about a situation in which there can be meaningful talks. Second, that he is continuing the process of withdrawal from the war which started when President Johnson ceased the bombing of the North. On the surface the two points seem contradictory. However, what is obviously represented by President Nixon's approach is the divided advice he is getting from his military and civilian advisers. Clearly the American military in the field in Vietnam are opposing a rapid rundown in American strength in order to escape from what they believe to be the humiliation of a defeat. —*Tribune.*

PARIS: Nixon vs. LBJ

MR. NIXON'S first move was to change the style of the White House. The Re-

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publican administration today is calm, cool, and methodical, whereas, Mr. Johnson's mood was nervous, exhausting, and harassed. Mr. Nixon sleeps at night, whereas, his predecessor spent the wee hours snatching stories off the teletype and waking journalists guilty of criticizing him in print. The new President's decisions are based on careful preparation rather than impulse. Obviously, this is not sufficient to make people see him as a genius: a good dose of impetuosity is more likely to convey that impression. But Mr. Nixon has not set out to prove himself a genius.

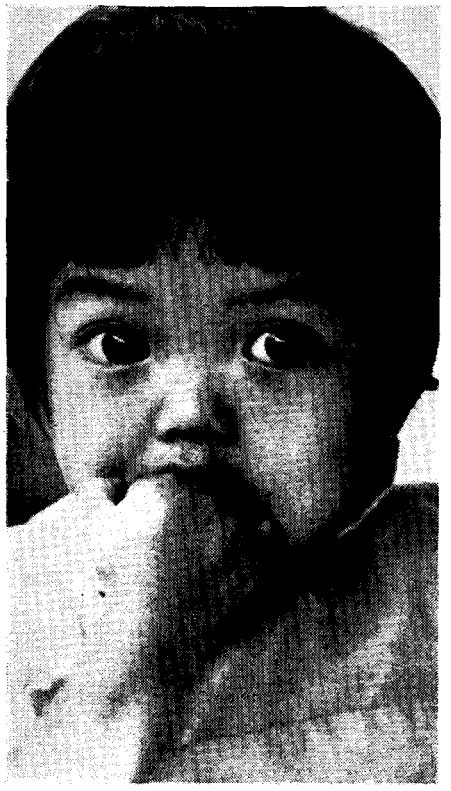
Vietnam for him is not the personal struggle it was for LBJ, a battle that had to be won at all costs, primarily for reasons of pride. His goal is to get himself re-elected in three years by showing that he does his job better than anyone else could in the circumstances, and by persuading foreign governments that he is a serious and sincere partner, anxious to protect the interest of his country, but free of ideological fanaticism and the desire to dominate. —*Le Monde.*

MOSCOW: Peaceful Coexistence

SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY consistently defends the principle of peaceful coexistence of states irrespective of their social systems, and strives to rid mankind from a new world war. . . . The situation in the world is largely determined by the relations existing between the big powers. In the prewar years, in the period of the war and after the war, the Soviet Union always proceeded from the premise that one of the important conditions for the maintenance of peace is the development of good Soviet-American relations. And it is no fault of ours that in these relations the periods of cooperation sharply changed to periods of worsening relations and aggravations of tension. —*Pravda.*

PEKING: Grave Misgivings

THE WEST GERMAN ruling circles at present still have to rely on U.S. support in many respects, particularly in political and military spheres. Therefore, they have grave misgivings about the stepped-up collusion and contention between U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism in their attempt to re-divide the world. Their great worry is that U.S. imperialism will make counterrevolutionary deals with Soviet revisionism at the expense of West Germany. That is why during the intense preparations by U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism for "strategic



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Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

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arms limitation" talks, West German Chancellor Kiesinger made a hurried trip to Washington on August 7 and held talks with U.S. imperialist chieftain Nixon for two days. After mutual logrolling and professions of "kinsmanship," Nixon once again assured Kiesinger that, as regards the U.S.-Soviet talks, the U.S. would have "full consultation" with West Germany.

—Peking Review.

SYDNEY: Damned If He Does or Doesn't

THE SLAUGHTER of the innocents at Phu Cat was a stark reminder of what an over-hasty American withdrawal would mean to thousands of South Vietnamese exposed to Communist reprisals. Yet, an equally harsh warning of the dangers to American morale of holding on too long was given by the "mutiny" in the Song Chang Valley. In Saigon, the political shifts and maneuvers make it even more difficult to believe that South Vietnam will be able successfully to assume responsibility for its own defense. Meanwhile, and not at all surprisingly, the Communists are doing nothing to ease Mr. Nixon's dilemma. . . . Hanoi is obviously reckoning that it needs to make no concession, because a policy of withdrawal once begun cannot be reversed, and because it can rely on an intensification of American domestic pressures for an acceleration of troop withdrawals. It is becoming hard to see how the President's policy can be carried out without grave damage to his own and to his country's credit. Mr. Nixon is approaching the dismal position where he will be damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

—The Morning Herald.

MANILA: Asians to Fight Their Own Wars

BECAUSE OF THE WAR, Nixon's predecessor in office, Lyndon Johnson, had to retire from public office, so strong was American opinion against the war.

The U.S. simply cannot afford to fight another Asian war—to maintain a corrupt and unrepresentative Asian regime in power. The American people will not allow its government to send more Americans to be wounded or killed in such a war and national resources to be used to prosecute the foreign war instead of at home to feed, shelter, and clothe properly more than ten million Americans who go to their wretched beds hungry every night. No party can remain in power if it involves the American people in such a war. Asians must henceforth fight their own wars.

—Philippines Free Press.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Life in the U.S.A.

TERENCE BENDIXSON can have no experience of life in American cities if he seriously supposes them to be "democratic"—by which he seems to mean classless—in a way in which British cities are not. American cities are neatly arranged by class, with the poor and the blacks in smoldering brick ghettos left over from the past century in the center and the affluent middle classes in endless, featureless suburbs on the perimeter.

Having lived in such a suburb for several years, I can assure him that there is no place nearer to hell than the all-under-one-roof, air-conditioned shopping "plaza" which, together with the industrial estate, provides a pastiche of "life" for such settlements. . . . I am familiar with a semi-wild urban park of 2,400 acres in America which is a dismal and largely unvisited hiatus in an otherwise unbroken stretch of subtopia.

—B. J. Harrison, Manchester Guardian Weekly.

Fame and Glory

I AM OUTRAGED to see that a magazine such as yours would dare to print the lucubrations of this Mr. Guillemin, this self-styled professor. The glory of Napoleon can only be tarnished by an ordinary compiler. It has lasted for two centuries; it extends over the entire world.

A friend who participated in excavations in Syria, after 1914, was able to confirm to me that, even in this far-off country, the only French word known to all was Napoleon. His bust decorates almost all the houses. Try and find another example of such fame.

—Mme. A. Quilici, Lectures Pour Tous, Paris.

Friends

MRS. RUTH DAYAN, wife of Israel's defense minister, went to see an Arab family in London during her latest visit to Britain. She was bringing greetings for the family from relatives living in the Jerusalem area. As courageous as her husband, Mrs. Dayan has been visiting Arab villages and has established friendly relations with them. I am told that the London Arab family received Mrs. Dayan very warmly and were deeply disappointed that she could not stay for lunch.

—Chronicler, Jewish Chronicle, London.

Sex in Spain

A NEW AND DIFFERENT movie palace opened in Valencia recently. It was the first theater I had ever seen with an infirmary. After seeing *Knife in the Water*, I knew why. They expected half the audience would faint when the heroine appeared on the screen completely nude.

They certainly must have been surprised. Nobody fainted. No women were violated. No one bit the back of the seat in front of him. No one charged the screen in a vain attempt to grab the forbidden fruit, and no one raided the projection booth for a clip from this "immoral" film. The heroine appeared without clothes on, but nobody was transformed by the sight.

I am thankful for the showing of this film. It helped me overcome a complex with which I had been obsessed. I now know that we Spaniards are created of material of inferior quality, while the body of whatever citizen of whatever other country is made of a purer clay. This explains why foreign youngsters of eighteen—and even children of seven—can see and hear films that would knock our little eyes out of their sockets, transform our small minds, and rupture our eardrums. Any of these children can attend films that Spaniards just couldn't take, be they twenty or eighty, illiterates or college professors.

—Ramon Soriano, S. P., Madrid.

Canadians Out

I AM VERY interested to find out why it is that Canada seems to allow an unlimited number of American citizens into our country to replace Canadians in various companies located in Canada.

I fully realize it may be necessary for American capital to come into our country to help develop some of our resources, but isn't that enough without the Americans coming as well to run the companies involved?

There is one typical example in our own city of Vancouver where top management now consists of practically 100 per cent Americans, at the cruel expense of a good number of Canadians, and this company is now even replacing a good number of Canadians in their mills as well.

There certainly isn't any shortage of Canadian workers to fill these positions, and I believe it is well time Canadians are protected against this invasion from across the border.

—E. L. Taylor, The Vancouver Sun.

Paine Was First

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE'S remark that the late Leonard Woolf was "one of the first to envisage a League of Nations" suggests that it would be well to remember that such an idea was first advanced many years prior to 1915 by Thomas Paine.

An outline plan for an entity such as the League of Nations or United Nations —complete with an international police force—can be found sketched out in part two of Paine's *Rights of Man*, first published in 1792.

—Robert W. Morrell, The Observer, London.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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The Subordinate Sex

Continued from page 29

Henry Ward Beecher, can't be said to be typical of anything. But the fact that she found a home in the suffrage movement after the Civil War does indicate the problems from which it suffered. Without clearcut goals and continuous evaluation of the methods required to reach them, the drive for women's rights came down with a bad case of the Sillies.

Let us not assume that this is a disease that attacks only female organizations. The American back-country had seen the growth of any number of weird sects, both religious and political and often both. The Abolitionists had had their extremists, and the nascent labor movement grappled with theirs. Its leaders, like the suffragists after the Woodhull debacle, swung to the right, fearing that the anarchists and the IWW would raise the country against them. Indeed, they went even further, for the AFL found most women reformers too radical for their taste, and women workers (as the Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile strike made all too clear) hardly worth organizing on the remarkable grounds that they did not earn enough to pay full union dues. The dilemma of choosing what aims and which means is one that every reform movement has faced, and the feminists were no exception.

It is Mr. O'Neill's contention that, in the end, they came down too hard on the side of pragmatism and reform and lost their relevance and usefulness by abjuring more revolutionary methods and more idealistic goals. It is a well-reasoned argument. "Woman's suffrage," O'Neill writes, "was not just another political movement; it was above all a great moral enterprise. . . . The first duty of a reformer is to secure the substance, not just the appearance, of change." By deciding to concentrate on getting the vote, the suffragists had to defer work for other causes. How could this be justified? Only by claiming too much for the vote. Let women reach the polls, ran the claim, and their votes would bring the millennium; would end corruption, purify morals, put a stop to oppression, and prevent war. Weren't they against all these evils? Weren't they—and here we find the mythic tide rising within their own camp—weren't they better, purer, finer and more moral than men? So the myth of women's fundamental difference from men contributed to their acting in just the same way as men. For the vote made no difference. They won it in the social upheaval of the First World War, as the Negroes won it, in theory, through the upheaval and change of the Civil War. And then nothing happened.

Or, rather, disillusion set in. The women's movement, after it achieved the vote, became something of a joke. It is still. The freedoms people wanted in the Twenties and the freedoms they want now are pretty much human freedoms. The Women's Liberation Movement, burning bras and girdles on the Atlantic City boardwalk to protest the Miss America contest, is not much less foolish than the Miss America contest itself. But that isn't really the point. If the women's movement has caught a case of the Sillies again, it is not because it is a women's movement, but because it is not working, at the moment, in the mainstream, nor attracting the energy and intelligence that it profited from in the early years of the century. This can happen to any cause. The years of advance won success, but they shaped the feminist drive to the success which they won.

All groups that suffer from social disadvantages have got to find out how to overcome them politically. The feminists did, and it was a big step. Their victories and their defeats are highly instructive. What is particularly valuable in O'Neill's explication of events is that he faces the influence of political action on moral problems, and of moral imperatives, as they were felt at the time, on political judgments. Let us remember, however, that the two things are juxtaposed in a serious way *only* when social dislocations get big enough and upsetting enough to call for political action. Small social problems attract cranks, or are swept into corners by moral imperatives. The decline of feminism is partly due to its hubris in accepting the myth that women are different from men, and exploiting the myth for its own ends. But political success can halt a process too. Witness the way in which the drive to end the war in Vietnam has been slowed to a crawl by its political success in getting Lyndon Johnson out of the White House.

Let me conclude by recommending Mr. O'Neill's book heartily, not only as a valuable volume of history, but also as a sound and perceptive analysis of political verities. These, he tells us, are the choices that the context of events offered the suffragists within their times. The alliances they made, the methods they used, the chances of history—all affected the way the feminists went after what they wanted. These were the women who wrought the changes, he reports, giving us vivid thumbnail sketches of some of the leaders. These were the organizations that were drawn into the campaign, and again we have a useful description of the suffrage associations—the Women's Trade Union League, the Consumers League, the settlement groups and many others. But best of all, we have a truly intelligent discussion of what the issues were, and how the decision to work in this area and not in that affected the outcome of the whole movement. From it, we can draw our own conclusions about political processes and how they are likely to use, or be used by, those who are now seeking reforms or facing the choice of more revolutionary methods. Mr. O'Neill has not tried to write a parable for our times, but he has given us much food for thought in the historical example of the women's movement.

"I don't read best sellers—I'm not that kind of a girl."

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What Is Amended?

Continued from page 29

remarked Mrs. Grant, is "in a way comparable to the status of minorities whose individuals have to perform exceptionally to prove themselves—as it were, climbing up to a plateau from which men (or members of a majority) start a *priori*." "I do not *feel* women suffer discrimination," said Mrs. Rossi, "I *know* they do. My research files and personal correspondence are chock-full of such instances."

Who or what is to blame? "There has been a backlash," said Miss Fisher. "A beleaguered male population, desperately hanging onto a manhood threatened by automation, advertising, the general passivity of industrialized culture, shores up its failing strength by turning on those even lower on the scale." "Yes," said Mrs. Paget, "the men who previously had these 'preserves' all to themselves feel creatively castrated by having the 'weaker sex' compete with them." Miss Steinem holds that "a false view of what is masculine and what is feminine" is responsible; Dr. Montagu, "the bigotry of men"; Mrs. Grant, "the sociological lag of the USA compared to some other cultures." In management, said Mr. Janeway, "committee-itis" is the culprit. "In higher education, the genteel tradition, fortified by male trade-unionism." Women themselves are partly at fault, conceded Mrs. Neuberger. "Education and the curriculum are more to blame. Girls are not counseled to enter some of the areas which are thought of as men's arena."

Commenting on the disdain that college men today have for ambition, "which is equated with greed or with personal rivalry and striving for mere status," David Riesman, the author of *The Lonely Crowd*, said in his recent Convocation Address at Chatham College in Pittsburgh, "The consequences for college women of the altered attitudes of college men are hard to assess. Men who are themselves less competitive may feel less threatened by active career-minded women, and they may no longer care to monopolize certain kinds of prestigeful positions. However, since men still set the cultural pace and style, the current tendency to reject careers and ambition catches women at that point in their development as an oppressed group when they have not yet quite made it in terms of careers and ambition. They are a little in the position of the upwardly mobile person who is suddenly told, in a good college which he has striven to reach, that ambition is simply a hang-up, that striving is a sign of inauthenticity, and that it is more important to *be* than to *do*."

"It is far easier," said Mrs. Rossi, "to change laws which presently penalize women as workers, students, or citizens than it will be to effect social changes in family life and higher education, which depress the aspirations and motivations of women. We have yet to devise a means to compensate for the influence of parents who depress a daughter's aspiration to become a physician while urging a son to aspire beyond his capacity or preference."

Nearly all the respondents agreed that in occupations other than those dependent on physical strength women have proved themselves worthy of equality with men in so far as salary and position are concerned. "Even more so!" declared Dr. Montagu. "They've civilized most positions into which they have entered." The question annoyed Mrs. Rossi. "I find objectionable any query," she said, "that asks if women have 'proved themselves worthy'—by what standard? Why should they be expected to be the same in commitment or productivity when society does all it can to depress their aspirations, makes it only possible to have a significant family life plus career at enormous physical and psychological cost, lets them in only if they are really 'exceptional'? The problem still is seen as why are women less productive than men, and how to make it possible for women to be as productive as men. The question should be 'Why are men so driven? How can life be made more reasonable for them?' It is not even clear that women's performance is *not* 'up to men's.'"

Bess Myerson saw no need for, nor does she take seriously, a revival of the feminist movement. Eliot Janeway dismisses it, too. But to Miss Fisher one of the most hopeful developments of our time is "the almost spontaneous growth of the Women's Liberation Movement, preceded by the more conservative National Organization of Women. Women's Liberation," she said, "realized something that NOW members did not, at least initially: To ask for a bigger piece of the pie won't work. You must change the pie, throw out the patriarchal family system, which today exists in fractured form anyway, find a new family system that allows autonomy and equality for man and woman—a formidably difficult task no doubt, but an absolutely essential one, given the present decadent state of the family."

Gloria Steinem takes the current feminist movement seriously indeed. "I believe," she said, "it will surpass the civil rights movement—fundamentally—in bringing societal change. The Women's Liberation Movement cuts across all groups. Black and white women have already made coalitions with each other because of it. SDS girls have made coalitions with lower-middle-class suburban women. Engels said the nineteenth-century paternalistic family system was the model for capitalism—that the father owned the wife, the means of production, and the children were the labor, and that society would never change until the family system changed. It has changed somewhat, has regrouped according to age and occupation (old with old, young with young, etc.) more than according to family, but we don't want to admit it, and this makes for hypocrisy and tension. Woman's liberation is also man's liberation: from alimony, from childlike boring women, from unfair responsibility for another adult's life. When women really take responsibility for their own lives it will be a very revolutionary change and a very good one."

Because the new development is "not a renascence of the same old 'feminism'—confined to 'vote' or to 'work,'" Mrs. Rossi pointed out, "'revival' is the wrong word. What is new is the shift to 'liberation' of women, critically concerned with not just politics and occupation but all segments of life: household, child care, fertility, politics, art, work, leisure, etc. This is the new note." However, she warned, "Since women typically live in greater intimacy with men than they do with other women, there is a potential conflict within family units when women press hard for sex equality. Their demands are on predominantly male legislators and employers in the public domain, husbands and fathers in the private sector. A married black woman can affiliate with an activist civil rights group with no implicit threat to her marriage; for a married woman to affiliate with an activist woman's rights group may very well trigger tension in her marriage. This places a major brake on the development of sex solidarity among women."

David Riesman noted that "Women are not able even in a women's college to create the solidarity that is at least adumbrated or hoped for among other disadvantaged groups such as blacks. This is understandable," he said, "since women are tied as daughters, sisters, girlfriends, or spouses to men, whether they like it or not; they cannot create an autonomous subculture of women. Women must live in the enemy camp, perhaps one reason why the tone of the Women's Liberation Movement at times has become so shrill."

Perhaps, as Mrs. Rossi concludes, "until women learn to achieve solidarity as a sex and fight this out politically, they will continue to be grateful for 'crumbs' instead of fighting for what is their due."

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Earth House Hold

Continued from page 38

ability to harmonize all that happens, not by reducing it to received terms but by distributing himself wholly throughout it, unable to lose his identity because he is precisely what he is as he happens. "It may be that . . . interbirth, for we are actually mutually creating each other and all things while living . . . is the objective part of existence which we have not yet brought into conscious knowledge and practice."

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Thomas Fitzsimmons

MOTIVELESS MALIGNITY

by Louis Auchincloss

Houghton Mifflin, 158 pp., $5

THE TITLE OF THIS COLLECTION of fifteen brief essays on Shakespeare comes, of course, from Coleridge's celebrated description of Iago's behavior, and Louis Auchincloss's pieces speculate on the lack of apparent motive in some of Shakespeare's principal characters. Especially in the later plays, he feels, this absence of motivation "is a reflection of Shakespeare's sense of the perverse and irrational in human nature." Mr. Auchincloss is a well-known novelist, but it is as the practicing lawyer that he also is that he cross-examines the characters he writes about with an eye to discrediting to a degree the reputations they have borne. Always interesting, the results are, as in skillful cross-questioning, sometimes a little startling, sometimes much to the point.

His characterization of Lear as a man whose "form has survived his substance" is as accurate as it is pithy. What he says about Achilles is very near to the truth: "he is the vilest character in all of the plays, for he is the only one without a redeeming feature." (I would allot that honor to the man I find most horrifying of all in Shakespeare, Angelo, the self-deceiving hypocrite of *Measure for Measure*.) Mr. Auchincloss asks why Shakespeare should have gone out of his way to make the legendary hero so disgusting, and comes up with an answer that throws light on what may very well have been Shakespeare's attitude toward many of his men. "The relationship between Achilles and Patroclus is the only one in all of the plays that is a homosexual one." I am happy that Mr. Auchincloss does not fall for the nonsense which would so label Richard II's attachments. There are many romantic companionships in Shakespeare, who, Mr. Auchincloss observes, considered the love between two friends the "most beautiful emotion in the world." None of them though are homosexual; he suspects that Shakespeare absolutely hated Achilles and Patroclus "because their relationship seemed to imply that men could not be lovers without being physical lovers."

Were it not that #107 is for him an "insuperable stumbling block," Mr. Auchincloss would approve his friend A.L. Rowse's dating the Sonnets from 1592 through 1595 and attributing to Southampton the person of the young man therein celebrated; like many commentators he thinks the reference in that sonnet is to "the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603." (I, for one, have never found a political reference in

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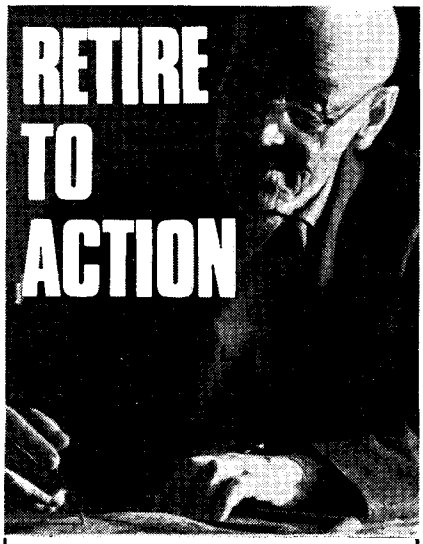

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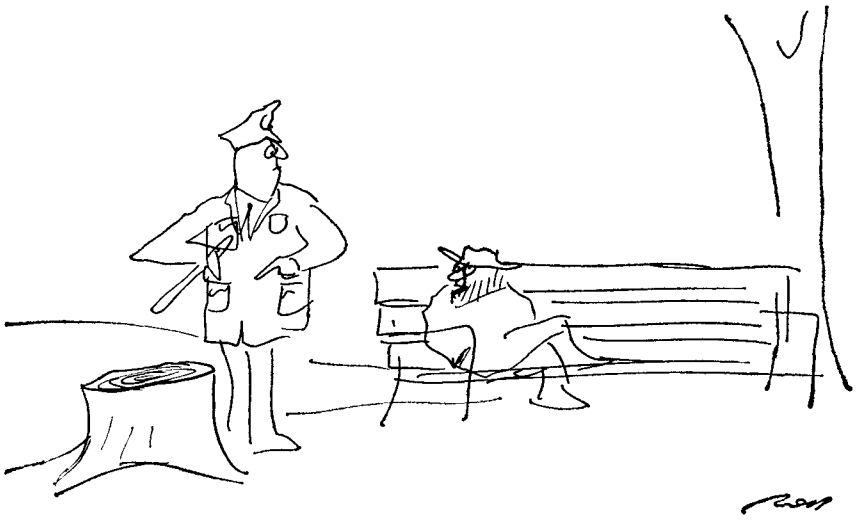

"Don't look at me!"

that superb poem, though I am sure that it was of late composition.) Mr. Auchincloss thereupon reasons himself into a new theory—that the Sonnets "were addressed to at least five persons: two patrons, two young men and the dark mistress." I do not understand why there have to be two patrons *and* two young men, the second of whom, Mr. Auchincloss guesses, was the elusive Mr. W.H. The theory, which is certainly as good as any other thus far advanced, has the virtue of allowing the Sonnets to have been written, as some of us have long believed because of stylistic considerations, between 1592 and sometime before 1609.

Occasionally Mr. Auchincloss's judgments seem perverse. He finds Othello violent because violence, according to Shakespeare, is native to a Moor. (Lear, Hamlet, even Romeo are violent, but they are not Moors.) He feels that Goneril was justified in disquantitying Lear's entourage because they were unruly men—he takes *her* word for it!—and says that she and Regan "might have looked after the old man decently" had he come with fewer men to them. This is to defy Shakespeare's portraits of Goneril and Regan as blood-chilling harpies, and to forget Regan's asking Lear why he needed even *one* attendant. I cannot go along with Auchincloss's claim that to Shakespeare Cleopatra "was always a whore" (he created her the most bewitching of all women, with all her maddening inconsistencies and because of them) or that Antony "suffers from something akin to satyriasis"; to me his love for Cleopatra was a last, all-consuming passion, against which he fights in vain. I do not see how Isabella "can be enormously funny" and at the same time "never lose her dignity." I can conceive of no possibility that this girl, whose passionate devotion to integrity is a flaming light in a world depicted corrupt and corrupting, could for a moment be a comic character.

I was not entirely unprepared to find Mr. Auchincloss an avid reader and lover of Shakespeare. For years I had enjoyed his novels without being aware of that interest, but in 1960, when my book *The Heart of Hamlet* appeared, I received a long enthusiastic letter from him challenging me to clear up a few details. There followed an agreeable interchange of letters in which I had reason to believe I had allayed his doubts on those matters. Indeed, last year I was compelled to think I had, for when I read his new novel, *A World of Profit*, I discovered that his hero echoed my ideas. However, in the current essay on *Hamlet*, though retaining some of the arguments I had advanced, Auchincloss has a new theory of his own: Hamlet "is a man removed from other men by a failing . . . that is as rare as it is dangerous: the inability to forget."

Motiveless Malignity has no bibliography to indicate the extensive reading Mr. Auchincloss has done and, as a matter of fact, he mentions but few of the commentators, and those the most celebrated: Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, Bradley and J. Dover Wilson. Rowse is perhaps less celebrated.

Bernard Grebanier

Bernard Grebanier is the author of, among other books, "The Heart of Hamlet," "The Truth About Shylock" and "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 49: relived, reviled, deliver.

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Movies

Continued from page 51

dealing as they do with an abortive experiment at mate-swapping, neither offend nor "cop out," as some critics have claimed. In terms of today's relaxed standards, the film easily could have gotten away with an orgy at the end, thus satisfying those voyeurs who pay $25 for a front-row seat at *Oh! Calcutta!* But the film is quite clearly and plainly dealing with four American middle-class humans, California variety, none of whom are quite ready for such ventures in human "touch sensitivity." Tucker and Mazursky allowed B & C & T & A to keep their dignity, while they deepened their understanding of human relationships. This was not only a tasteful, but a nice and acceptable thing to do. Of course they could have been a little more daring—daring is the easiest and cheapest thing to come by these days. They could have been a little less slick, too, but Hollywood craftsmen, whether used by Mazursky or Nichols or Frankenheimer, find it difficult to be anything but slick. Allowing for a desultory moment or two, Tucker and Mazursky have made the year's best comedy, one that at last may even signify Hollywood's coming of age. This is adult fun, neither cheap, nor sly, *nor* sniggering.

For those who want orgies, *De Sade,* made by that enterprising firm, American International, provides a few. Purporting to tell the life story of the notorious Marquis, it demonstrates the lengths to which film-makers are willing to go to attract customers. Bare breasts and bottoms abound in an otherwise almost insane attempt to cover the highlights of De Sade's strenuous and lugubrious career. Overlaid with pretensions of art, the film features hysterical acting, an unintentionally ludicrous performance by the usually capable Keir Dullea and, for some unknown reason, the presence of John Huston as De Sade's lecherous uncle. *Time* and the *Times* will be pleased to know the film does not "cop out"—that is, short of sheer pornography. Otherwise it has little to offer but vacuous boredom.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Reading down, the link words are coral, comer, fin, mayor, grave, echo, red, par; antes, real, arena, son, suave, cola, mate, hay, sauce, sin. (N.B.: No more bilingual puzzles are being accepted.)

Guatemala: World Neighbors' President and Founder, Dr. John L. Peters, congratulates Pedro (center) on his fine chickens. This is part of the Chimaltenango Project, in an area containing 645,000 persons, much of which is open only to foot travel or horseback most of the year.

Will Chickens Save the World?

Well, not exactly. But for Pedro, a few chickens saved *his* world. Pedro has three children, no education, a few acres of ground to farm, barely survives.

Here is what chickens did for Pedro: as a part of our Chimaltenango project, we loaned him the money to buy a flock of chickens, and our field worker patiently taught him how to tend his baby chicks, and later prepare them for marketing.

Soon Pedro will be able to increase his flock. Then with a little money to buy fertilizer and better seed, he will double his crops and try raising rabbits and apples on his once primitive farm.

And—vital to his family—his children are now eating meat and eggs, receiving precious protein . . . and Pedro has *confidence* that he can help himself, thanks to the help of World Neighbors.

In the little community where he lives in Guatemala corn is the main crop—has been for centuries. But the soil is worn out and corn has little protein. So 50% of the children die before reaching the age of ten, and nearly everyone suffers from protein deficiency.

World Neighbors has been working in such less developed areas since 1952, implanting the self-help desire, not passing out free soup.

Our job is to help a man like Pedro *want* to better himself, and then show him how it can be done through rotating loans, disease control, proper use of fertilizers, diet, sanitation, vaccinations, animal care . . .

Your $10 or $100 "invested" in World Neighbors multiplies, works hard . . . as a hand up, not a handout, *implanting the self help incentive.*

Won't you join with a small, but thoughtful number of concerned individuals, who support our work, and receive special reports of projects in 21 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America?

We probably won't save the world from hunger and poverty, but here and there our workers are turning on lights in dark corners of the globe.

☐ Yes, I want to "invest" in your self-help program.
Here is my contribution of $_____.

☐ Please send information about your color, sound film, A HAND UP, for an international relations program.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Your gift is tax deductible.

WORLD NEIGHBORS

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The Oceans

Continued from page 21

and by the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, the World Peace Through Law group, and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara at the other. Neither of these opposing views, whether favoring unilateral action by the U.S. or advocating extensive internationalization of the seabed, is entirely practicable.

The oil industry advises a clubby agreement among the major maritime powers extending their jurisdiction by their own actions to the limits of their technological capacity for exploitation at least to that point where the continental slope meets the abyssal ocean floor. Such a claim would encompass most of the known wealth and would, they argue, neatly delimit the lines of jurisdiction and so insure maximum stability. What might happen in the event of the emergence of a powerful nonmember of the club is not clear, but history provides some clues. In advocating such an approach, the National Petroleum Council piously noted that it "is in the best interest of the United States whether or not it is in the best interests of the American oil and gas industries." So pleased is the industry with this act of statesmanship that the publisher of the *Oil Daily* felt impelled to comment editorially that "we rather doubt there is a record of a more high-minded, patriotic, and statesman-like position involving comparable interests in the whole range of the industrial economy."

Those proposals that advocate international administration of the resources of the sea, or of the profits from their exploitation, also suffer from practical defects, however useful their purpose may appear in theory. Only a few nations, most particularly the U.S., possess both the technology and the financial capability to proceed with the exploitation of the oceans. The financial risks and investments are enormous, and it is unlikely—and unreasonable—to expect that they would be assumed for altruistic purposes. It is clearly essential that any exploiting company be assured of security of tenure and the right to profits.

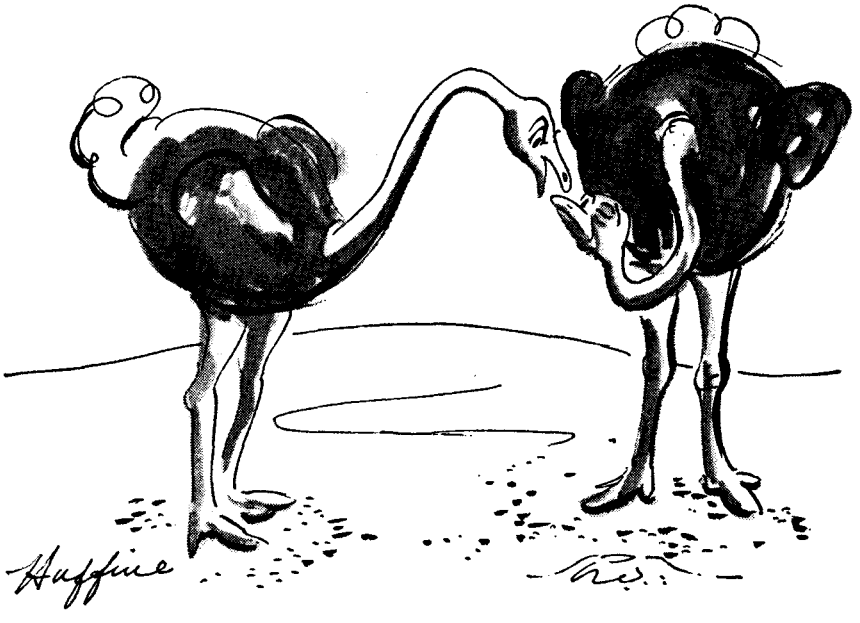
Adequate protection of economic incentive and investment security is not, however, irreconcilable with the thought that these resources should also provide some revenues for the common benefit of mankind. Ambassador Arvid Pardo of Malta once estimated that at the present rate of development, annual revenues could reach $6-billion by 1975, if a regime such as he proposed were established by 1970. His figures assume that the fees paid would be the equivalent of those now paid to national governments for offshore drilling leases, and that they would cover all exploitation beyond the relatively narrow confines of a 200-meter depth or a lateral distance from the shore of twelve miles. Such a sweeping concept of internationalization is not likely to prove acceptable, but his estimate paints a tantalizing picture of the measure of funds that could be generated by licensing fees even on a much more limited scale.

Another practical defect in some of the proposals for international administration of the ocean beds, and one even closer to the bedrock of practicality in the present political climate of the world, is that it is simply not realistic to expect any great power to surrender to an international body control of a resource in which its national security interests are so substantially involved unless those interests are fully recognized and protected. Any international regime must be responsive to the realities of power or be doomed to failure.

Despite substantial and specific differences, most advocates of some international regime share a common purpose: to avoid an underseas land grab; to forestall a new nuclear arms race; to control marine pollution and, by extension, other actions that might upset the ecology of the oceans; and to insure some equitable distribution of the wealth for the common benefit of mankind. The same philosophy was stated earlier by President Johnson when he said, "Under no circumstances, we believe, must we ever allow the prospects of a rich harvest in mineral wealth to create a new form of colonial competition among the maritime nations. We must be careful to avoid a race to grab and to hold the lands under the high seas. We must ensure that the deep seas and the ocean bottoms are, and remain, the legacy of all human beings."

As a result of the initiative of Malta, the United Nations created a temporary, and now permanent, forty-two nation subcommittee of the General Assembly to deal with the seabed. Meetings of the subcommittee and its working groups have focused attention on the need to know more about our marine environment; gradually there has been a distillation of basic principles that seem essential to the orderly evolution of a body of law, however minimal. But it is evident that the sea that divides has yet to unite mankind, to paraphrase Longfellow. Except for occasional propaganda forays among the developing nations, the Soviet Union has taken the view that the least done, the better. Some Latin American states have made claims of jurisdiction extending out 200 miles on the seabed as they have also claimed a 200-mile territorial sea in the water above. Other small coastal nations, once in favor of internationalization, are now hoping to get richer quicker by leasing drilling rights off their coasts.

Technology, however, does not await the resolution of political differences, and we are fast approaching a point where the pace of exploitation may govern, rather than be governed by, sound political judgments. If there are, as seems likely, fewer risks in supporting at least a minimal international



"Well, stupid, close your eyes when you stick your head in the sand."

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regime than in a wide-open scramble for control of the seas, it is necessary that we soon agree on some basic principles to serve as guidelines until a treaty can be negotiated.

First among these principles, and one that is embodied in the treaty I have proposed, is the recognition that the seas shall remain the heritage of mankind, open to all nations for peaceful purposes, and not subject to national appropriation by any.

To resolve the boundary problem, the treaty would set the limits of national jurisdiction at a depth of 550 meters or a lateral distance from the shoreline of fifty miles, whichever is greater. The depth measure encompasses most of the geographic shelf. The lateral measure assures those nations with little or no shelf, the security of determining what goes on in the ocean depths within that distance of their shores.

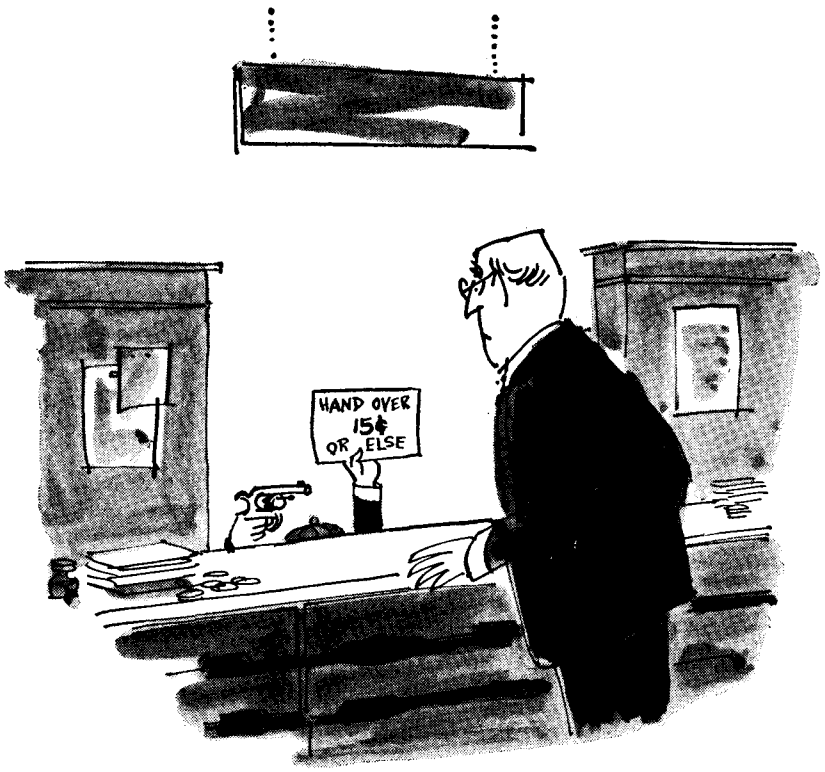
The treaty further proposes that exploitation of the seabeds beyond this limit be licensed by an independent international body to be established by the United Nations. Such a body would be constituted to reflect the realities of power and interest of the major nations. The World Bank is one example of an international body not directly under the aegis of the U.N. and in which both political power and technical expertise are adequately represented so decisions may be both informed and enforceable in terms of practical support. Licenses would be granted for extensive periods to insure security of tenure; the fees paid for the licenses would be used for an agreed international purpose.

Provision is also made in this treaty for the settlement of disputes by a panel appointed by the International Court of Justice, and the treaty draft also envisions an international sea guard, the equivalent of our Coast Guard, to which nations might contribute or lend research and scientific vessels for exploration and to supervise the observance of established standards of safety and pollution controls. Finally, the treaty proposes international regulation of the disposal of atomic waste.

In sum, the treaty provides a sensible and practical means of regulating a resource that is no respecter of national boundaries any more than are the air waves; it ensures a limit on national territorial claims as we have already done in Antarctica; it limits the nature of activities in an area of common danger as we have done in outer space; and it should, someday, become as unremarkable as all the many international agreements that now govern air traffic, maritime lanes, radio frequencies, international mails, and all the incidents of everyday living now taken for granted.

Perhaps most important, it assures incentive for development by technologically advanced nations, while making available a source of funds to benefit poor nations. If there is any single critical issue on this planet, it is not nuclear bombs or ABMs; it is the vastly greater explosive force of billions of men living ever closer to the edge of famine.

It is inconceivable that this last great resource of our planet should not ease the grip of poverty and hunger on much of the Earth. And how tragic it will be if a few centuries hence, these vast oceans that nourish life should become the instrument of our death, a not impossible end. Could those of our early settlers who first viewed the Great Lakes possibly imagine a day—a few short years in the sweep of history—when Lake Erie would become a lifeless testament to the unbridled depredations of men and machines? And, if they had foreseen such consequences, would they then have sought a rule of law to control the license of man? As we view the now abundant oceans around us, it is something to think about. The answers, one way or the other, may not be long in coming.



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON, Publisher

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RARE AIR

Dick Gibson sings at his own party—left to right, Bob Wilber, Dick Gibson, Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart (on bass), Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Gus Johnson (on drums), and Carl Fontana.

by WILLIS CONOVER

There are ninety-one peaks in America higher than 14,000 feet. Fifty-five are in Colorado. The ski-resort town of Aspen levels off just above the halfway mark at 7,850. Still, as a Manhattan flatlander in Aspen, I lost my breath the first time I shook my aerosol can of shaving lather. At least three other guests independently coined the phrase "Gaspin' in Aspen."

For several years I'd been hearing about Dick Gibson's fabulous Aspen jazz parties. Bassist Jack Lesberg, a party regular, made a typical comment some months ago. "Gibson is unbelievable," Lesberg said. "Every year he brings thirty or forty musicians out to Colorado and pays them to play jazz for four straight days. And they can't spend a nickel. Gibson gives everyone a badge with a number on it and when you go into a restaurant or bar, they write your number down and send the tab to him."

"Which musicians?" I asked.

"Whoever he likes," Lesberg said, "plus a few non-musician friends. I'm glad he likes me; I've played Aspen six years now. You mean you haven't been there yet?"

I knew Dick Gibson only as the Denver industrialist who encouraged Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, alumni of the 1930s Bob Crosby orchestra, to get together an all-star band that he then dubbed The World's Greatest Jazz Band, a title that throws some people off, including members of the band. I met Gibson last year in a New York recording studio when I interviewed Lawson and Haggart for a radio broadcast. He phoned later to invite me to a black-tie bash celebrating The World's Greatest's first performance at the Riverboat, a dance-and-dine room in the base of the Empire State Building. But I had no reason to think about Colorado, until a long-distance call came on Wednesday, September 10. It was Gibson.

"Willis, I want you to come to my party tomorrow," he said. "Your ticket will be at the counter at Kennedy Airport. The plane leaves at noon. Please say you'll come."

I usually need more time to revise my schedule, but how—and why—say no?

"What's the dress?" I asked.

"Black tie Saturday night. The rest of the time, completely casual. And if you bring a twenty-dollar bill with you you'll go back with a ten."

The Gibsons met us at Denver's airport Thursday afternoon: Dick, an affable six-footer of some 250 pounds, in his middle forties, his thinning hair more gray than black, somewhat ruddy, with the unexpected lightness a few large men such as Mostel and Gleason have; and his wife Maddie, a slim, attractive, Massachusetts-born brunette with a good, clean, ribald laugh, who could be cast as wife of State U's most popular young professor.

We took station wagons and taxis to a Denver suburb with green grass and sootless sky and sidewalks and porches, a tree-shaded neighborhood out of Ray Bradbury's nostalgia and my own dreams of long-ago homes. We climbed the front steps of the Gibson mansion carrying suit bags and instrument cases. Those of us still firm of breath (altitude, 5,000 feet) accepted drinks or headed for the table-tennis room or the pool table.

At 6 p.m. we crossed the street to Bob Flanigan's estate for buffet and socializing. It was country-club casual, with the kind of guests who make the society page: oil magnates, the politically advantaged (including the governor's wife), newspaper columnists, and others who looked as though they had given up successful television careers. It could have been deadly but wasn't. Musicians carried chairs and instruments to the living-room piano and began jamming. Teddy Wilson, Jack Lesberg, Zoot Sims, Joe Venuti, Peanuts Hucko, Phil Woods, Matty Matlock, Gus Johnson, Toots Thielemans, Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Bob Wilber, and Ernie Caceres blew the blues, "Bye Bye Blackbird," and other standards. The guests loved it.

"There are nice squares and evil squares," a musician said afterward. "And these were nice squares. Only, they aren't so square. A lot of them have already paid their hundred bucks to come to the sessions in Aspen tomorrow."

Their hundred bucks?

A private bus was parked before the Gibson house Friday morning. At 10, the musicians, the Gibsons, the New York critics, and I boarded for the six-hour ride from Denver to Aspen. En route we traded favorite W. C. Fields lines, made up fanciful guest lists of people in the music business who could turn a party like this into an armed camp, and watched the spectacular mountain scenery. The bus driver was determined to prove his fearlessness on hairpin turns, a fearlessness we didn't reciprocate. Toots Thielemans stood in the aisle and did magic tricks for the four Gibson youngsters to keep our morale up. The pass was at 16,000 feet. Our voices lost their lower register, it was difficult whistling, and matches tended to sputter.

Aspen is an attractive blend of alpine resort and tidy mining town. The newer hotels resemble chalets. Our hotel, the Jerome, was built in the

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NOTE: In addition to his internationally known jazz programs on "The Voice of America," Willis Conover was responsible for the recent White House tribute to Duke Ellington on his seventieth birthday.

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1890s when Aspen *was* a mining town. Later in the year the streets and slopes are full of people. We arrived in the middle of a September rush hour: three automobiles in five minutes.

By the time I'd shaved and changed for the first session in the hotel's sunny ballroom, it was well underway. Every chair was filled. The paying guests were wearing green admission badges. Dick Gibson was busy assigning musicians into groups, telling each group when to begin playing and when to stop.

"Dick always decides which musicians are to play together," saxophonist Bob Wilber said at the ballroom entrance. "But he never tells them *what* to play. It works out very well."

"Who are all the people?" I asked Wilber.

"They're mostly people he knows in Denver. Dick and Maddie have a mailing list of about five hundred couples. The first two hundred couples who send in their hundred dollars are admitted, and that's it."

"The hundred dollars pays for . . . ?"

"Just the music," Wilber said. "They make their own hotel arrangements and buy their own food and drinks. And, of course, they have to get here and back. The three-day weekend can cost two hundred fifty dollars a couple. There are always more people who want to come but can't because they waited too long. By the way, The World's Greatest Jazz Band is a three-way partnership. Lawson, Haggart, and Gibson. But this party is all Gibson's."

Waitresses were weaving among the chairs taking drink orders. They were sweet young girls, rosy-cheeked, smiling, and pretty. After duty they might switch to whatever costume and role their bearded friends decreed. Now they gave the first genuinely courteous service I'd experienced since London, a phenomenon that extended to every restaurant and bar in town and included male attendants too. I ordered a drink, testing the tab-free status my special badge promised. It worked.

In fact it worked rather too well. The altitude, y' know. After dinner I thought I'd lie down a while before the evening concert. Unfortunately, the hotel bar was directly under my room. The three guitar chords that define the scope of Now music kept pounding up through the floor. I coasted through low-pressure delirium all night, missing the evening jazz session at The Red Onion club a few blocks away. With 450 guests and musicians in the club, I thought, no one will miss me. At breakfast next morning Gibson walked over and said, "Where were you last night? I didn't see you."

Saturday afternoon, slacks-and-shirts jazz again in the ballroom. Saturday evening, black-tie jazz at The Red Onion.

Two men in uniform stood guard at the club entrance checking badge numbers against a list. I looked for a table with an empty chair. Somehow I found one. Though spacious, The Red Onion was packed. It was dark enough for comfort, but a small bright stage reflected enough light to show a low ceiling, a wide room, and wine-colored velvet draperies, all in contemporary, expensive good taste. The air conditioning worked, the piano was in tune, and the sound system was clear. At 10 Gibson introduced the first combo.

Many of the musicians were playing together for the first time, and there was a happy tension onstage as each musician sought to gauge—and maneuvered to fit—the others' styles and capabilities. Obviously, no new material was premiered. The repertoire was standard popular songs, the blues in various guises, and traditional numbers of the Dixieland, swing, and bop eras.

A series of duets stood out. Jack Lesberg, happily rocking with the music, played a bass duet on "You Make Me Feel So Young" with Bob Haggart, the Gentle Executive through whose teeth "Big Noise from Winnetka" was first whistled. They were succeeded by bassists Larry Ridley, obviously enchanted by his first Aspen party, and veteran Milt Hinton, who never stopped smiling a sort of surprised appreciation for what other musicians played. The Ridley-Hinton choice was "Fascinatin' Rhythm," a challenge even when it's slower than they played it.

Kai Winding, who vies with Bobby Hackett for the Gentleman Riverboat Gambler part, played a two-trombone set with Carl Fontana, a don't-mess-with-me type at peace with the world. In their most attractive number, the Jobim bossa nova song "Meditation," Winding and Fontana laid a quiet trombone platform under a Tiffany's-window piano solo by Dick Hyman. Joe Venuti was joined, if not matched, by Lou McGarity, usually a trombonist, who became a violinist for their charming duet.

Four pianists each played a number: Lou Stein, straddling Basie blues and Earl Hines flash and power; Dave McKenna, reaffirming his ownership of a rare left hand as well as a right; Dick Hyman, impassively watching the piano play him; and Ralph Sutton, soloing a straight performance of Bix Beiderbecke's "In the Dark."

Perhaps the greatest explosion of the weekend was Saturday night's "I Found a New Baby" by Joe Venuti and tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. It was just a healthy swinger when it began. Then Milt Hinton played an affectionately irreverent slap-bass solo and suddenly the musicians tapped a new reservoir of power and almost literally blew the place down, or up.

In addition to Venuti, Sims, Winding, Fontana, McGarity, Sutton, Stein, McKenna, Hyman, Ridley, Haggart, Hinton, and Lesberg, the evening's performers were vibraharpist Red Norvo; guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli; guitarist and harmonica player Toots Thielemans; trumpeters Clark Terry, Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, and Bobby Hackett; trombonist Vic Dickenson; pianist Teddy Wilson; drummers Cliff Leeman, Sol Gubin, Gus Johnson, and Morey Feld; clarinetists Peanuts Hucko and Matty Matlock; and saxophonists Bob Wilber (doubling clarinet), Bud Freeman, Al Cohn, Ernie Caceres, and Phil Woods, who was flown from Paris for the party. Thirty-three musicians, mixed or matched as in the rousing set by the nine-man World's Greatest Jazz Band.

Excepting the dinner break, we'd had jazz from 12:45 p.m. till 2:30 in the morning. Gibson's Benevolent Brainwash, I thought; I've had it for the weekend.

Wrong. Sunday afternoon's session was back at The Red Onion, and I was eager to listen. Everyone else showed up, too. They recognized and applauded individual musicians approaching the stage. By now the musicians themselves had blown all the foam out of whatever they were brewing and got down to full-bodied basics. Any signs of strain were hidden, as well as indicated, by a marked increase in the wearing of sunglasses. Sunday afternoon's highlights:

Yank Lawson, resembling an actor who used to play campus hero in the 1940s, with an unaccompanied plunger-mute trumpet solo on "Beale Street Blues" that nearly drew blood.

Teddy Wilson's piano, raining crystal drops and occasional hailstones.

Vic Dickenson's sweet vinegar in a set with Bobby Hackett; lazy rocking-chair trombone smears in the slow verse of "Oh, By Jingo" and Tricky Sam Nanton's plungered wails in the up-tempo chorus.

Trumpeter Clark Terry (you could hear the audience whispering *"The Tonight Show!* The Johnny Carson Show!") dueting with Billy Butterfield in "Brotherhood of Man."

Dick Gibson's surprise: singing "After You've Gone" with The World's Greatest, etc., with roots in—though stronger and clearer than—Red McKenzie and Clancy Hayes, which he indignantly denies out of respect for McKenzie and Hayes.

The entire Phil Woods-Kai Winding

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Charlie Barnet: *Charlie Barnet,* Vol. II. Barnet, soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, with bands of fifteen and sixteen pieces. RCA mono, LPV-567, $4.98.	Although Bobby Barnet's trumpet often impresses, as it did in Volume I, the major interest lies in the arrangements. "Wild Mab of the Fish Pond" by Bud Estes and "Spanish Kick" by Billy Moore have a verity of their own, but the Ellington imitations inevitably suffer in comparison with the originals. Another release in the Vintage Series by Leo Reisman (LPV-565) is, incidentally, of interest in that Ellington's first great trumpet player and collaborator, Bubber Miley, is to be heard on the opening track of each side.
Count Basie: *Standing Ovation.* Basie, piano, with seventeen-piece band. Dot stereo, DLP-25938, $4.98.	Recorded live in Las Vegas, this is a happy recapitulation of instrumentals originally recorded by Basie between 1956 and 1958. The recording is excellent, the band plays with accuracy and enthusiasm, and the leader himself stretches out vigorously on the fast "Kid from Red Bank." Lockjaw Davis and Harry Edison, both in commanding form, are the stars, but there are good solos from Sonny Cohn, Richard Boone, and Eric Dixon, the last acquitting himself with special distinction in Lester Young's spot on "Broadway." Harold Jones, the young drummer, sounds somewhat tentative on the older, less familiar (to him) numbers, but leaves no doubt of his ability on "Cherry Point" and "Corner Pocket."
Albert Collins: *Trash Talkin'.* Collins, guitar and vocal, with organ, bass, and drums. Imperial stereo, 12438, $4.98. **Earl Hooker:** *Two Bugs and a Roach.* Hooker, guitar and vocal, with quartet and quintet. Arhoolie stereo, F-1044, $4.98. **Eddie Boyd:** *I'll Dust My Broom.* Boyd, piano and vocal, with quartet, quintet, and nonet. London stereo PS-554, $4.98.	Blues artists like these are understandably growing in favor with young people who find much of jazz too esoteric or too deliberately eccentric. Collins is an exhilarating guitarist whose playing appears to have been influenced by both T-Bone Walker and B. B. King. He swings with easy assurance, and his little group backs him well, but he is handicapped on the last four tracks by a sickening serenade to the cash register from predictable, unison horns. Born in 1930 like Collins, Hooker is another satisfying guitarist, although stylistically he does not resemble his famous cousin, John Lee (Hooker). The notes suggest more eclecticism than the album has room to demonstrate, but it remains an entertaining collection with three different singers on display. Born in 1914, Boyd is a veteran whose singing and barrel-house piano playing have an obvious relationship with those of his friend Memphis Slim. Although the set was made in London with young English musicians, its surprising authenticity is not entirely due to Boyd's manifest authority.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Sunshine of Your Love.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank de la Rosa, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; on the first side, a band is added. Prestige stereo, 7685, $4.98. *Ella.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal, with band; Richard Perry, arranger. Reprise stereo, 6354, $4.98.	The trio side of the Prestige album is very good indeed. As an accompanist, Flanagan is all that Norman Granz says he is in the notes. The whole set was recorded live in San Francisco, and it reveals the singer's emotional, technical, and repertorial range as few others. She sings well on the Reprise, but her choice of material and mode of interpretation indicate a lowering of sights to accommodate contemporary juvenile tastes. It could be claimed that this is as defensible—or indefensible—as "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" was in 1938.
Eddie Harris: *High Voltage.* Harris, tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; Billy Hart, drums. Atlantic stereo, SD-1529, $5.98.	These live recordings partially explain the mystery of Harris's great popularity. The first side contains two long performances at eminently danceable tempos by a rhythmically well-integrated group, whose use of "Echoplex" presumably makes it sound bigger than it is. The leader's electronically amplified saxophone, and the dialogues with himself it makes possible, are obviously an acquired taste, but his inherent musicianship is inescapable in "Is There a Place for Us?"—a knowledgeable and sensitive tribute to the tenor saxophonists of the Coleman Hawkins era.
Illinois Jacquet: *The Soul Explosion.* Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Russell Jacquet, trumpets; Matthew Gee, trombone; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Milt Buckner, piano and organ; Wally Richardson, guitar; Al Lucas, bass; Al Foster, drums. Prestige stereo, 7629, $4.98.	Although the arrangements by Milt Buckner and Jimmy Mundy deserved additional rehearsal time in the studio, the performances have a hungry, raging spirit that is often more than a stirring substitute for polish. Most of this stems from the leader and Buckner, a couple of jazz indomitables—the one ever inciting his forces to arson, the other always ready to stoke such fires as they light. A long ballad interpretation on the second side offers a change of pace in a program that otherwise consists of the kind of tough, uncompromising jazz all too seldom recorded nowadays.
Piano Roll Hall of Fame: Jelly Roll Morton, Clarence Williams, Cow Cow Davenport, Fats Waller, Richard M. Jones, James P. Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Sam Williams, Teddy Weatherford, Clarence M. Jones, Steve Lewis, Jimmy Blythe, piano. Sounds stereo, 1202, $5. (Postpaid Sound Records, 1349 Carmen Drive, Glendale, California 91207.) **The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra:** *Orchestra Folio.* Lars Edegran, piano, with sextet. Pearl compatible stereo, T-7, $5. (Postpaid Pearl Records, P.O. Box 1411, Salisbury, North Carolina 28144.)	These two albums recreate the *sound* of a past that was often lost on early acoustic records. The selection from piano rolls on the first has been so intelligently chosen that the painfully mechanical characteristics of the player piano are largely avoided. Providing a real extension of our knowledge of both obscure and well-known pianists, it ends with "If I Could Be with You" played as a duet by James P. Johnson and Fats Waller, who are also each represented by a solo performance. The Pearl set derives from a visit to Tulane University in New Orleans by a young Swedish pianist. When he came upon the ragtime orchestrations that once belonged to bandleader John Robichaux, he and some friends got together to play and record them, with illuminating results. The violin lead, with clarinet, cornet, and trombone in support, gives the ensembles a fragrant quality appropriate to the elegant compositions of Scott Joplin, James Scott, and others. Greater familiarity with the music would probably have led to more feeling, if not abandon, in these interpretations.
Gerald Wilson: *Eternal Equinox.* Wilson, arranger and conductor, with bands of fourteen and twenty pieces. World Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20160, $5.98.	The variety of soloists employed adds much to the attraction of this set, which is dominated by Wilson's customary sonorous ensembles. George Duke, a twenty-one-year-old pianist, comes through impressively on the fleet, exciting "Bluesnee" and fits agreeably into the warm mood of "You, Me, and Now." The brass is used to splendid effect on John Coltrane's "Equinox," where Groove Holmes (organ) and Harold Land (tenor saxophone) make evocative solo statements. "Scorpio Rising" is an exciting vehicle for Jean-Luc Ponty's lightning violin, and Anthony Ortega (alto saxophone) shines on "Pisces." —STANLEY DANCE.

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set, especially Phil's alto sax ballad "Here's That Rainy Day" and the closing "Night in Tunisia," Phil's fingers finally surveying Charlie Parker trails, saxophone and trombone feeding on each other's agonizingly unresolved statements at the coda, the tension breaking in a conclusion as moving as any moment I can remember.

The tenor sax duo, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn: dirty-blond tone from Zoot, blue-black from Al, exactly matching the colors of their hair. Excepting Hackett and Dickenson and, for one set, the WGJB, Zoot and Al were the only wind instrumentalists Gibson put together who also play together elsewhere. No fair, but good.

Peanuts Hucko's dark expression and bright clarineting. Red Norvo's delighted amazement at his own discoveries in the vibes. The Bob Wilber-Matty Matlock duet, "In a Little Spanish Town"; Matlock hinting at Pee Wee Russell's ragged edge; Wilber defecting to Goodman's kingdom. On soprano sax Wilber honored Johnny Hodges except in trad standards like "Struttin' With Some Barbecue," wherein his early teacher Sidney Bechet echoed. The "Saints Go Marching In" finale by an augmented WGJB; Bud Freeman publishing his Doctor's thesis on hot tenor. Over the finale applause, Zoot Sims and Larry Ridley played a fast eight bars of "52nd Street Theme" for each other, a secret password between two members of a relatively younger jazz generation.

One drummer surprised me. I had known Sol Gubin as an occasional wisecracking and drinking partner at Jim and Andy's Manhattan musicians' hangout. I knew he did a lot of studio work; he was Tony Bennett's first choice for record dates; and he was the subject of one of Buddy Rich's plugs for another drummer, as rare as a Button Gwinnett autograph. But I'd never really heard Gubin play until Aspen. It was a wide-awakener. With any group of musicians, in music from any era, Sol Gubin played drums in a way that can only be called intelligent —without the emotional sterility the word might imply. He was never pedantic, always swinging. He was technically complete without resort to gimmicks. He was driving but never overpowering. He was at all times watchfully intent on the musical needs of the moment. At my next festival I want Gubin in the house band.

Another eye-opener: All the musicians dug every other musician. However different their experiences, nobody came up with, "Man, could I play in some other group instead?" There were no factions, no resentments, no sarcasms, no back-stabbings. This takes us back to the source: Gibson.

Dick Gibson was born in 1925 in Mobile, Alabama. His father had come to America from Scotland because he liked the song "On Mobile Bay," thus giving Dick a precedent for acting on impulses born in music. Dick played and coached football at the University of Alabama, where he won his Master's in psychology. He moved to New York. He was manager of the Financial Advertising Unit of the *Herald Tribune*, then vice president of an investments corporation. As he didn't want to stay in New York, and suburban living depended on the New Haven Railroad, he took his family to Denver, Colorado, in 1960.

"My front teeth were saved," Gibson says, "by a Denver dentist's invention. He was turning out six a day by hand, and I told him he should go into production. I raised money from investors to finance the company. In 1965 they made me vice president. The invention is known today as Water-Pik. My income from that supports my efforts to make the World's Greatest Jazz Band eventually self-supporting."

Beyond that, Gibson has another goal. He won't discuss it now.

"I want to get the band going first, something generating income to build on. Another year ought to do it. If you believe in something, and you go to work on it regardless of what other people say, and if you're right, it succeeds. This band is going to win. It's too good not to. Take one hundred people who like Duke Ellington and one hundred people who like Lawrence Welk. Even if each hundred didn't like the others' band, one hundred ninety of the total would like this band."

Although Gibson can't remember when he heard his first record, he didn't throw his first jazz party until 1963.

"I was sitting with Maddie in our living room in Denver. She asked, 'Do you ever miss New York?' I said, 'No, not one day.' But the next day at work I thought, I do miss a couple of things. That evening I said, 'You know, Maddie, I do miss the water and I do miss jazz.' A couple of days later I thought there's nothing I can do about the ocean, but I can do something about the jazz. There was no jazz to speak of in Denver, so I conceived the jazz party.

"The overwhelming criterion for the musicians is: Do they play well? Our mailing list for the guests excludes only bad drinkers. Anybody who likes jazz and has a hundred bucks a couple, it's first come first served. It's a private party for people who want to enjoy music.

"Jazz is a minority appeal music. But if you took two hundred fifty million people and exposed them to the music at this party, you'd find, and *they* would find, that there are two hundred fifty million jazz fans. The problem in jazz is *proximity* and *staging*. The secret is saturation. *Saturate* them with jazz!—like this weekend. These people weren't jazz fans before. But they are now.

"The party tends to cost around $25,000," Gibson says. "I can't handle more than about thirty-five musicians and about four hundred twenty paying guests. That means — guests, musicians, press, and friends—the party involves four hundred eighty people. This year we took in $22,000. When all the bills are in the cost will be $26,000 plus. Maddie and I make up the difference.

"Some people say, 'Why don't you at least try to break even?' The answer is, if we broke even it would mean everyone else gave us our party. That wouldn't be right. We don't want that."

A guest interrupts.

"Dick, this was the happiest, the best-natured, and in many ways the best jazz festival I've ever attended."

For a moment, Gibson's brown eyes seem a chilly blue.

"It's *not* a festival. It's a *party*, damn it!"

Jose Iturbi's Accompanist

The New Baldwin

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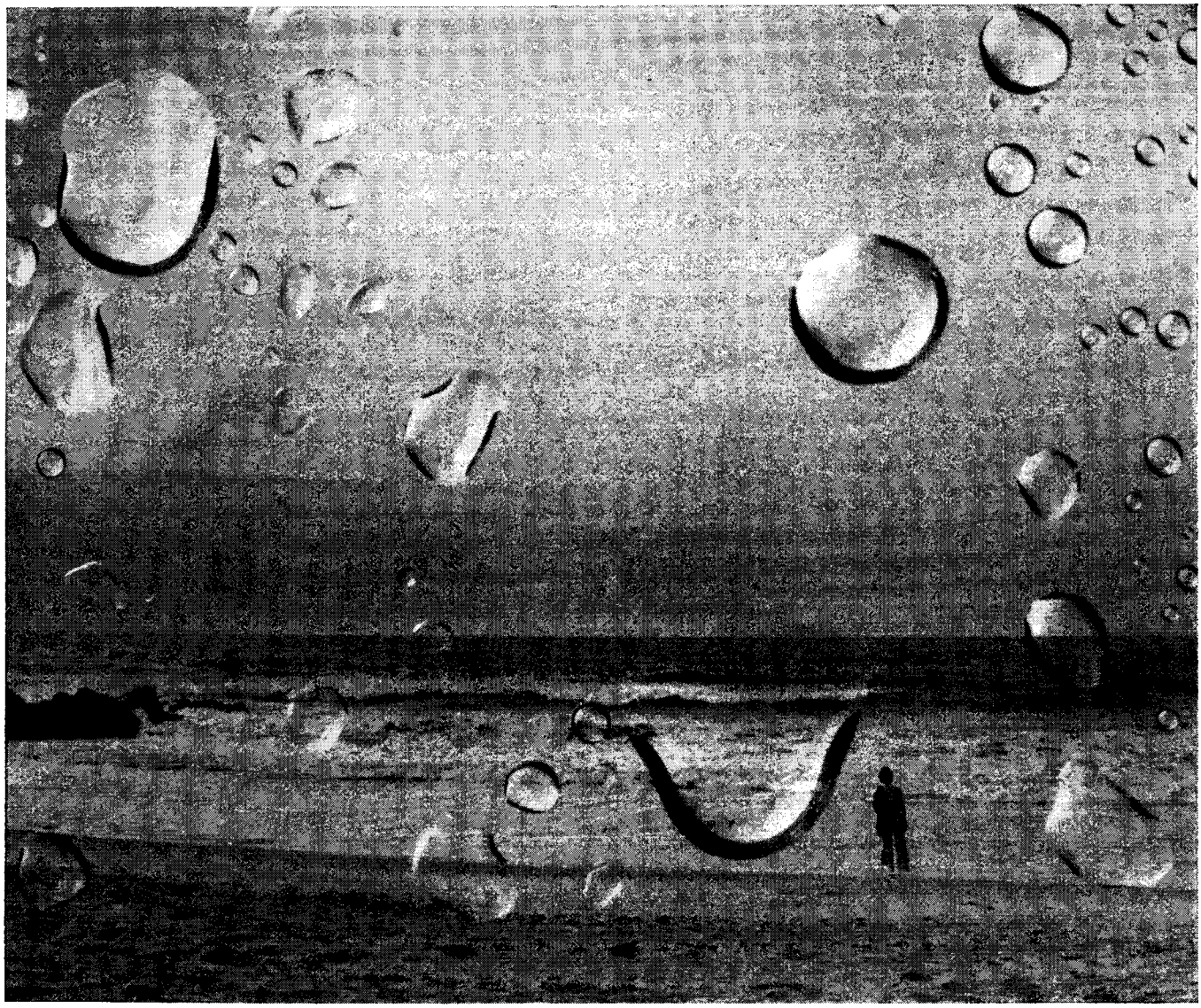

This picture is "impossible". Can you tell why?

Raindrops on a window, inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But, how to do it without special equipment?

In theory, you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after rewinding the film one frame, you'd focus on the rain spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible with most cameras because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikkormat FTN it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses as the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor f3.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon – even "impossible" – pictures the Nikkormat FTN brings within your reach. Yet, for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly, for unusual pictures like this. And it's yours for under $270, including 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. See your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer. Or write for details.

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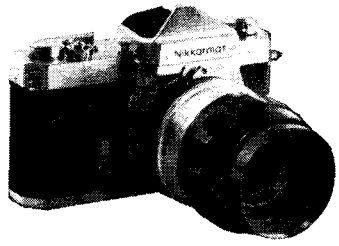

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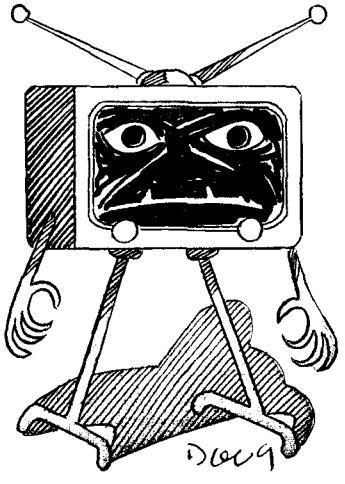

When Violence Begets Violence

That violence on television begets real violence, particularly among the poor and disorganized, should come as no surprise to anyone with a smattering of psychology, sociology, or for that matter, common-sense logic. Nor should it astonish any reader of these pages where, for the past decade, we have pounded away almost every month at the obvious link between TV violence and violent behavior patterns with some but by no means enough success in a crusade to reduce the proportion and timing of violence on the home screen. At any rate, the case is now official: findings of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence conclusively connect TV with violent behavior, especially in children. And it may be wise for the titans of broadcasting to stop throwing their hands in the air and declaring that they can do nothing at all about the dangerous drivel they show by the hour because that is what the American people want and the three chains would go out of business overnight if the mayhem, killings, tortures, and outright brutality were reduced by, say, 30 per cent.

In the event you missed Jack Rosenthal's exclusive story in *The New York Times*, we repeat here the recommendations the violence commission has called for.

- An overall reduction in programs that require or contain violence.
- Elimination of violence from children's cartoon programs—probably excepting the fanciful, exaggerated violence of such films as "Popeye" and "Tom and Jerry."
- Adoption of the British practice of scheduling crime, Western, and adventure stories containing significant violence only after children's bedtime.
- Permanent federal financing for the Public Broadcast Corporation, to enable it to offer high-quality alternatives to violent programs for children.
- Intensified research by the networks into the impact of television violence.

These proposals might be called "sweeping" if they were new or radical, but any reader of editorials or any patron of television for even a few hours must have wondered long ago why these modest recommendations were not already adopted voluntarily by CBS, NBC, ABC, and every local outlet in America.

Most children follow patterns established in their family and institutional relationships. Where worthy social and moral home-school values exist, the young are not apt to believe or emulate the violence they are exposed to in their four-hours-a-day average viewing of television. But, says the commission, among many disorganized, poor family units in the absence of family, peer, and school relationships, television becomes the most compatible substitute for real-life experience. And the TV world that engulfs these marginal young is by and large an unwholesome one, bound in the long run so to harden their sensibilities against cruelty that, like the Romans before us, they would allow greater and greater waves of violence to engulf our daily routine until nothing would shock us and bestiality would become the norm.

The national panel's formal statement also offers the following recommendations to the viewing public, especially to parents: First, parents should make every effort to supervise their children's television viewing and to assert basic responsibility for their children's moral development; and second, the viewing public should constantly express to local TV stations and networks not only their disapproval of programs they find objectionable but their support of good programs they like, particularly nonviolent shows for children. The commission's statement on violence in TV entertainment ends with the following quotation: "We believe that most fami-

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nes do not want large doses of violence on TV, and thus we urge them to make the weight of their opinion felt."

The findings of the national panel confirm what these pages have insisted repeatedly—that the viewing public is still being exposed to a high level of television violence. Six out of ten violent acts on television involve the use of weapons. Just as often, the violent act evokes no defense from the victim. In both 1967 and 1968, the commission reports, eight out of every ten dramatic programs on television contained some violence, though by the end of the two-year study the number of violent episodes per week had begun to decline by as much as 20 per cent, though this left a vast number of programs with violence a major ingredient. Lawful arrest and trial are indicated as a consequence of serious acts of mayhem in only two out of every ten violent programs. In television, violence does not hurt too much, nor are its consequences very bloody or messy. Physical pain and details of injury or death are shown to be a consequence of violence in only one out of every four TV exposures. In other words, there is little connection evinced between the use of violence and weapons of violence and the suffering such acts would inflict in real life. This is perhaps the worst sin of all.

Since no dramatic change is discern-

ible in a quick check of the new fall TV schedules, it has to be assumed that things will go on much the same in the network program offices for an indefinite period of time. Although the *Times* reports a flat statement by the commission that "violence on TV encourages violent forms of behavior, and fosters moral and social values about violence in daily life which are unacceptable in a civilized society," we tend to believe that program content change will be imperceptible. The national commission has proved the obvious, as though sensible men and women hadn't already recognized the fatal connection between blood and cruelty on the TV screen and blood and cruelty in the streets of America. But will Mr. Stanton, Mr. Goodman, or Mr. Goldenson even read the devastating new report, let alone act upon it? Past performance suggests a negative answer, we're sorry to say, short of legislative measures or FCC pressure leading to change. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Who's the Record Letter Writer?

THE ARTICLE ABOUT 'Letters to the Editor' by Irving Rosenthal [*SR*, Sept. 13] intrigues me, for I plead guilty to this journalistic addiction. But to learn that the odds are so great against having such letters printed surprises me. My experience has been to the contrary. Though I have not written many letters to *The New York Times* recently, I have had at least 100 printed therein.

Perhaps the secret lies in not writing unless one has something important to say, and then saying it as clearly and succinctly as possible and in a form easy for editing if necessary.

Mr. Rosenthal mentions Charles Hooper as the "world's leading newspaper letter writer," and cites his sixteen letters published in the *Times* in 1936, before the imposition of the two-letters-a-year limit. I don't want to brag, but if Mr. Rosenthal had consulted *The Times Index* for 1937 and 1938, he would have found that in both years approximately thirty letters were printed therein over my signature.

It would be interesting to know who does hold the record for any one year for such printed letters.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER,
Hingham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Times reports that no such records are kept and that it would be too complicated a task to go through the daily pages for an official count.*

IRVING ROSENTHAL'S article perhaps would have been more revealing if it had also given a profile of who reads the published letters. Do these letters merely serve as feedback, confirming attitudes and beliefs of the same general class of people, or is readership of the letters extensive enough to influence total public opinion?

Also, the satisfaction of the responsibility and imperative that newspapers have of presenting a wide range of positions on particular issues lies principally in the publication of varying informed editorials, as well as the letters to the editor that, although they may be reflective of the "attentive public," may lack somewhat in total expertise and perspective.

LEO A. KOLESKI, JR.,
Boulder, Colo.

NO ACCOUNT of the contributors to the correspondence columns of the *Times* would be complete without mention of a pair of decidedly prolific gentlemen, both of whom, regrettably, have laid down their pens forever.

At a time when the felicitous phrase counted for more than it does at present, one was frequently delighted to discover still another contribution from Albert Volk, the contractor, or from that imaginatively named attorney, Hyacinth Ringrose.

How, I wonder, would such inventive fellows have fared under the current highly arbitrary twice-a-year limitation on publication?

Much of the best work by these writers even then appeared evenings in the *Sun* which, especially during the final half-decade of its existence before being devoured in 1950 by Scripps-Howard, was most hospitable in granting space for reader contributions. Among others, who often had their say in its columns, one recalls with a good deal appreciation and nostalgia Elizur Yale Smith and John Cole McKim.

Perhaps one reason for the greater satisfaction derived in those days when perusing correspondence columns was one's conviction that editors were striving to select unsolicited material on its intrinsic merits. Of late, unless communications are submitted on an embossed letterhead, few ever see print. The disclosure that the letters editor keeps a copy of *Who's Who* right at his elbow eloquently tells its own story.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are especially fascinating to strangers savoring the temper of a town. Just fancy the revelations we enjoyed in Biloxi in 1966 during the hassle preceding repeal of Mississippi's statewide prohibition. Our travels around this country would seem superficial, if we did not dig in, regularly devouring locally slanted news and attending local meetings of various organizations.

Most of us encounter people too much like ourselves wherever we go. "Letters" add the spice of variety and frequently provide drama when personalities clash, and when conflicting customs or principals meet head-on.

EMER G. CAPRON,
Eugene, Ore.

I'M SURE a lot of readers would be interested in knowing by what means the *Times*, or any other publication, spots a pseudonym.

I know several writers here in Washington who write under pseudonyms, never the same one twice, and have had many letters printed. I wouldn't want to reveal the magazines or the writers, because I'm not saying that I think the editors were conned. Their opinions were the same as mine. These letters (I saw the carbon copies) had something to say, and who said it didn't really matter.

The only possible harm I can see in such a procedure is: what if there actually were a person by that name, whose views were the opposite of the writer's? Wouldn't the publication be liable for the damages, as well as the writer—provided he could be found?

Is that why, I wonder, the *Times* keeps letters for six months, if they are not printed, and five years if they are—hoping maybe the criminal might possibly return to the scene of his crime?

MAXINE MAY JEFFRIES,
Washington, D.C.

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Memo to Tomorrow's Madison Avenue

by FAIRFAX M. CONE

The principal challenge to advertising people everywhere is to move toward professional status. Technically, this may be something they can never achieve, but they can observe professional rules, and they can maintain professional standards. Obviously, this begins inside the business, for whatever may be done outside it will not make up for any lack within.

Once upon a time it would have been challenge enough simply to clean up advertising, to make it truthful, and to make it useful. But, as most people now know, dishonest advertising has become a small part of the total. The requirement of most advertised products to produce results as promised is inherent in the economics of the market place; it is not a matter of the advertiser's morals. It is virtually impossible to sell a bad product twice to the same person, and the number of products that can succeed as a result of one-time sales is limited almost entirely to products of infrequent purchase, such as automobiles, heating systems, and major appliances that are sold, for the most part, in person-to-person confrontation by live salespeople and not by advertising.

But if honesty in advertising has become the accepted standard, the question of good taste continues to plague the industry. The extremely poor taste of a great deal of book, motion picture, and political advertising oversteps what I consider to be the bounds of decency. Along with these are the excesses that occur in the advertising of health and beauty products. Almost all are matters of tasteless presentation. Somehow there must be a better way to present a mouthwash on television than to show a frantic woman reporting to a friend that her husband insisted that her "breath was a major cause of air pollution."

Obviously, there is nothing immoral about this kind of thing. Nor was it advertising that first brought it forth. It is part of the permissiveness of our times, and the crudeness that filters into advertising from books, movies, plays, and television entertainment where no subject is too intimate or too delicate to be exploited for laughs or for tears. Under the circumstances of a general breakdown in the authority of schools and the church to preserve social standards, it can hardly be expected that advertising will pick up the pieces and put them together again. But it can, and it *should*, be made to raise the standards of our manners and our conduct, and not to accept these at the scornful level of a rude and frequently vulgar generation. This is not to say that I believe the hippies and their fellow travelers have been responsible for the breakdown. On the contrary, I hold them to be a result of it; they are its clearest manifestation.

Advertising always follows, it never leads. Nevertheless, it should be used in the best traditions of our society and not in the questionable postures that evolve from time to time. One of the worst offenses of advertising is the denigration of competitive products through the use of odious comparisons, sometimes jokingly, sometimes in dead seriousness. I am perfectly aware that depreciation is the basis of both night-club humor and many a salesperson's strongest ploy. But advertising should never stoop to conquer. To see that it doesn't is the second charge that I would make to the successors.

It ties closely to the first, to play a personal part in community affairs; it leads directly to the third, to use advertising as an educational force. Much of this type of advertising is called institutional advertising, and it appears in several forms. One of them is public relations advertising and another is public service advertising. The long-time Weyerhauser campaign in magazines (now also on television) that explains the company's program of reforestation, is a prime example of the first, for it is a direct answer to the charge of lumbermen's contemptuous destruction of national resources. The Caterpillar Tractor Company has used its advertising to explain reclamation projects in which its products are engaged, and to point out ways in which other communities and municipalities can look forward to public improvements of a similar nature.

Fairfax Cone—"If honesty in advertising has become the standard, the question of taste continues to plague the industry."

In neither of these instances is there any direct connection between the advertiser and his audience. He sells to someone else. The advertising is a matter of education, elucidation, and the climate in which the advertiser's business is done.

Institutional advertising of a slightly different cast has been carried on for many years by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the interest of better health; by Warner & Swasy, toolmakers in Cleveland, who have attacked inflation in all its many guises; and by the Container Corporation, which has presented the wisdom of the ages in a long series of brief quotations embellished with brilliant illustrations or even more remarkable abstractions. Their campaigns serve as strong backgrounds for the salesmen who must approach the advertisers' best prospects, few of whom ever telephone an insurance company, a lathe maker, or a manufacturer of paper cartons.

Advertising as a public service is another variation. There is no direct connection between the advertising and the advertiser's products, but the subject of the advertising is strongly connected with the advertiser's interests. Thus, Mobil Oil publishes powerful appeals to the public to drive safely so that they may continue to be customers. The Better Vision Institute of the American Optical Company and associated optical goods manufacturers warn against failing sight and blindness, and suggest how these may be avoided. General Electric explains the Pacemaker, the electric heart stimulant surgically implanted under the skin. International Paper presents the

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joys and the lifetime values in reading.

One may hope that institutional advertising is just now getting its second wind, after the hiatus that followed the return to product selling in the aftermath of World War II. Except for their contributions to the Advertising Council, most advertisers took a hard-nosed look at anything not directly connected with product selling. Now that institutional advertising is established as good public relations, I expect it to be used increasingly as an extension of private relations—which, after all, is where public relations begin. The only danger I foresee is in overenthusiasm. This is something the successors should watch out for.

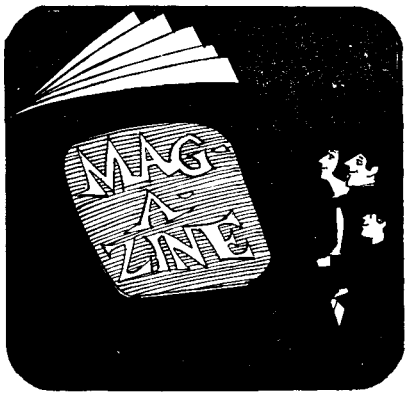
Another field where it was once thought that only editorial treatment could educate and move the public is in the political arena. Some very crude advertising was used, but it was strictly homemade and consisted primarily of charges and countercharges that rarely came to grips with real issues.

Today this, too, has changed, and not, in my opinion, altogether for the better. While the prepared question-and-answer technique first used on radio and television in the second Eisenhower campaign for the Presidency has been improved, the failure to develop the debates that were so important in the Kennedy-Nixon contest in 1960 has been, to me, a distinct disappointment.

I am quite aware of the reasons advanced by the Nixon campaign organization in 1968, but I find these cynical and unworthy. The former Vice President was far ahead, they said; to debate would be to give added exposure to his opponent. The strategy was undoubtedly shrewd, and I am sure that it worked. But it was hardly in the best public interest to eliminate the possibility of any direct confrontation between the two candidates.

The use of film clips was often candid and effective, but politics have not climbed nearly to the moral plane achieved by advertising at large in the two latest decades of this century. Political advertising continues to exude rude challenges and denigration. The 1968 campaign of Governor Wallace of Alabama was decidedly in the outmoded tradition of half-answered embarrassing questions. So was Richard Nixon's exploitation of the horrors of Vietnam, for which he offered only the vaguest relief, while the lengthy soliloquy by Vice President Humphrey on the subject of his retarded granddaughter was in questionable taste.

Here it seems appropriate to mention the role of advertising in the hoped-for improvement in race relations, and I think this has been considerable. To be sure, this has been slow in coming. Until recently, there was little or no



representation of black people as users, or hoped-for users, of any of the products in general distribution. The reasons, I suspect, were twofold. In the first place, the blacks represented only 10 per cent of the population and something less than that proportion of the buying power. Second, it was generally accepted that the white people shown in advertisements were the models most black people accepted for themselves. It was only when John Johnson, the publisher of *Ebony* magazine, began to point out that the Negro market was a distinct entity that the advertisers' eyes were opened. The result was the development of a large number of advertising campaigns directed solely to Johnson's and other similar audiences.

Much more importantly—and fortunately—television opened the way to advertise to white and black people at the same time, and without too much discrimination. Television ownership among black families is in every way comparable to television ownership among white families; the circulation is there. But even more important is the nature of the medium that lends itself so admirably to brief vignettes that, while they are on the screen, absorb it totally. Thus, the screen that shows a black housewife preparing a meal is every bit as important—and yet no more so—as any one of two or three vignettes that feature white housewives. This was difficult to achieve in printed advertising, where small illustrations tended to absorb the available space, and where these were devoted to the interests of the majority.

I have left to this point the all-important subject of television, wherein I believe the obligation of the successors is a joint one that involves programing no less than the advertising with which the programs are spaced and interrupted. It would be foolish to believe that advertising on the tube will ever rise to greater heights of taste and manners than television programing. Although certain examples of broadcast advertising represent a gain over some of the older patterns of broadcast entertainment, it is the latter and not the former that represent television to the American audience. Insofar as advertising supports this, it must share responsibility for it; the practice at this point is not a pretty one.

Here I agree completely with Jack Gould, the uncompromising television critic of *The New York Times*, who, on June 12, 1968, said, "Broadcasters automatically accept the role of leadership when they accept their licenses. Restraint in emphasizing violence and torture as ingredients of entertainment is both little to ask and long overdue. Television, obviously, is totally capable of broadcasting its scope in many other creative directions and reflecting the very best, not the worst, of our culture."

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, this is not where the matter ends. For while the responsibility for programing is indeed the broadcasters', support of free television lies solely with the advertisers. Theirs is the money that keeps the cameras grinding. Their acceptance of the broadcasters' programing or their refusal of it is the difference between success and failure for any broadcaster; their willingness to support competing broadcasters entirely on the basis of "audience delivered" represents the rejection of responsibility that should be no less theirs than that of the broadcasters themselves.

There has never been another medium even remotely like television; it required a new set of rules for all of the participants. For the first time in history millions of children have been eyewitnesses to all the world's promise and all the world's horrors, with the latter, unfortunately, predominating. Also there is TV's dream world of extravagant, exaggerated luxury, and it is from this that many an adolescent is returned to his own much less bountiful world with full knowledge of certain fascinating criminal means to rise above it, to escape its ugly reality.

It was not only the broadcasters who were deaf to the entreaties of Newton Minow, who as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission called television a "vast wasteland," a condemnation that is often repeated. The advertisers were equally oblivious to Minow's complaint. All were concerned with circulation, and not to provide it spelled disaster for the broadcasters, for they were caught in the advertisers' own competitive toils.

The problem today is to rid the air of some of the programs whose delivery of large audiences is achieved in disregard of thoughtful criticism and

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concern; it is to this that all conscientious advertising people should address their attention.

The air belongs neither to the broadcasters nor to the advertisers. It belongs to the people, and it belongs to *all* the people. Just as their immediate predecessors were the prime movers toward honesty and responsibility in advertising itself, the men and women who are the driving force in advertising today should insist that the most dynamic of all advertising media shall *perform in the total public interest.* This means that side by side with their efforts to de-emphasize violence on the television screen, they should support and insist upon a reasonable amount of programing for the minority of viewers whose interests go beyond horse opera, crime shows, and the witless, soporific entertainment called situation comedy.

There can be no doubt that a large number of television viewers are getting what they want. It is even probable that a majority of television viewers are getting what they want. But even if this is true, there is a sizable minority that is satisfied only at rare intervals and at odd times.

It is foolish to maintain, as the broadcasters like to, that you can choose your television, because you can't. You must take it or leave it, for better or worse. Furthermore, once you take it, you have had it, to the exclusion of everything else broadcast at the same time. Once you have missed a competing program, you *most likely have missed it forever* (unless it is a routine program, in which case it will be rebroadcast at regular intervals as long as the tape holds out). Otherwise the disadvantage is real, and the consequences are serious. The American public is getting its television purely and simply according to the money that is in it for the majority of owners and operators of television stations.

Unfortunately, we have no "little" television stations in the sense that we have the smaller magazines. (I omit the educational television stations because, with one or two exceptions, they are hardly comparable; magazines produced with the same ineptitude would barely make a second appearance.) The fact is that we have only giant television operations, fighting each other for dollars. Television's great networks were developed solely to make money. Radio had shown the way, and it was paved with gold. Nor do I want to change it all; I only want the networks and the stations to put some of the profit back into the product.

To begin with, I want them to use their best talents to develop programs of adult interest that go somewhat beyond the late-night movies whose adult aspects are limited largely to the exploitation of sex and criminality, and to schedule these programs in prime viewing time. The networks have only to insist that the advertisers buy the networks' own selection of a diversified group of programs, trending heavily to the popular, to be sure, but including a reasonable number for the minority of viewers and charging the advertisers accordingly.

It is my conviction that while the ratings by which television is judged are quite adequate in measuring the audience of programs presently on the air, they leave serious questions unanswered about nonviewers. The first question, of course, is why their sets are not turned on. The second is what would change this. These are not questions to be answered by reviewing the past, or even by a survey of the public today, with the replies fed into a computer for electronic analysis. The answers can only be arrived at as the result of serious endeavor by the networks to raise the level of programing in certain nighttime segments every week for several years, measuring the results not solely by number of viewers, but also very carefully with regard to the kind of viewers.

I would not be unduly concerned with occasional ratings (or audience) no more than half of the average for all programs. This would represent a cost of about $5 per thousand viewers. Admittedly this is twice the present acceptable rate. But it should be pointed out that merely to mail a letter to a thousand viewers and take your chance on their reading that letter would cost $60.

Almost ten years ago I first urged the networks to consider what came to be called the magazine concept of television programing, in which they would design their schedules to include comedy, drama, and popular music, and serious material, in reasonable proportion, and rotate the advertisers' messages through the full schedule just as is done in magazines. It puts the full responsibility of programing where it belongs, in the broadcasters' hands, and it obligates all advertisers to support superior programing on the basis of reasonable participation.

Although my suggestion was commented upon favorably in the press, it was dismissed by William Paley and my friends Frank Stanton at the Columbia Broadcasting System and Robert Kintner at the National Broadcasting Company, with the single terse comment from the latter that "it won't work." At the American Broadcasting Company, Leonard Goldenson thought the idea might be worth testing. But since I have never heard anything more about this, I must conclude that he was merely being polite to a fairly important cash customer.

Still, I believe this is the only way the minority of viewers, who would like to look at television for some kind of adult stimulation, are likely to be satisfied. The educational stations are poorly financed and understaffed; try as they may to do better, most of their programing scales downward from mediocre. If, on the other hand, the networks—with their ample resources—backed by the advertisers, would undertake some of the same subjects and some of the same experiments, television might begin to satisfy even its severest critics.

It is not my wish to remove any of the popular series (except those where the modus operandi is violence) from their place in the regular nighttime schedules. I only propose that these be pre-empted once or twice in each thirteen-week period in order to insert a small number of programs with what I would hope would have more artistic *dimensions.*

Perhaps I should point out that when I first broached the magazine concept of programing in a talk in Los Angeles in February 1960, the argument was advanced that the advertisers would never accept the rotation of their commercials, because each wanted to have his own program, to be known as its sponsor. Today, 90 per cent of national television is bought on a scatter plan, whereby the advertisers contract for one-minute commercial segments in anywhere from one to twenty or more different programs each week. Except for Hallmark, Chrysler, Kraft, Xerox, Monsanto, and a few other advertisers, none has an interest any longer in sponsor identification. The magazine concept has at least got this far.

There is nothing in the history of American business that matches the rapacity with which the entrenched broadcasters have attacked pay-TV.

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The National Association of Broadcasters is a bald-faced lobby that pretends, like the National Rifle Association, to be acting in the public interest. But its stated opposition to pay-TV is based upon three false and misleading premises.

In the first place, say the lobbyists, pay-TV would make set owners pay for much of what they now see free of charge. The fact is that the Federal Communications Commission has already set up rules that would prohibit pay-TV from showing any sports events customarily now shown free on stations. And they prohibit pay-TV from showing any moving pictures more than two years old; the huge backlog is left to the regular broadcasters.

Second, say the broadcasters, organized labor opposes pay-TV. But the fact is that the AFL-CIO expressed approval of pay-TV years ago, and their position has never changed.

Third, says the NAB, pay-TV will favor the wealthy, discriminate against the poor. The fact is that a person in modest circumstances can show his entire family a first-run moving picture for a single small charge—about $1.50. (He also can invite all the neighbors his living room will hold.) The facts were established over a period of years in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Zenith Radio Corporation developed a workable system of subscription television more than seventeen years ago. Thus, pay-TV is not a dream.

In addition to the FCC, the great majority of the country's newspapers are in favor of pay-TV. Virtually every television columnist and critic is in favor of pay-TV. In short, almost everyone who knows anything about television wants pay-TV, because of the quality and diversity it could bring to programing.

Almost everyone except the broadcasters, who would simply deny the public right to choose for itself whether to watch their free channels or to tune them out from time to time and pay a small fee for programs the members of the NAB say they cannot afford and do not offer: Broadway hits, first-run movies, travelogues, championship fights, opera. The broadcasters, by their opposition, are forcing the public to see *their* kind of television: hour after hour of mediocre entertainment, jammed with commercials.

In the same way, I would hope that every encouragement is given to CATV (cable television) operators. No one could reasonably object to any improvement in television reception in hard to reach places behind high mountains or across great open spaces. The trouble is, cable antenna stations may be capable also of originating programs, and so competing with some of the established headquarters. This NAB does not like. But their selfish interests should not be considered. Television is no place for monopoly.

What really has brought about the striking increase in the wit and polish of today's best efforts in television advertising has been the eagerness of the advertising people themselves to explore the possibilities in the medium far beyond anything the broadcasters have yet undertaken. They have refused to be satisfied with stodgy advertising merely because it works in so many cases. They find the old patterns, still adhered to by some soap companies and many manufacturers of proprietaries, no fun to live with.

They want to do something different. They have discovered how much more interesting people are when they look and talk like people who have never had a film test or heard of method acting. (The truth is, most of these people *are* professional actors, but they are character actors, not near stars or starlets, and they play their minute spots for all they are worth.)

Falling in love with pure entertainment is the principal hazard on the horizon for the commercial makers. For the most part, the new-style commercials depend upon humor, and nothing is more difficult to control. It is at its best in advertising when it is subtle.

Two generations of advertising people have established the rule that sound advertising always delivers a worthwhile message. If it doesn't do this, no matter how entertaining it may be to bored television critics and commentators, it is worthless. Unless advertising makes important selling points clear and easy to remember, fun and frolic in television should be left to the programmers. Theatricality in advertising assumes the reader to be in an aisle seat, as it were, having paid his way in, wanting to find out what the show is all about. And what could be more absurd? Let me repeat: advertising is to tell somebody something; no one should use it to play games with.

Without a promise that seems both plausible and with the strong probability that it will be kept, advertising must fail. This is something that most opponents of advertising find difficult to understand. But this is the way advertising is; the values and the vices that are attributed to it are more often than not contingent upon personal assessments of its purposes and its propriety. The contemporary record is filled with the values just as the archives are filled with vices; it is possible to dismiss these only if one denies that there are any virtues at all in a society where free choice supports the economy. As it is, our economy requires large amounts of information if it is to remain free, and advertising plays a major role in providing that information.

To this I suspect that Arnold Toynbee and John Kenneth Galbraith, the severest critics of advertising, would counter with their insistence that, whatever else it may do, advertising exercises a carefully contrived hypnotic effect upon the public that wastes its material substance.

In arguing the point I have tried not to become involved in a defense of all advertising, for advertising has its harmful sides, as everyone knows, and it can be both mildly irritating and highly objectionable. But to argue that advertising is either hypnotic or subliminal is ridiculous. I hope I have made it clear that the business is not nearly that sophisticated. That it is wasteful is a condition beyond doubt. But so is freedom. Otherwise, who is to be told, "You can't manufacture another television receiver or soup or shaving cream, because we don't need another television set or soup or shaving cream; the ones we have will do us well enough."

The possibility that this could happen is something that some of my associates and some of my friends look upon with growing alarm. I am much less apprehensive. I am aware of the vague unease and restlessness that manifests itself in spirited articles on all kinds of institutions solely because they represent things as they are. One of these institutions is advertising.

Among a growing number of young people who have never heard of either the historian Toynbee or the economist Galbraith, advertising is condemned as a tool of competition, which it is; competition is viewed as something that should be shunned in a brave new world of noninvolvement. But it is not the way of most young people to be uninvolved for very long, nor is it the way of most young men and women to renounce competition. Their way is just the opposite.

I believe that competition in business will continue just as long as it remains a driving force, for it is what gives everyone a chance. That the way may be riddled with pitfalls changes its value not at all.

The alternative suggested by noninvolvement is empty and selfish and, above all, dangerous. The overwhelming majority of people must accept the responsibilities of a free society if only to keep it free. Decent advertising is one of the means. How well it is used in the near future will be up to the successors.

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Messages from Mars

by JOHN LEAR

PASADENA, CALIF.

Astronomers confidently say that the year 1969 will be looked back to by future historians as the time when earthly men first began to acquire true understanding of a neighboring planet. The neighbor, of course, is Mars. The source of the understanding is the torrent of Martian photographs radioed to Earth in midsummer by the robot spaceships *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7*. But why should 1969 be fixed as the historic turning point? Weren't photos of Mars sent to Earth in 1965 by the robot *Mariner 4*? Didn't those photos enable astronomers to predict accurately that *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* would find Mars pocked with craters?

Mariner 4 did so perform. And *Mariner 4* did show the Martian craters beyond any doubt. However, true understanding springs from adequate information. And the impression of Mars that *Mariner 4* conveyed was vague and fuzzy compared to the detailed story relayed by *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7*.

The pictures juxtaposed opposite have been reproduced separately in many newspapers and magazines. But no journal has offered its readers an explanation of the enormous improvement in quality of the images.

Since the American people have paid an extravagant bill for landing a man on the moon and are now being asked to approve like spending to land a man on Mars, the potentialities of *unmanned* space exploration deserve popular exposition. One approach is to place the magnificent performance of *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* in the perspective of time. Indeed, their example is so very apt that it prompted me to cross the country and visit the California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the scientific agency to which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration assigned responsibility for successful completion of all the *Mariner* voyages.

On arriving here, I found that the dimensions of the advance that has occurred in unmanned space technology during the past five years are even more impressive than I had thought. In 1965, *Mariner 4* took eight hours to transmit each photograph; each picture was 200 lines deep, with 200 spots of light and shade defining each line. On the 1969 expedition to Mars, the photos were 760 lines deep; each line was composed of 954 dots of light and shade; and each picture was transmitted in only five minutes.

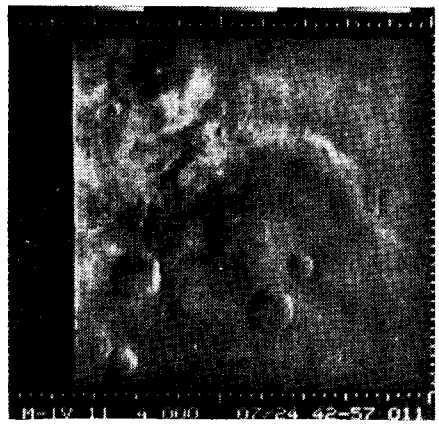
In the plain language of mathematics, then, *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* each communicated more than 1,900 times as much information as *Mariner 4* did.

How was it done? The answer amounts to a catalogue of the elements of interplanetary communication.

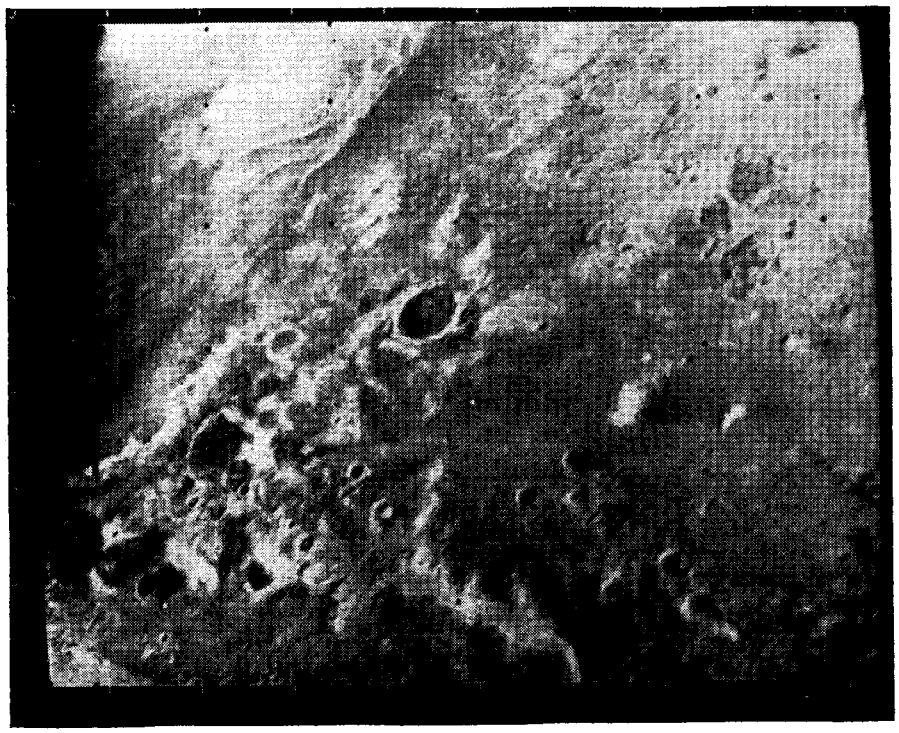
The biggest item in the catalogue is the electronic ear that JPL cocked toward Mars last summer. A signal receiving dish 210 feet in diameter took over the job that had been done by an eighty-five-foot dish in 1965. Since reception of messages improves according to the square of the diameter of the listening ear, the formula reads $(210/85)^2$ and works out to a factor of 7.1. That is to say, the bigger ear could pick up more than seven times as much data as the smaller ear.

The second biggest item in the interplanetary communication catalogue is the distance the messages had to travel. At the time *Mariner 4* reached Mars, that planet was 135 million miles away from Earth. When *Mariners 6* and 7 reached Mars, Mars was only sixty million miles away from Earth. All else being equal, reception of messages improves according to the square of the distance covered. The formula for this reads $(135/60)^2$ and comes out to a factor of 5. In short, communication between Earth and Mars in 1969 was five times better than in 1965 simply because Mars was closer to Earth when *Mariners 6* and 7 paid their calls.

The third biggest item in the interplanetary communication catalogue is noise. Noise interferes with all kinds of messages. Cocktail party talk is notoriously vacuous because too many conversations are going on simultaneously. As the number of drinks consumed rises, an increasing amount of heat is given off in relation to the light conveyed. Electronic ears experience somewhat the same problem. The surface of Earth generates heat, and this registers as noise in the ear if the ear is tilted toward the horizon in order to



"Mariner 4" told a story (above) but "Mariner 7" was eloquent (below).



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catch particular messages from the sky.

Because *Mariner 4* needed eight hours for the transmission of one photograph, JPL's eighty-five-foot ear had to listen almost continuously while the robot was in the Martian neighborhood. This meant that the ear had to sweep the whole arc of the heavens as the hours went by. Taking into account the fact that noise levels would be high near the horizon, the JPL engineers slowed their circuits to filter out that level of noise throughout the Martian assignment.

Since *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* were able to transmit a photograph in five minutes, JPL's new 210-foot ear was not required to be a slave to the clock. There was no need to listen keenly during those periods when the line of message transmission would fall near the horizon. The broadcasts could be restricted to those times when Mars was high in the sky, directly over the JPL listening post at Goldstone in the California desert. Consequently, the 210-foot ear could accurately bring in 3.2 times as much message content from Mars in 1969 than would have been intelligible in 1965.

We now have three separate orders of improvement in the performance of *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* over that of *Mariner 4*: one of 7.1, one of 5, and one of 3.2. By multiplying these we find that we have explained how the amount of information returned to Earth by *Mariners 6* and 7 could be 113.6 times greater than that received from *Mariner 4*. We still seem a long way from our goal of 1,900-fold performance. But the law of arithmetical progression works much faster than most non-mathematicians suppose. The steps that follow will quicken.

Interplanetary communication item 4—signal power. *Mariner 4* had ten watts of power aboard. *Mariners 6* and 7 got new and better broadcasting tubes, and the solar-cell panels powering them were enlarged from seventy to eighty-two square feet. This doubled the strength of the signals from the Martian neighborhood.

(Note that we have now accounted for 227.2 times the performance of *Mariner 4*.)

Interplanetary communication item 5—synchronization. This item is an engineer's nightmare and can most lucidly be disposed of by saying that scientific data and engineering data from *Mariner 4* were reported separately. On *Mariners 6* and 7, the two types of information were synchronized into one stream. The result again multiplied the *Mariner 6* and 7 performance by a factor of 2.3.

(We have now explained how *Mariners 6* and 7 supplied 522.56 times as much information as *Mariner 4*.)

Interplanetary communication item 6—the broadcasting antenna aboard the spaceships. *Mariner 4*'s antenna was an elliptical dish with a major axis forty-six inches long and a minor axis 21.2 inches across. The antennae of *Mariners 6* and 7 were circular, forty inches across. The strength of a signal varies with the square of the radius of the sending antenna. The antennae on these spaceships, therefore, once again multiplied the amount of information made available to Earth—this time by a factor of 1.74.

(Our performance index for *Mariners 6* and 7 as opposed to *Mariner 4* is now up to 909.25.)

Interplanetary communication item 7—message coding. This one is hard to believe. *Mariner 4* sent its messages one bit of data at a time, at a rate of eight and one-third bits per second. *Mariners 6* and 7 transmitted their information at a rate of 16,200 bits per second and did it by complicating the message units. Instead of sending individual numbers—in the form of electrical impulses representing zeros or ones—the 1969 robot observers of Mars sent a set of numerical symbols to represent each number. Instead of 16,200 bits per second, there were 84,600 symbols per second. The system worked because a single error had less chance of passing undetected among the larger number of symbols.

To illustrate, let us take the symbols for the decimal numbers 24 and 25. They are below.

24 = 000000001111111111111111100000000

25 = 010101011010101010101001010101

It would be difficult to mistake one of these for the other.

For contrast, let us take the number 25 in the decimal enumeration system and express it in the binary arithmetic system. Binary arithmetic uses only 0s and 1s to indicate numerical values. In a binary number the column farthest to the right has a value of 1. If there is no value of 1 to be expressed in that particular number, the column farthest to the right is occupied by a 0. Each succeeding column to the left has twice the value of the preceding column. Thus, the decimal number 1 is expressed this way as a binary:

000001.

The decimal number 2 is expressed this way

000010.

The decimal number 8 is expressed thus

001000.

With this introduction, let us return to decimal number 25, which in binary form is expressed

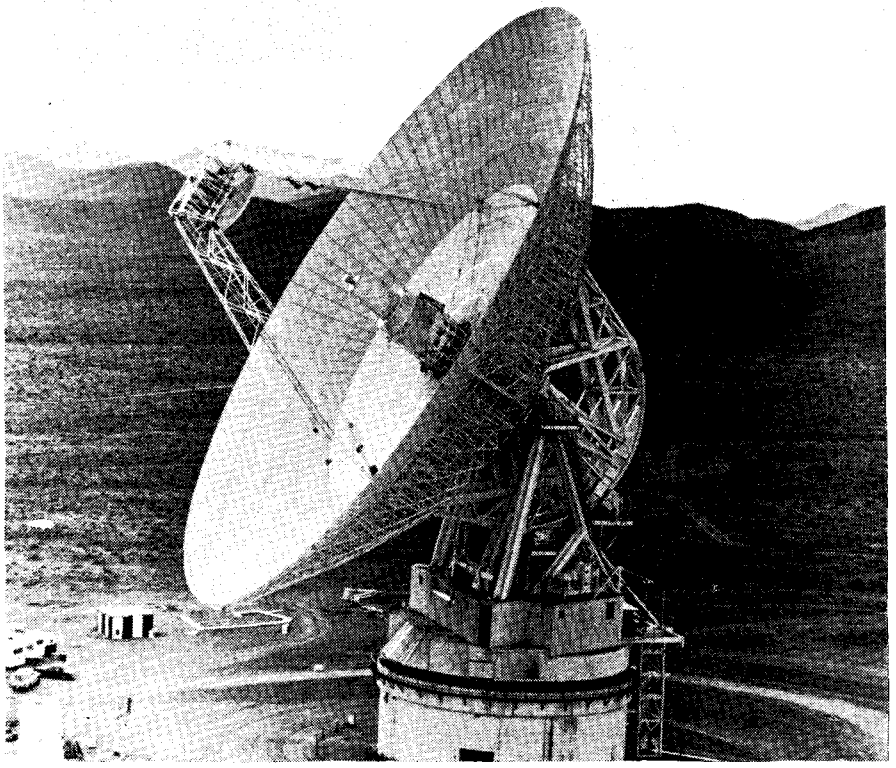
011001.

Here we have one 1, no 2s, no 4s, one 8, and one 16; a total of 25.

If the 1 in the farthest right column were to be lost in transmission, the result would be:

011000.

On the binary arithmetic scale, 011000 is not 25 but 24. The ease with



"The 210" at Goldstone catches signals from the sky in its big dish, which throws them back upward into the small saucer suspended at the base of the inverted metal V. The saucer focuses the information downward again onto the transcribing pencil.

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which an error could be made between these two numbers when they are expressed directly in binary form is immediately obvious, and the consequences of such a mistake can be far worse than they appear to the uninitiated, for specific scientific meanings are arbitrarily assigned to particular numbers, and the meaning of one number sometimes departs radically from the meaning of another number.

The symbolic code system, or "block coding," as JPL engineers call it, alone made the *Mariner 6* and 7 messages 1.66 times as informative as *Mariner 4*'s had been.

Altogether, the seven interplanetary communication items we have listed rate the *Mariner 6* and 7 performance 1,509 times as valuable as the performance of *Mariner 4*. Most of the rest of the story of the brilliant success of *Mariners 6* and 7 is accounted for by engineering safety margins. In *Mariner 4*, these had to be set relatively high because *Mariner 4*'s mission had never been attempted before. But after *Mariner 4* had completed its pioneering task satisfactorily, the safety margin could be lowered to fit a more realistic definition of the assignment. This provided another source of improved efficiency for *Mariners 6* and 7—a factor of 1.25. When multiplied by the total of the earlier seven items in the interplanetary communication catalogue, it takes us up to 1,886 times the unmanned spaceship capability of five years ago. There are other items in the interplanetary communication catalogue too technical for brief elucidation in lay language; these raise the cumulative enhancement factor to 1,900 or beyond.

What did this enormous jump in efficiency cost? It isn't easy to separate particular elements in so complex a project as a spaceship voyage. JPL electronic specialists say the new electronic ear at Goldstone and apparatus associated with it cost $2-million, while the devices added to the spaceships cost $50,000. Since others might quarrel about what went into these figures and what was omitted, it is perhaps best to compare the total budgets covering all aspects of the Martian voyages. *Mariner 4* (together with its intended companion, *Mariner 3*, which was taken out of the enterprise by an accident) cost $105-million. *Mariners 6* and 7 together cost $152.1-million. These sums are mere splinters of the billions required to land a man on Mars.

What's Wrong With Objectivity?

by HERBERT BRUCKER

Half a century ago, indeed even a decade ago, critics of objectivity in reporting were few. Everyone agreed with what had been taught those of us who went into newspaper work in the first half of the century: that an accurate, unbiased account of the event reported was journalism's purest gem.

That is precisely what it was—and still is. But today objective news has become anathema to young activists in journalism, to some of the rising generation of university intellectuals, and to others who also should know better.

Not everyone will agree with the late Kent Cooper of the Associated Press, who declared in 1943 that the ideal of impartial, objective news was "the highest original moral concept ever developed in America and given to the world." Still, no one can argue away the fact that American journalism has now struggled for a century and a third to replace partisan propaganda with reporting that gets within hailing distance of the truth. And that kind of reporting is too valuable, not only to journalism but to self-government itself, to be discarded now in an emotional reaction fueled by the current political distemper.

Today's young journalists, and some of their elders, do not see the issue in terms of what is actually at stake, unprejudiced news. Oblivious to this crucial point they seem to see objective news as an obsolete convention that blocks progress toward a better world.

This trend struck me with force in recent years as I noted that able young newsmen, applying for an academic sabbatical at Stanford, repeatedly volunteered the information that their goal was something other and nobler than objective news. This, from one of them, is typical: "It is a great misfortune that many of us in the profession fail to utilize these tools (immediacy and spontaneity), and too frequently deny ourselves the full power of the moment in reporting an event because of our peculiar, and at times perverted, devotion to that which we have mislabeled objectivity."

Even some among journalism's brass have joined the crusade. Bill Moyers, who left President Johnson's inner councils to become publisher of *Newsday*, says he learned at the White House that "of all the great myths of American journalism, objectivity is the greatest. Each of us sees what his own experience leads him to see."

The late Ralph McGill often hammered home the theme that American journalism has not informed the public as it should "for the simple reason that we have been taught to worship a word—objectivity. Truth, I want. But not objectivity. . . . There isn't any such thing as objectivity, and cannot be any such thing."

Again, the British press lord Cecil King, addressing a recent convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, denounced "the fetish for objectivity, the fear of editorializing." American reporters, he said, "divest news of its own inherent drama. They cast away the succulent flesh and offer the reader dry bones, coated with an insipid sauce of superfluous verbiage."

Perhaps the best way to untangle all this is to define terms. The dictionaries, not surprisingly, do not support objectivity's critics. Objectivity is the state, quality, or relation of being objective. And objective means "uninfluenced by emotion, surmise, or personal prejudice." It has to do with that which is "based on observable phenomena, presented factually."

One concludes that objective news is news written as something apart from the observer and his feeling about it, like the *Ding an sich* in Kantian epistemology. But if objective news is simply impartial news, why all the fuss? Why the animosity against it on the part of some of today's more thoughtful journalists?

The reason is, I think, that the critics of objective news are not as much against objectivity as they make out. What they denounce as objectivity is not objectivity so much as an incrustation of habits and rules of news-writing, inherited from the past, that confine the reporter within rigid limits. Within those limits the surface facts of an event may be reported objectively enough. But that part of the iceberg not immediately visible is ruled out, even though to include it might reveal what happened in a more accurate—indeed more objective—perspective.

The distinction between surface news and its background was first

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made long ago, in the heady social ferment let loose by that cataclysm on which the twentieth century is founded, World War I. There arose concern because the old man-bites-dog concept of news increasingly failed to give the public the essential meaning and significance of what was going on in an increasingly complicated world.

The answer was interpretive news. A convenient birthday might be the founding of *Time* in 1923. The Hadden-Luce plea was that the bare bones of the news, as reported in scattered snippits by even the best of the dailies, were often meaningless. It was necessary to organize the news into a coherent, colorful pattern. Because this diagnosis was sound, the newsmagazine has long since become part of the establishment—so much so that it too is now suspect. Nevertheless, it remains true that a weekly publication can pull together a more fully rounded and coherent view of current happenings than can a daily.

There is more to it, however, than the interval of publication. Indeed, the better dailies themselves are increasingly turning away from the bing-bang-biff, one-day-wonder stories of old. They still print the day's events. But they also detach reporters, or even teams of them, from the daily beat to produce carefully researched copy resembling a magazine article more than spot news.

This came about because of a long chain of experiences. In the mid-1920s, for example, thoughtful observers were struck by an act of journalistic genius that revealed the inadequacy of reporting merely the spectacular surface of events. At the time, the New York press found colorful fare in tales out of the Prohibition-and-gangster era. One such real-life whodunit ran on for days, as what the headlines called the Bobbed-Haired Bandit struck again and again in a series of Manhattan holdups. In due course, the young gun moll who had terrorized the town was caught, whereupon most papers dropped the story. But in time the late *World* published the full text of a social worker's carefully researched, factual report. It showed that this supposedly hard-bitten female, Celia Cooney, was nothing but a frightened child, a bit of human flotsam condemned never to have a chance in life from birth. The facts, as dug out by someone other than a reporter, were devastating in revealing the real causes of crime in modern society. They were equally devastating in revealing how much that was both fascinating and important the papers were missing.

Thereafter newspapermen began to speak increasingly of getting the news behind the news. They found multiplying examples of the need in the confusing social, economic, and political aftermath of both world wars. But it was not until the early 1950s that the nation experienced a trauma that left no doubt whatever that surface news was not enough.

What happened then was that Senator Joseph McCarthy spread a miasma of fear and suspicion over the land by abusing the standard of objective news. He was able to do so because he found, almost by accident, that a widespread if irrational fear of communism, endemic in those days and still palpable today, was loaded with political pay dirt.

The papers, clinging to the painfully acquired rule that editorializing must not creep into the news, seemed unable to cope with this new and treacherous phenomenon. If the Senator charged that there were ninety-eight card-carrying Communists in the State Department, the wire services reported it and the papers printed it. No reporter or editor let his suspicion that the Senator was lying intrude upon his obligation to report factually what a United States Senator had said.

The late Elmer Davis, a newspaperman and radio commentator who was more sensitive than most to the damage being done, denounced this as deadpan reporting. But the remedy was elusive, and remains so today. A paper, Mr. Davis noted, could hardly precede its front-page account of the Senator's latest blast with some such notation as, "For the truth about what you read below, see tomorrow's editorial page."

Two values, each precious, are involved. One is the necessity for reporting factually what happens, without prejudicing the reader by indicating what you think about the event, or think ought to be done about it. The other is not to let a charlatan, or anyone else, get away with putting over an untruth simply by issuing it from an official source rated as newsworthy. Even Soviet Russia has learned to take advantage of our journalistic mores in just this way.

Herein lies the source of today's scorn for what is denounced as objective news. The fact is that now, as in McCarthy's day, something *is* wrong. There is, in the first place, what Mr. Moyers calls "the subjectivity of our objectivity." Behind the screen of supposedly impartial reporting the papers do, from time to time, obscure some essential truth.

Consider, for example, what a Chicago correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* reported earlier this year about Hyde Park-Kenwood *Voices*, "a sprightly tabloid published monthly in the South Side University of Chicago area by two admittedly crusading journalists." The correspondent explained that "many newsmen here believe that the strident, muckraking opposition of the *Voices* may well be forcing the city's five metropolitan dailies into adopting a more critical stance toward the Daley administration than has been the case in the past." One might say the same for the *Chicago Journalism Review*, a critique of Chicago's big papers written by staff members of those papers.

Nationally the so-called underground press, for all its sleazy manners and relish for the language of the outhouse, serves the same gadfly purpose. Such correctives from the fringes of journalism are often healthy. But that does not change the fact that they are more frankly prejudiced than the standard press they belabor, and proud of it.

What then can be done about it? To me the first need is to halt the drive against objective news, lest the cure for the abuses practiced under its shelter be worse than the disease.

It happens that a book published in 1937, *The Changing American Newspaper*, made me an early advocate of interpretive reporting. Because the need for interpretation is greater than ever, I take back not one word. But it is time to halt an abuse practiced in the name of interpretation. There is a difference of 180 degrees between interpretation that maintains a scrupulous respect for impartiality, and the present passion to use the news as a weapon with which to fight for a desired political end.

Surely it is time for all who denounce objective news to stop and think, before American journalism reverts to the primitive practices from which objectivity rescued it. The danger is that we are heading back toward what the late historian of the American press Frank Luther Mott called the dark age of American journalism. This was the first third of the nineteenth century. Consider this sample from the Connecticut (now Hartford) *Courant* of 1800, by a political polemicist who signed himself Burleigh:

> Neighbors will become the enemies of neighbors, brother of brother, fathers of their sons, and sons of their fathers. Murder, robbery, rape, adultery, and incest will openly be taught and practiced, the air will be rent with the cries of distress, the soil soaked with blood, and the nation black with crimes.

What was it that threatened all this? It was the impending election of Thomas Jefferson as President. Small wonder that in 1828 former President Madison, looking back upon his own

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experience with non-objective news while in office, should write: "Could it be so arranged that every newspaper, when printed on one side, should be handed over to the press of an adversary, to be printed on the other, thus presenting to every reader both sides of every question, truth would always have a fair chance."

If all this seems musty and far away, it is nevertheless again a danger here and now. And the danger is the greater today because by-lines have replaced the impersonal, unsigned news story. It used to be that the political reporter, Washington correspondent, or bureau chief abroad rated his name at the head of his copy, a distinction that gave him a limited license to interpret the weighty matters he reported. Today, every newsroom neophyte, with little training or discipline, seems to fancy he must have an unlimited license to present the news as he sees it. After all, in his heart he knows he is right.

Some insight into what is at stake was given me recently by a young Chicago newspaperman who seemed to consider objectivity a device invented by the Establishment to uphold a status quo that needs tearing down. If I understand him correctly the model for the modern journalist should be the one Leon Trotsky prescribed for the historian. In the preface to his three-volume *History of the Russian Revolution* Trotsky wrote that the serious reader does not want "a treacherous impartiality, which offers him a cup of conciliation with a well-settled poison of reactionary hate at the bottom, but a scientific conscientiousness, which for its sympathies — open and undisguised—seeks support in an honest study of the facts, a determination of their connections, an exposure of the causal laws of their movement."

The historian, therefore, must under no circumstances "stand upon the wall of a threatened city, and behold at the same time the besiegers and the besieged." He should, one gathers, be a combatant who, having fought on one side—the right one, naturally—knows better than any neutral observer what it was all about.

Eyewitness reports are obviously invaluable, both to history and to journalism. But they are not necessarily the whole truth.

What it comes down to is that there lurks within the drive against objectivity the revolutionary notion that the reporter should get into the act he is reporting. The journalist's goal is deemed to be less to report the world than to change it. "Objectivity is the rationalization for moral disengagement, the classic cop-out from choice making," wrote the Washington journalist Andrew Kopkind in a review of James Reston's *Artillery of the Press*. If this is not a call for the reporter to get out of the press gallery and into the action, what is it? A companion exhibit is the passionate conviction of many college editors today who see the role of the student press as being no longer to report the university community, but to radicalize it.

The pre-Vietnam standard of reporting, however imperfectly realized by the often stodgy, unimaginative, and profit-minded American press, is based on the premise that this anfractuous world is difficult to understand at best. Journalism's task, therefore, is to find out as much as it can about the world, so as to give the reader at least a fuzzy approximation of the real thing. The press is to be indeed a Fourth Estate, apart from the other estates that make up the body politic, so it may report impartially.

All attacks on objective news begin with the fact that there is no such thing as perfect objectivity. Granted. But should our answer therefore be, "Why bother even trying?" Or should we redouble our efforts to be as fair as we can?

There remains a journalistic litmus paper—a simple test of the difference between interpretive news and editorializing—that can serve us still in this day of news conceived as propaganda to achieve a desired end, after the model of Dr. Goebbels and the Soviet hierarchy. It is this: Is the writer, by the internal evidence of what he writes, trying to explain the news or plug a cause?

Ideally, the reader should not be able to tell, from reading a news story, which side the reporter is on. Interpretive reporting is nothing more than what good reporting has always been: the work of a disciplined professional who, from a background of knowledge, has dug up all relevant facts and presented them honestly. His story should report that which he "loathes and believes fraught with death" as readily as that which confirms his dearest wish.

Again to quote Elmer Davis: "All of us in the news business ought to remember that our primary responsibility is to the man who buys his newspaper, or turns on his radio (today he would have added TV), expecting us to give him in so far as is humanly possible not only the truth and nothing but the truth, but the whole truth."

Not long ago a newspaperman wrote, "I sometimes think . . . that if the twentieth-century American press had to report the Crucifixion of Christ, the second paragraph would be a straightforward judicial explanation from Pontius Pilate." Perhaps so. But newspapermen are reporters, not apostles. To report the Crucifixion objectively does in fact require including, along with the gospel message, whatever further information aggressive questioning might have pried out of Pilate.

The problem of what to report and how to report it will never be resolved, because the line between fact and the subjective view of that fact remains elusive. Then, too, he who burns with zeal to correct the errors of one side risks error on the other.

Still, we can do a good job of it—as long as we keep the flag of objectivity flying high. That will give a more honest and more accurate view of this imperfect world than trusting a latter-day Trotsky, or any other partisan on any side, to tell us what's what.

"Scudding Cloud, Mrs. Henderson wants to know if there are any more calories in an average-size lake trout than in a wall-eyed pike?"

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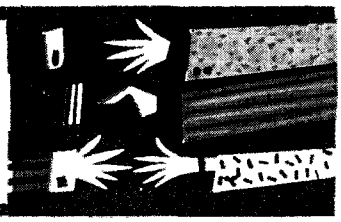
Public Relations



The Unholier than Thou Trio

On December 28, 1883, Theodore N. Vail, general manager of the American Bell Telephone Company wrote his managers for answers to a series of questions on "existing relations" between the company and the public. The first query Vail posed to the executives of the forerunner of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was: "Is the telephone service, as it is now being furnished, satisfactory to the public?"

Vail knew then what many corporate heads have not learned during the more than eighty-five ensuing years: nothing, but nothing, can take the place of performance. Vail was aware that what a company did—how it acted, the kind of service it rendered, or the product it sold—is the rock on which a profitable company is built. He also appreciated that what a company did was more important than what it said.

Today, when failure of performance by a company results in public criticism, chief executives will often blame the public relations department and begin a search for replacements. It might be better for the health of the company if the board of directors replaced the chief executive. For no matter how capable a public relations department may be, it cannot make up for poor service or a poor product.

There seems to be a body of thought, often stimulated by public relations agencies themselves in panting search of a new client, that by a wave of some magic wand a corporation's relations with the public can be turned from bad to good; that the public can be fooled into believing black is white or green is red; that through some hocus-pocus concocted by a public relations outfit the public can be lulled into believing that the company's performance is really superb and that all the criticism stems from benighted politicians and yellow journalists. Managements too often forget that there are no perfumers capable of smothering the stench of bad service or a bad product.

The bigger the company the more people will be affected directly by its actions that cannot be hidden. Even if newspapers and broadcasters never uttered a word of criticism, the users of the service or product would know whether it is good or bad. This seems basic enough, yet managers still forget that good public relations must begin with good management doing its job properly.

There are three current cases that emphasize this underlying principle—the Long Island Rail Road, the Consolidated Edison Company, and the New York Telephone Company. Each is different in detail and history.

The Long Island Rail Road has had a long history of poor commuter service. For those who live on Long Island their railroad to New York City has been an abomination. But in the past year or so it has become unspeakably worse with overcrowded, filthy cars, broken windows, late trains, breakdowns of aged cars, unworkable air conditioning during the summer, and no heat in the winter. The railroad's relations with the public are not off the tracks because the public relations department is at fault, but because the line provides despicable service. Snappy advertising, an increase in the size of the railroad's public relations department, and the best consultants in the country all combined will not compensate for the bad experiences the line's users have had with a poorly run operation. The only way for the LIRR to ameliorate relations with its public is by providing decent service.

The Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which runs the state-owned LIRR, is new management. It has tried to improve the rail road's performance. New cars have been ordered, but many of those already delivered were lemons. There is a history of unsatisfactory company relations with the union. All these factors have made bad service worse, but these are no answers for the users of the railroad. They understand only one thing: the service is terrible. All the public relations department can do is to announce the cancellation of trains; provide a progress report on improving labor relations; and let the public know what is being done by management to make the commuter less miserable.

Nothing except improved service will change the views of the 90,000 commuters who ride the railroad twice a day. Nor will the 80,000 daily single-fare riders have a good opinion of the LIRR, until they can travel in some comfort and arrive at their destination within a near approximation of the hour in the printed timetable. Here then is a prime example of performance failure bringing in its wake bad public relations.

The Consolidated Edison Company of New York, which supplies electricity, gas, and steam to more than three million customers in New York City and Westchester County, is the largest electric and gas utility in the country. On November 9, 1965, it failed to provide electricity for hours, seriously upsetting millions of New Yorkers to whom the power blackout is still a remembered nightmare. The blackout, the little concern shown the public by management, and the contempt with which it treated its customers' complaints all contributed to the kind of feeling summed up in the title of *Fortune*'s devastating article: "Con Edison: The Company You Love to Hate."

Con Ed's trustees became so concerned with the company's low reputation that they reached outside the company to choose a new chief executive, Charles F. Luce. One of the reasons they picked him was their hope that he would gain the public support essential to the company's profitable survival.

In the two years since Mr. Luce took over, he replaced the public relations director and renamed his department "public affairs." The company logo was changed. The trucks were painted blue and white instead of yellow. Advertising agencies were switched twice. Public relations consultants were fired. Luce eliminated the slogan "Dig We Must" on the barriers set up around excavations; he developed the term "Clean Energy" to indicate the curtailment of air pollution; he joined the board of trustees of Columbia University and involved himself in other good causes. What was not done was to provide enough power to prevent the crisis that hit New York during this past summer. Luce had to appeal three times to the public to curtail its use of power, during what he himself called "the most critical situation since 1965."

No matter what Luce says or does, Con Edison cannot have good relations

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with the public until the company generates enough power to serve its customers. Short of that he will be in as much trouble as were his predecessors.

New York Telephone Company, unlike the other two cases, has had a long history of good performance. As AT&T's biggest operating affiliate it had to be, in many ways, the flagship of the system. When the 1965 power blackout struck, there was no interruption in telephone service; the phone company switched to its emergency power. Diesel generators are standard emergency equipment in central telephone offices, and as a result the company was able to operate at full capacity. Sixty-two million calls were made during the blackout—the highest calling day in the history of New York Telephone. This service to those who were stranded because of the blackout earned the company high praise from media as well as from individuals.

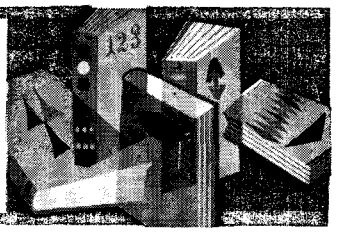
But the customers—there are 2,900,000 in New York City alone—cannot be expected to remain satisfied with yesterday's performance. Top service all the time is rightly their due. But since early in 1968, service has failed to meet demand. The cause was a clear miscalculation by the company's managers of the skyrocketing needs of the community; telephone users cannot be expected to forgive management's failure to perform, no matter what company planners may argue. It is easy to use up quickly the company's reservoir of past good will, and no public relations department can counteract management's misreckonings. All it can do is explain what went wrong; let the subscribers know about the steps being taken to bring service back to normal, including recruitment of a battalion of experienced telephone technicans from the rest of the Bell System to help meet the demands for phone service in the metropolitan area.

Forty-four years ago, Walter S. Gifford, who was chief executive of AT&T for almost a quarter of a century, and who fully understood the need of good public relations for the health of the company, said: "Public relations, at least as far as our business is concerned, have as a fundamental basis good telephone service." That is still true today. New York Telephone's reputation will be restored only when every telephone need is met.

Certainly these three cases ought to be instructive to managements that refuse to face their own shortcomings. They clearly underline that good relations with the public begin with what management itself does, and not with the communications ability of public relations practitioners.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

Books in Communications



Lippmann at Eighty

On his eightieth birthday (September 23, 1969), Walter Lippmann is the subject of a full-length study that records the great events of his time, and charts his own clear and unequivocal position on each. The problem in writing the biography of a journalist is that the first must be done before the second can be understood. And the special difficulty in writing about Lippmann (the journalist of the century) is that the events he reported, interpreted, weighed, and influenced span fifty years of history from Versailles to the Paris peace talks on Vietnam.

In no sense is *Walter Lippmann, Philosopher-Journalist* by Edward L. Schapsmeier and Frederick H. Schapsmeier (Public Affairs, $5) personal biography. After an introductory look into family background and college years, there is only one slim paragraph giving a glimpse into Lippmann's private life. Little is said even about his style—the purest writing style in American journalism. (One looked forward to "Lippmann's Day" in the New York *Herald-Tribune,* his journalistic base from 1931 to 1960, with a special eagerness and appetite, and somehow expected the day to be as orderly and illumined as his prose.) Joseph and Stewart Alsop said much more about Lippmann's working methods in remarking that he was the only columnist they knew who could make sense writing from a remote study in Maine; the rest had to pound the Washington beat checking and rechecking sources.

Rather, the brothers Schapsmeier, historians both, seek to render an intellectual accounting, and they have succeeded in a brief space in giving one that is exceptionally interesting, comprehensive, and scholarly. When Walter Lippmann's writing life is studied altogether, it is remarkable to find how consistent a thread of influence he has been on American political life and foreign policy. Almost from college he was involved at the highest level of government, becoming to Colonel House what House was to Wilson. In one degree or another he has been taken into the confidence of each succeeding President. The Schapsmeiers describe his relationship and rapport with each from Theodore Roosevelt, whom he admired most, to Lyndon Johnson, whom he respected least. He assessed Kennedy as a man of the center: progressive, liberal, and conservative at the same time.

For those who follow Walter Lippmann on Vietnam, an extraordinary consistency to his thinking emerges: the overview of the philosopher. The Schapsmeiers pick up his fears for our entrapment in Asia as early as the Truman Doctrine days, and the prescient warning takes on meaning as the New Frontier gives way to the Great Society, whose fine conception could fail only because of "some external cause —possibly because we had become diverted by some entanglement in another continent."

The authors record the views of Lippmann's critics in rounding out their study, and reprove him lightly themselves for excusing "the atrocious behavior of his extremist allies." But they succeed in their purpose—to sum up the enormous intellectual achievement of a great and lasting journalist and, at each great turn of history, to show him taking the measure of his time.

The Establishmentarian: The second philosopher-journalist of this month is Art Buchwald. Buchwald plows the same ground of politics, history, and human frailty as does Walter Lippmann; he leaves a slightly crooked furrow beside Lippmann's long, clear path. Lippmann writes of the logic of history, Buchwald squints into the illogic of human nature. To Buchwald, the more a rebel bucks the Establishment, the better his chance of joining. In *The Establishment Is Alive and Well in Washington* by Art Buchwald (Putnam, $5.95), the grimly determined dissenter despite himself is driven to work in a Cadillac.

Buchwald makes the approach oblique. Lining up golf shots, he allows for a wide hook. Both Lippmann and Buchwald, for example, take the same view of the Vietnam war, but will cite the lessons of history to different purpose. Lippmann will write: "It is a naïve illusion to think that 1967 is 1939, that Southeast Asia is Western Europe, that Mao Tse-tung is Hitler, and that Lyndon Johnson is Churchill." Buchwald, on the other hand, will equate our official handling of war casualties

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to Custer's last optimistic press conference at Little Bighorn. Historians both, but with a difference.

Buchwald goes to the psychiatrist because of neurotic fears of nuclear weapons—fears he knows he should have the strength of character to conquer. He appreciates the traumas that come with living in "the threat of peace."

To Walter Lippmann "the passing is only a moment." To Buchwald the passing moment is quintessential. He records the terrifying realization of the transient quality in life that comes when the student revolutionary must confess to his comrades that he has reached his thirtieth birthday.

In this new collection of 117 of his daily columns Buchwald, with his crooked billiard cue, never misses. There is only one bitter column—a note to a foreign tourist contemplating a visit to the U.S.A., the land of Bonnie and Clyde. This column, too, belongs.

The Primary Skill: Drawing information out of people with expert or specialized knowledge is the basis of all journalism. No journalistic guide, therefore, makes more sense than one on the reporter's questioning technique, and it is perhaps surprising that amid the welter of texts on journalism more books are not devoted exclusively to interviewing. Hugh C. Sherwood, a writer and editor, has had the good sense to write such a book in *The Journalistic Interview* (Harper & Row, $4.95). Many of his rules will be obvious or second nature to experienced reporters, but most writers would profit from a review. Sherwood observes that the best interviews take place in the office or the home of the man interviewed. He counsels the interviewer, after thorough preparation, to approach the interviewee in a friendly manner and show at once that "you are aiming at an intelligent goal." The book contains an excellent analysis of the merits and drawbacks of tape-recorder vs. pad-and-pencil interviews, and includes a wise appraisal of the subject's "right" of review.

Maybe it's a little old-fashioned of Sherwood to assume that the ego, opinions, and feelings of the interviewer are second in importance to those of his subjects'. People who conduct talk, panel, discussion, and guest shows on television are especially guilty of reversing the order of importance. If newspapers depend for their news on reporters' interviews, television depends for its entertainment on the same process, and Sherwood could devote a whole second text just to the in-studio or on-the-street television interview. —STUART W. LITTLE.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1853

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Small provincial centers in some parts of the western U.S. (2 wds.)	10 27 75 89 91 113 120 138
B. Resisting authority; insubordinate.	141 150 155 168 215 26 68 70 80 100
C. Overlapping in sequence, as tiles on a roof.	110 171 179 194 5 53 63 74 84
D. King of England, Norway, and Denmark (995?-1035).	90 101 136 156 166 176
E. Venerate.	183 187 49 64 79 146
F. Enumerates (2 wds.)	148 159 202 16 24 29 82 208
G. Infamy.	35 56 139 152 172 189 211 14 32 60
H. Small bird related to the titmouse and the creeper.	88 122 134 154 169 181 219 2
I. "Break, break, break at ———— of thy crags, O Sea! (2 wds., Tennyson).	185 78 87 7 48 58 62
J. Military vehicle with caterpillar treads under the driving wheels (comp.)	175 184 66 30 37 41 55 95 34
K. Fluent, forceful.	40 67 98 85 133 178 199 209
L. Dryden's play about Antony and Cleopatra (3 wds.)	216 108 115 59 145 54 124 8 197 201
M. Grumbles (dial. Brit.)	15 105 121 153 192 6 46
N. Deprives of original properties.	127 196 218 123 170 44 71 94 104

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Having a good memory; having the capacity to hold.	157 205 212 3 33 38 76 118 128
P. Harbach-Hammerstein-Romberg song from "Desert Song" (2 wds.)	132 147 210 130 143 149 158 214
Q. Chief city of the island of Lesbos.	186 191 12 97 109 117 160 11
R. The player, given Hamlet's problems, would "amaze indeed / The very faculties of ———." (3 wds.)	20 126 42 51 142 165 200 107 135 177 195
S. Corrupts.	204 22 47 4 86 129 220 112 173
T. Referees.	65 92 72 114 182 21 151 45 119 206
U. Fullness.	17 25 77 140 190 18 103
V. Followed by WORD X: Autolycus sings, "With heigh! with heigh! ———." (2 wds., "The Winter's Tale").	106 167 61 96 213 9 162 52 13
W. Furrowed.	93 36 1 28 131
X. See WORD V (3 wds.)	203 43 144 111 19 198 31 193 188
Y. An Englishman is a "vain ————." (comp.-contr. & wd.; Defoe, "The True-Born Englishman").	23 116 125 69 207 50 217 83 137 81 39 73 99 161
Z. Stunts, capers, (comp.)	102 164 163 180 174 57

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 W	2 H	3 O		4 S	5 C	6 M		7 I	8 L	9 V	10 A	11 Q		12 Q	13 V	14 G
15 M	16 F	17 U		18 U	19 X	20 R	21 T	22 S		23 Y	24 F		25 U		26 B	27 A	28 W
	29 F	30 J		31 X	32 G	33 O	34 J		35 G	36 W	37 J		38 O	39 Y	40 K	41 J	42 R
	43 X	44 N	45 T	46 M		47 S	48 I	49 E	50 Y	51 R		52 V	53 C	54 L	55 J	56 G	57 Z
	58 I	59 L		60 G	61 V	62 I	63 C	64 E		65 T	66 J	67 K		68 B	69 Y		70 B
71 N	72 T	73 Y	74 C		75 A	76 O	77 U	78 I	79 E	80 B	81 Y		82 F	83 Y	84 C	85 K	86 S
87 I	88 M	89 A		90 D	91 A	92 T	93 W	94 N	95 J	96 V	97 Q	98 K	99 Y	100 B		101 D	102 Z
103 U		104 N	105 M	106 V	107 R	108 L	109 Q	110 C	111 X	112 S		113 A	114 T	115 L	116 Y		117 Q
118 O	119 T	120 A	121 M	122 M	123 N	124 L	125 Y	126 R		127 N	128 O	129 S	130 P	131 W		132 P	133 K
134 M		135 R	136 D	137 Y		138 A	139 G	140 U	141 B	142 R	143 P		144 X	145 L	146 E	147 P	
148 F	149 P		150 B	151 T	152 G	153 M	154 M		155 B	156 D	157 O	158 P	159 F	160 Q	161 Y		162 V
163 Z		164 Z	165 R		166 D	167 V	168 B		169 M	170 N	171 C	172 G	173 S	174 Z	175 J	176 D	177 R
178 K		179 C	180 Z	181 H		182 T	183 E	184 J	185 I		186 Q	187 E	188 X		189 G	190 U	
191 Q	192 M	193 X	194 C	195 R		196 N	197 L	198 X	199 K		200 R	201 L	202 F	203 X	204 S	205 O	206 T
	207 Y	208 F	209 K	210 P	211 G		212 O	213 V	214 P		215 B	216 L	217 Y	218 N	219 M	220 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Western Electric: we make Bell telephones.
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Shown where? About two inches up and slightly to the right—near the center of the page.

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